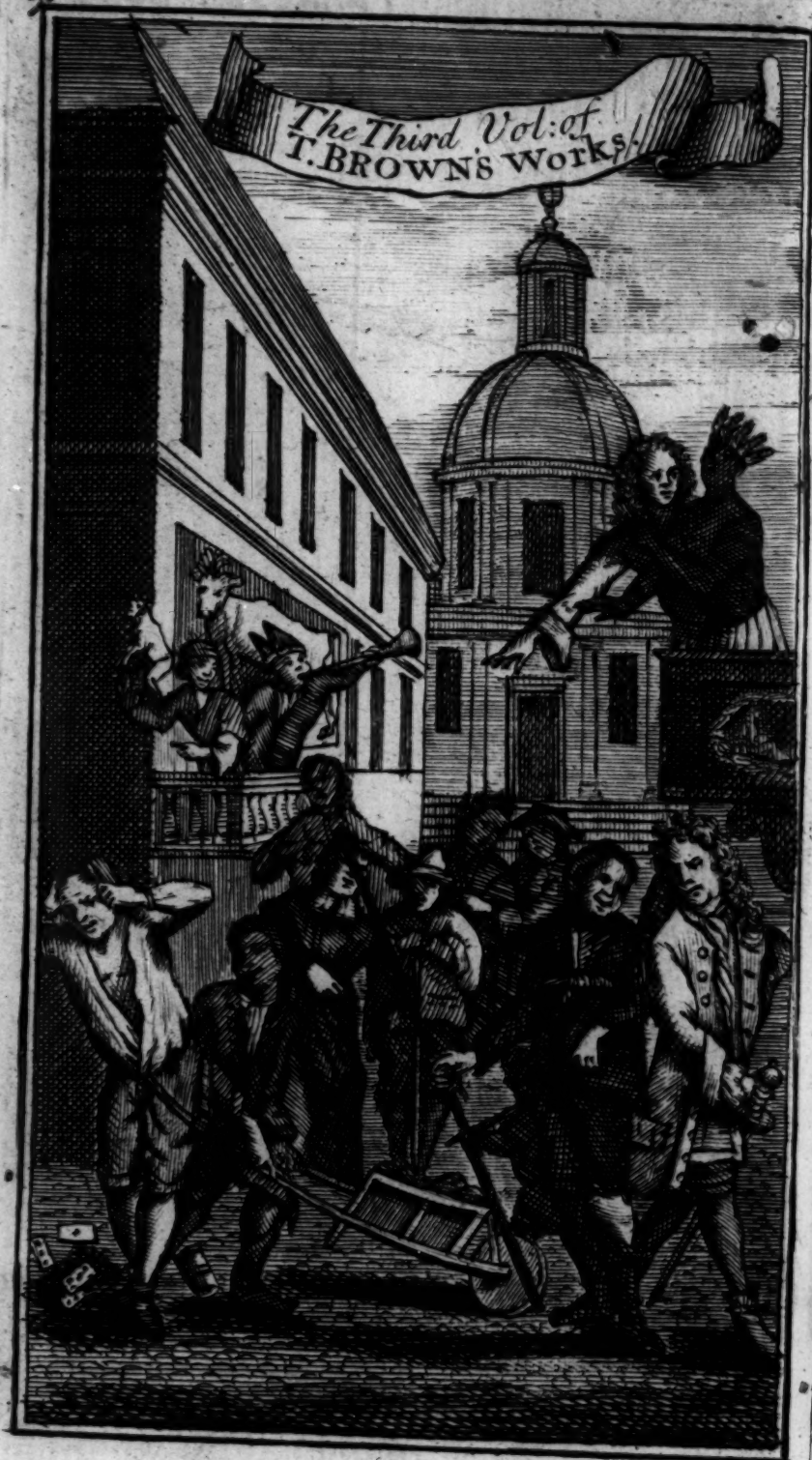
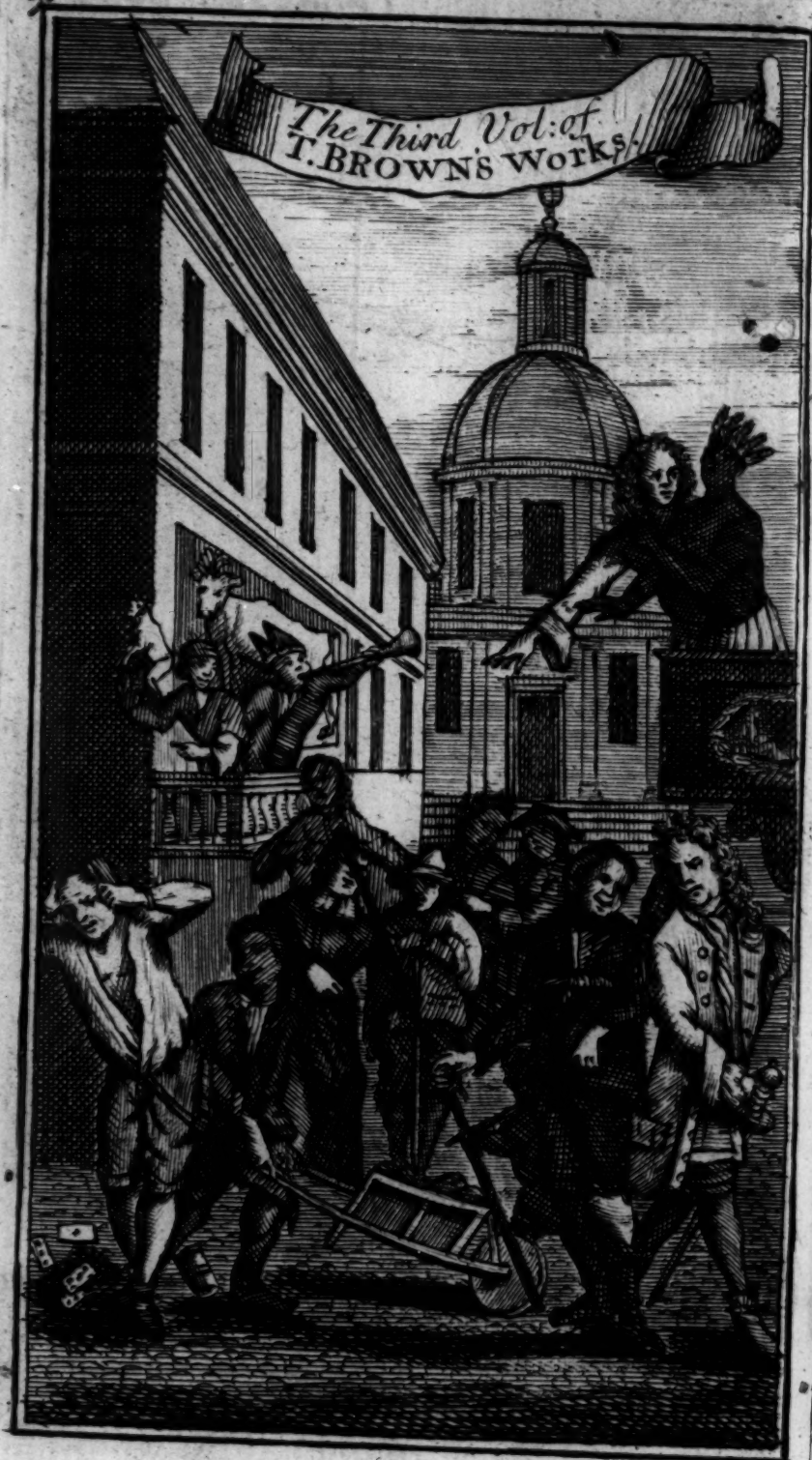






T H E
W O R K S
O F

Mr. THOMAS BROWN:

V O L. III.

C O N T A I N I N G

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Amusements Serious and Comical, calculated for the Meridian of <i>London</i> . | mical, to Gentlemen and Ladies. |
| II. A Walk round <i>London</i> and <i>Westminster</i> , exposing the Vices and Follies of the Town. | IV. <i>Æneas Sylvius's</i> Letters in English. |
| III. Letters Serious and Co- | V. The <i>London</i> and <i>Lacedæmonian</i> Oracles. |
| | VI. The Dispensary, a Farce. |

The NINTH EDITION, carefully Corrected.

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M.DCC.LX.



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THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

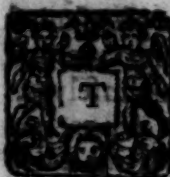
VOL. III.

AMUSEMENTS SERIOUS and COMICAL,

Calculated for the Meridian of LONDON.

AMUSEMENT I.

The PREFACE.



HE title I have conferr'd upon my book, gives me authority to make as long a preface as I please; for a long preface is a true amusement.

However, I have ventured to put one here, under the apprehension that it will be very necessary toward the *understanding* of the book; tho' the generality of readers are of opinion, that a Preface, instead of setting off the work, does but expose the vanity of the author.

A

A good general of an army is less embarrassed at the head of his troops, than an ill writer in the front of his productions. He knows not in what figure to dress his countenance: if he puts on a fierce and haughty look, his readers think themselves obliged to lower his topsail, and back a stern: if he affects an humble sneaking posture, they slight and despise him: if he boasts the excellency of his subject, they believe not a syllable of what he says: if he tells them there is little or nothing in it, they take him at his word: and to say *nothing* at all of his work, is an insufferable omission in an author.

I know not what success these papers will find in the world; but if any amuse themselves in criticising upon them, or reading them, my design is answered.

I have given the following thoughts the name of *Amusements*; you will find them Serious or Comical, according to the humour I was in when I wrote them; and they will either *divert, instruct, or tire* you, after the humour you are in when you read them.

T'other day one of the imaginary serious wits, who thought it a weakness in any man to laugh, seeing a copy of this book, at the opening 'of it fell into a passion, and wrinkling up his nostrils like a heated stallion that had a mare in the wind, said, *the book was unworthy of the title, for grave subjects should be treated with decorum; and 'twas to profane serious matters, to blend them with comical entertainments: what a mixture is here,* says he!

This variety of colours, said I to my censurer, appears very natural to me; for if one strictly examine all mens actions and discourses, we shall find that seriousness and merriment are near neighbours, and always live together like friends, if sullen moody fots don't set them at variance. Every day shews us, that *serious maxims* and *sober counsels* often proceed out of the mouths of the pleasantest companions; and such as affect to be always grave and musing, are then *more comical* than they think themselves.

My spark pushed his remonstrance farther; *Are not you ashamed,* continued he, *to print amusements? for you know that man was made for business, and not to sit amusing himself like an owl in an ivy-bush?* To which I answered after this manner.

The:

The whole life of man is but one entire *amusement*: virtue only deserves the name of business; and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employ'd, for all the world besides are idle.

One amuses himself by *ambition*, another by *interest*, and another by that foolish *passion love*. Little folks amuse themselves in pleasures, great men in the acquisition of glory; and I am amused to think that all this is *nothing but amusement*.

Once more; the whole transactions of our lives are but mere *amusements*, and life itself is but an *amusement* in a continued expectation of death.

Thus much for serious matters: let us now make haste to pleasantry.

I have a great mind to be in print; but, above all, I would fain be an original, and that is a true comical thought: when all the learned men in the world are but translators, is it not a pleasant jest that you should strive to be an original? You should have observ'd your time, and have come into the world with the *ancient Greeks* for that purpose; for the *Latins* themselves are but copiers.

This discourse has mightily discouraged me. Is it true then, that there is such an embargo laid upon *invention*, that no man can produce any thing that is perfectly *new*, and entirely his *own*? Many authors, I confess, have told me so: I will enquire farther about it; and if *Sir Roger*, *Mr. Dryden*, and *Mr. D'Urfey* confirm it, then I will believe it.

What need all this toil and clutter about original authors and translations? He who imagines briskly, thinks justly, and writes correctly, is an original in the same thing that another had thought before him: the natural air and curious turn he gives his translations, and the application wherewith he graces them, is enough to persuade any *sensible man* that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an *advantage* owing to their birth, rather than to the excellency of their parts beyond their successors.

Some of our modern writers, that have built upon the *foundation* of the *ancients*, have so far excell'd in dis-

4 *Amusements Serious and Comical.*

disguising their notions, and improving their first essays, that they have acquir'd more glory and reputation than ever was given to the *original* authors; nay, have utterly effaced their memories.

Those who rob the *modern writers* study to hide their thefts; those who filch from the *ancients*, account it their glory: but why the first should be more reproach'd than the latter, I can't imagine, since there is more wit in disguising a thought of Mr. *Locke's*, than in a lucky *translation* of a passage from *Horace*. After all, it must be granted, that the *genius* of some men can never be brought to write correctly in this age, till they have formed their judgments from the standard of the *ancients*, and the delicacy of their expression from the variety and turns of the *moderns*; and I know *no reason* why it should be their disparagement, to capacitate themselves by these helps to serve the publick.

Nothing will please some men but books stuff'd with *antiquity*, groaning under the weight of learned quotations drawn from the *fountains*. And what is all this but pilfering? But I will neither rob the *ancient* nor *modern books*, but pillage all I give you from the book of the world.

The book of the world is very *ancient*, and yet always *new*. In all times men and their passions have been the subjects: these passions were always the same, tho' they have been deliver'd to posterity in *different manners*, according to the different constitution of ages; and in all ages they are read by every one according to the characters of their wit, and the extent of their judgment.

Those who are qualified to read and understand the book of the world, may be beneficial to the publick, in communicating the fruit of their studies; but those that have no other knowledge of the world but what they collect from books, are not fit to give *instructions* to others.

If the world then is a book that ought to be read in the *original*, one may as well compare it to a country that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without travelling through it one's self. I began this journey very young; I always lov'd to make reflections
upon

The Preface.

3

upon every thing that presented itself to my view; I was amused in making these reflections; I have amused myself in writing them; and I wish my reader may amuse himself in reading them.

Some will think it another amusement to find a book without a dedication, especially from the hand which this comes from: for my part, I give them leave to make what reflections they please, but I can assure them this omission of mine did not happen so much from a scarcity of *panegyrick*, as the want of a *patron*; for I can flatter as well as I could twenty years since, and still retain the knack of *dignifying* and *distinguishing* such as do not deserve it.

But as the devil would have it, my lord such a one has been laugh'd into sense, and has order'd his porter to say he is not at home to a poetical visitant. The duke of — loves to be call'd *heroe* no where but in the frontispiece of a play; and the marquis ——— civilly returns his thanks to the gentleman for his present, but without one piece of gold to enable him to live up to the title he compliments him with. The lady — loses such sums at cards, and her good-natur'd husband is under such apprehension of being ruffled by the P——, and taken a peg lower, that *elegies*, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of *dedications*; and men of my profession will be more employ'd in writing on the death of the muses, than making gross comments on the lives of those who did not think 'em worth living.

However, I am one of the first of the suburban class that has ventur'd out with an amusement of this bulk, without making application to a nobleman's porter, and tiring him out with shewing him his master's name. Which consideration I comfort myself with at no small rate; and if I have sent into the world what may divert the pleasant, please the serious, and instruct those that are willing to be advised, it is beyond my expectance, and consequently must be an *amusement* to myself as well as others.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENT II.

The Voyage of the World.

THERE is no amusement so entertaining and advantageous as improving some of our leisure-time in travelling, and giving a loose to our souls that have been upon the stretch, by diverting them with agreeable reflections on the *manners* of the different countries we journey thro', and the *constitutions* of the several people the places we visit are furnished with. If any man therefore has an inclination to divert himself, and sail with me round the globe, to supervise almost all the conditions of human life, without being infected with the vanities and vices that attend such a whimsical perambulation, let him follow me, who am going to relate it in a stile and language proper to the variety of the subject: for as the *capriccio* came naturally into my *pericranium*, and I am as fond of what is the product of my fancy, as a young woman of the fruits of her lost virginity, I am resolv'd to pursue it thro' thick and thin, in order to enlarge my capacity for a man of business.

Where then shall I begin? In the name of mischief, what country will first present itself to my imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon it already: let us steer for the court, for that's the region whose inhabitants will read us the best lecture of true knowledge, and give the most instructive ideas that the prospect of the whole world can *amuse* us with.

The COURT.

THE Court is a sort of a *τὸ πᾶν*, an epitome of what is universal, and abounds with all the variety of *amusements* that human occurrences can present us with, or the mind of man is capable of receiving. The air they breathe there, is very fine and subtile; only for about three parts and a half of four in the year, 'tis liable to be infected with gross vapours, full of *flattery* and *lying*. All the avenues leading to it are gay, smiling, agreeable to the sight, and all end in one and the

the same point, *honour* and *self-interest*. Here *fortune* keeps her residence, and seems to expect that we make our addresses to her at the bottom of a long walk, which lies open to all comers and goers. One would be apt to think, at first sight, that he might reach the end on't before he could count twenty; but there are so many by-walks and alleys to cross, so many turnings and windings to find out, that he is soon convinc'd of his mistake. 'Tis contriv'd into such an intricate maze, and obscure manner, that the straightest way is not always the nearest; and indirect practices and measures are oftentimes very effectual helps to bring you to your journey's end, and forward your designs to reach it. It looks gloriously at a distance, but when you approach it, its beauty diminishes.

After all the inquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfy your curiosity, whether the ground it stands upon be firm and solid? A *Dutch* boor can as soon find out the controverted article of *predestination*, or an *English* Quaker prove *infallibility* from his wife's lying on her back, as the most *intelligent persons* in affairs, that are foreign to the knowledge of it, can ever discover the *arcana's* of it at first sight. I have seen some new-comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been born there; but quickly found they were in a new world, where the tottering earth made 'em giddy and stumble: for tho' they knew good and evil were equally useful to their advancement, yet were so confounded to know which of the two they ought to employ to make their fortunes with, that for want of understanding only that pretty knack, they made a journey to court only to go back again, and report at home they had the honour of seeing it. On the other side, I have seen some old flagers walk upon court-ground as gingerly as upon ice or a quagmire, and with all the precaution and fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great fortune by the same defects that rais'd em; and not without cause, for the ground is hard in some places, and sinks in others; but all people covet to get upon the highest spot, to which there is no coming but by one passage, and that is so narrow, that no ambitious pretender can keep the way, without jostling other people down with his el-

bows: and the farther mischief on't is, that those that keep their feet will not help up those that are fallen, but make use of the same methods that are in practice amongst a certain community of birds, (heavens forbid I should say *Canary*) that expel the lame and wounded from their society, and are no manner of company for those that are helpless, while they are still clapping their wings in defence of those who have no occasion for it, and permit every privilege to those of their feather'd acquaintance who have the least need of assistance.

*Stout should his heart, and thoughtful be his head,
That would in slipp'ry paths with judgment tread,
And tempt the dangers which on courts attend,
A smiling en'my, and a treach'rous friend;
As he of great preferments waits the call,
Certain to slip, and almost sure to fall.*

The difficulties we meet with in this country are very surprizing; for he takes the longest way about that keeps the old track of honesty and true merit; for where the address of some does not help to make the fortune of others, immediately to eclipse his desert, calumny raises the thickest clouds, envy the blackest vapours, and the candidate is lost in the fog of competitors, and must hide himself behind a favourite's recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for: so that virtue is no longer virtue, nor vice vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular interests.

A professed courtier, tho' he never aims at the *peace of God*, is past any man's *understanding*; and if he does good, it may be wholly attributed to *chance*; if evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but *design*. He that holds him by the hand, is in the same condition with him that hath a wet eel by the tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him, and he slips thro' your fingers with the same swiftness that he dismisses you from his memory, after a thousand promises of *never forgetting you*.

If *familiarity breeds contempt*, he ought to be the most despicable creature living; for *my dear friend* is the first title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that mi-

nute; and *the next time you visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you joy of the possession of what you are now asking me for*, is the dialect you understand him by; when if you understood him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making addresses to him.

Would you know what religion he is of, you must inquire of his prince; for he is the fittest person to resolve the question, provided he can give an account of his own. But have you a desire to be informed what good he has done for his country? To deal ingenuously with you, follow my advice and ask no body, for no man living can tell you. Other mens sins *stare 'em in their faces*, but these gentlemens guilt rides behind 'em, and may be distinguish'd by the multitude of their liveries. If you offer to present one of 'em, *he must be excused, he dare not accept of it, it's bribery, &c.* But his man calls you aside, tells you the business shall be done, gives the law a milder interpretation, and telling over the guineas, has a round sum of his master for his pains, and is sent out of the way to prevent the detection of such unwarrantable proceedings.

But tho' the courtiers seem to tend *one and all* to the same center, and honour and interest are what their wishes and endeavours terminate in, there are different species among e'm, as they have raised themselves by different ways.

Observe that old starch'd fop there; his hat and peruke continue to have as little acquaintance together as they had in the year 65. You would take him for a taylor by his mein, but he is another sort of an animal, I assure you, a *courtier*, a *politician*, the most *unintelligible thing* now in being. Ask him his profession, and you'll puzzle him with the inquiry; for he has run thro' the whole circle of employments, and never has been master of one grain of honesty since his admission into either. *Transubstantiation*, *Non-resistance* and *Predestination*, have *vice versa* been articles of his creed; and he is so well provided with distinctions, that he can prove infidelity to his prince to be an act of service to his country, and that the only way to preserve the *Protestant religion*, is for such as he to abjure it. Of all trades that are necessary to set up an antiquated beau, his *haberdasher* loses the

least by him; for he wears no hat otherwise than under his arm, lest his brain should be over-heated, and his head be rendered not cool enough for him to over-reach his master with. In short, he is *divisibile in infinitum*, and you may as soon square the circle, as reduce the several branches of the matters of fact he may be charged with, under one single head. Your puny unexperienced courtier fears every thing, but this gentleman is skilful in matters of change, and so well read in the vicissitudes of sublunary things, that he disdains the reproaches of the subject; and being wrapt up in the protection of his prince, seems apprehensive of nothing, till a vote of parliament flings him behind the curtain, and makes him play at bo-peep with politicks: at which diversion we will leave him, to take a prospect of yonder gay thing, that basks himself in his sovereign's smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a man, and as well descended as himself, from his master's intimacy. He wears much such another habit on his shoulders as he formerly carried upon his arm; and as an instance of his conquests the last war in the *Netherlands*, has six as good *Flanders* mares to his coach as *English* money could purchase. Some are apt to blame him for making use of a coat of arms on it, and maliciously try their wits in making inquiries how much money was paid the herald for the purchase of it: but I must have more manners, since he's a *great man*; and there's no reason to suspect him for any other than a *wise one*, for keeping his ground where the generality of the same profession lose theirs. He has had as many estates as any *English* P——— of 'em all, yet is endued with that forecast, as not to have a foot of land in a place where one day his title may be called in question: and as for the *dirty acres*, like Sir *Joseph* in *Mr. Congreve's Old-Bachelor*, he has wash'd his hands of 'em, but in another manner; for he has sufficiently daub'd 'em with fingering what he received in exchange for 'em. In short, his mansion-house is not in this world, i. e. in the kingdoms of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, tho' his abiding-place is; and there is such a great gulph between his possessions and ours, that a *resumption-act* hath as little regard with him as that against immorality and profaneness.

But

But as this gentleman has worked himself into favour by his good looks and deportment, so it will not be amiss to take a view of that superannuated sinner there, who has had other qualifications to recommend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's a brave thing to be a general officer, without bearing the fatigues of a camp; and there's nothing like being paid for a regiment of *red locusts*, without running the hazard of bearing 'em company amongst the desolations of war and famine. It's the happiest and most contented state imaginable, to see the resemblance of battles, without the danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the *artillery* roar by days; without any apprehensions of being frightened from *flashing in the pan* at night with one's mistress. As for my part, if it were allowed me to chuse my condition of life, I should assuredly pitch on such a one as this; only if it was my fortune to have his bed-fellow, I should desire to be without his age: and in this wish madam — would not refuse to join with me, if reports speak true of her, as grey hair seems to demonstrate in relation to him.

I could pursue my discourses in the character of that B—— that has a *pendulum* on his neck, as if he moved by *mechanism*; but poor honest indefatigable pains-taker, he has so mortified himself with fasting and praying that the *translation bill* may not pass, that it would be a piece of cruelty to triumph over his imperfections, tho' the world is apt to censure him for taking another man's house over his head, and bespeaking the possession of it before the tenant for life is dead. A multitude of observations might also be made on others that inhabit in this slippery tenement; but as the city is more peopled than the court, and consequently must have a greater number of *amusements*, we must reserve a greater space for remarks on it, since there is matter enough to employ us, should we take up the whole duration of time, and bespeak *eternity* for a life that is equal to it.

AMUSEMENT III.

L O N D O N.

LONDON is a world by itself; we daily discover in it more new countries, and surprising singularities, than in all the universe besides. There are among the *Londoners* so many nations differing in *manners, customs, and religions*, that the *inhabitants* themselves don't know a quarter of 'em. Imagine then what an *Indian* would think of such a motly herd of people, and what a diverting amusement it would be to him to examine with a traveller's eye all the remarkable things of this mighty city. A whimsey now takes me in the head, to carry this stranger all over the town with me: no doubt but his odd and fantastical ideas will furnish me with *variety*, and perhaps with *diversion*.

Thus I am resolved to take upon me the *genius* of an *Indian*, who has had the curiosity to travel hither among us, and who had never seen any thing like what he sees in *London*. We shall see how he will be amazed at certain things, which the prejudice of custom makes to seem reasonable and natural to us.

To diversify the stile of my narration, I will sometimes make my traveller speak, and sometimes I will take up the discourse myself. I will represent to myself the abstracted ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewise represent ours to him. In short, taking it for granted, that we two understand each other by half a word, I will set both *his* and *my imagination* on the ramble. Those that won't take the pains to follow us may stay where they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading farther in the book; but they that are minded to amuse themselves, ought to attend the caprice of the author for a few moments.

I will therefore suppose this *Indian* of mine dropp'd perpendicularly from the clouds, and finds himself all on a sudden in the midst of this prodigious and noisy city, where repose and silence dare scarce shew their heads in the darkest night. At first dash the confused
clamours

clamours near *Temple-Bar* stun him, fright him, and make him giddy.

He sees an infinite number of different *machines*, all in violent motion, some *riding* on the top, some within, others behind, and *Jebu* on the coach-box, whirling some *dignified villain* towards the *devil*, who has got an estate by cheating the publick. He lolls at full stretch within, and half a dozen brawny, bulk-begotten *footmen* behind.

In that dark shop there, several mysteries of *iniquity* have seen *light*; and it's a sign our Saviour's example is little regarded, since the money-changers are suffered to live so near the *Temple*. T'other side of the way directs you to a house of a more sweet-smelling favour than its owner's conscience; and you can no sooner prepare yourself to make water near his back-window, but you shall have an *obliging* female look thro' her fingers to take the dimensions of the pipe that emits it. Here stands a shopkeeper who has not soul enough to wear a beaver hat, with the key of his small beer in his pocket; and not far from him a stingy trader, who has no small beer to have a key to. One side of the way points you out a bookseller turn'd quack, with his *elixirs* and *gallipots* ready to poison old *Galen*, and the rest of his worm-eaten men of physick's works, which have taken no other air than what blows upon his stall, since they unhappily fell into his hands; and t'other directs you to a *divinity-monger*, who, to the dean of *St. Paul's* immortal credit, is ready to attest that there is one *living* that has got money by him, and can prove any man's opinion to be heterodox, and inconsistent with that of the *Christian* church, if he believes otherwise.

Some carry, others are carried: *Make way there*, says a gouty-legg'd chairman, that is carrying a punk of quality to a *Morning's exercise*; or a *Bartholomew* baby-beau, newly launch'd out of a chocolate-house, with his pockets as empty as his brains. *Make room there*, says another fellow driving a wheel-barrow of nuts, that spoil the lungs of the city prentices, and make them wheeze over *their mistresses* as bad as the phlegmatick cuckolds *their masters* do, when called to *family duty*. One draws, another drives. *Stand up there, you blind*

dog, says a carman, *will you have the cart squeeze your guts out?* One tinker knocks, another bawls, *Have you brass-pot, iron-pot, kettle, skillet or a frying-pan to mend?* Whilst another son of a whore yelps louder than Homer's stentor, *Two a groat, and four for six-pence, mackerel.* One draws his mouth up to his ears, and howls out, *Buy my flounders,* and is followed by an old burly drab, that screams out the sale of her maids and her soul at the same instant.

Here a footy chimney-sweeper takes the wall of a grave alderman, and a broom-man juffles the parson of the parish. There a fat greasy porter runs a trunk full-butt upon you, while another salutes your antlers with a flasket of eggs and butter. *Turn out there, you country putt,* says a bully with a sword two yards long jarring at his heels, and throws him into the kennel. By and by comes a christening, with the reader screwing up his mouth to deliver the service *alamode de Paris*, and afterwards talks immoderately nice and dull with the gossips, the midwife strutting in the front, and young original sin as fine as fippence, followed with the vocal musick of kitchen-stuff *ba' you maids*, and a damn'd trumpeter calling in the rabble to see a calf with six legs and a top-knot. There goes a funeral with the men of rosemary after it, licking their lips after three hits of white sack and claret at the house of mourning, and the sexton walking before, as big and bluff as a beef-eater at a coronation. Here a poet scampers for't as fast as his legs will carry him, and at his heels a brace of bandog-bailiffs, with open mouths ready to devour him and all the nine muses; and there an evidence ready to spue up his false oaths at the sight of the common executioner.

We were jogging forward into the city, when our Indian cast his eye upon one of his own complexion, at a certain coffee-house which has the sun staring its sign in the face, even at midnight when the moon is queen regent of the planets, and being willing to be acquainted with his countryman, gravely inquired what province or kingdom of India he belonged to; but the footy dog could do nothing but grin and shew his teeth, and cry, *Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you please to walk in, Sir, a fresh pot upon my word.* Wherefore, to rest ourselves

selves a little, and recover our ears from the deafness which the confused noise of the street had occasioned in 'em, we follow'd; and at the entrance of the room, according to ancient custom, saluted the handsome woman at the bar with our hats, and took our seats. But we had no sooner placed ourselves, when a gentleman whose sword was in mourning for his extravagance, and whose wig had outlived every such thing as a curl in it, came and sat down by us, and perceiving us to be strangers, under pretext of civility accosted us with discourses relating to the town, &c. The *Indian*, for his part, hearkened to him very attentively; but I, who had been accustomed to such sort of pensioners, took him aside, and told him I had heard the story of *Sir John* several times, that the *Indian* was a person of philosophy, &c. however he might call for a dish of coffee or two, they were at his service, provided he would spare the repetition of his *legend* to us, at a time when there were so many young fops that had both leisure and inclination enough to believe every word he said, and would probably give him a dinner for his pains.

We were no sooner got rid of our impertinent, but we had a hurry of objects, whose every individual was worthy of our strictest observation: parsons, lawyers, apothecaries, projectors, excisemen, organists, picture-sellers, fiddlers and bailiffs, were the several ingredients this miscellany of mortality was compos'd of; and it was extremely pleasant to take notice of a certain *mechanick*, who mov'd like clock-work, a dandling another *man's* children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his own. But what call'd for our particular observation, was a certain triumvirate of persons who are always fond of a particular place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the bench near the fire, as a certain churchwarden of St. B — in the same street is giving audience in his shop amongst *Old Jack Philips's* merry-politicks, to beadles, and other underlings of the parish, from eight to ten in the morning, in his night-cap. These gentlemen, with very *cogitabund* aspects, made up the three degrees of comparison amongst 'em. The least of them, to give the company a tincture of his exemplary sobriety, cry'd, *I'm the most abstemious man*

in the world; the middlemost for his part, as he had nothing in him, so he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himself with the name of an humble auditor: but the tallest, like the son of *Kish*, having found his two *asses*, manag'd them accordingly. As he was singular in the position of his hat, so he held opinions contrary to the rest of the world; and he was grown so *scabbed* with the *itch* of disputing, that for the sake of shewing his parts, the worst of persuasions were as orthodox with him as the best. Sometimes he argu'd on the side of Popery, because it tolerated pictures; another time *Geneva* was a blessed place, on account of its inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduc'd this lucky inference, that a man who sold 'em again might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the doctrine was, interest was the application, and *Oliver Cromwell's* picture was in more esteem with him than *Charles* the martyr's, if it bore a higher price. This worthy person also desir'd to be amongst the number of the *abstemious*, and knew the method prime well of talking three hours for a pennyworth of tea; but that man that cannot abstain from *flesh* in *Lent*, is like to pass undistinguished from the rest of his fellow creatures, whose failings he's so apt to take notice of.

So many contradictions fell from the mouth of this *would be an oracle*, with his hat button'd behind, that the judicious *Indian* was in haste to be gone to a place where he might have more instructive discourse; wherefore we left him and his *abstemious* comrades, and taking our leave of smoke, noise and nonsense, made the best of our way down to the *Exchange*, without making any other observations, than that there were more *monthly* collections in one shop, than would be sold in a *twelve-month*, and malice and ill-nature in the owner of another, than he could disperse amongst his neighbours, should he live to the next year of jubilee.

As our way to the great cathedral lay down street, so we forbore going to see the place where *Peter's* wife formerly stood, to pay a visit to what was consecrated to *Paul*. Tho' there are people of some persuasions that don't stick to say one *Temple* is full as edifying as the other; and many women entertain those very thoughts

thoughts of elopement at church, which they after put in practice at taverns. But busineses of this nature are grown so frequent in this city, that in a short time we shall sooner admire at the continency of a married woman, than her want of it; and since there is no other punishment than for 'em to be deprived by act of parliament of the company they fled from, in all probability we shall, in a short time, have more horns of our growth here, than are to be found in the *New-Forest*.

After a happy deliverance from the brawling consort of fish-women, and those that sell puddings and pyes on *Fleet-Bridge*, and our passage by good king *Lud* and his two sons, where the poor citizens are confin'd, and starve amidst copies of their freedom, we enter'd in the *Strait-Gate*, which is westward of that noble edifice, and leads us into those paths which, as our religion teaches us, tend to salvation. The multitude of workmen, the bulk of the stones, and the prodigious circumference of the pillars, amaz'd my companion to such a degree, that could we have met Sir *Christopher Wren*, he would have paid him that act of adoration the place was built for an infinite Being to receive. He look'd upon the labour that was spent in building the *Chinese-wall* to be nothing to it, &c. However, after he was recovered from his wonder, he could not but observe from the smallness of the windows, that the builder was no enthusiast, and had no intention to make any great boasts of the *light within*.

He agreed the choir was very magnificent, the iron-work exquisitely fram'd, and nothing could be more agreeable than the organ; but having met with very little that look'd like religion before, since his arrival in these parts, he seem'd inquisitive in relation to the numerous congregation, and reasons that brought 'em together. When I return'd for answer, these dark souls in *white* garments here come for the sake of their salaries, and are *bir'd* to ask blessings for *themselves*; those gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their devotion in their eyes and ears, are strangers, and *come in only to go out again*; and those ladies that look thro' their fingers while the service is *singing*,

singing, had never been here but for the sake of the *musick* and *long perukes*.

This sort of devotion was a new manner of worship to a person who was born in a country where there were such bigots to the profession they were educated in, and he expressed his dislike of it in terms which bore a suitable abhorrence of such unjustifiable proceedings. Wherefore we turned our backs on bishop *Overall's* tall meagre disciple, and staying to see him take his wife, *alias* his *reasons*, in his hand after the service was done, bad adieu to the residentiaries stalls, whose owners made a *fine-cure* of 400 l. *per annum*; while *H—ll* was a-stretching his lungs in order to maintain a long white wig, and a hackney-coach, and the worthy subdean was chanting forth such deep strains, as made it appear to the female audience, that tho' he had not a *chamber-voice*, his quail-pipe shewed him excellently well qualified for chamber practice. But before we got out of this venerable dome, I chanc'd to hammer out the following stanza's, in relation to the rebuilding it.

*This fabrick which at first was built
To be God's house of pray'r,
And not to pamper priests in guilt,
Or hold a sleeping mayor;
Once perish'd by the vengeful flame,
Which all its beauties raz'd,
Nor could its awful patron's name
Protect the pile it grac'd.
But as it fell before by fire,
Which then destroy'd it whole,
So now to heav'n its heights aspire,
And rise again by coal.*

Our direct way to the great place of noise and tumult, the *Royal-Exchange*, lying down *Cheapside*, we forbore paying a visit to the booksellers in the church-yard, but left one rich old curmudgeon walking about his shop in vindication of a *perpetual-motion*, that having got by the priesthood, to shew his gratitude, was perpetually cloathed like a parish-clerk; another sitting behind

behind his compter with multitudes of reams of divinity waste-papers about him, in expectation of some clergyman or other, whom he had lost by, to take a hearty glass with; and a third a-tearing those calculations of gain in a fury which he had made, and assur'd himself of before *Dampier's* last unsuccessful voyage; to hasten our arrival at that fabrick where mankind seems to be epitomiz'd, and the different tempers of humanity in its several species tend to one center, viz. self-interest, which is accounted the *summum bonum*.

But as *Cheapside* is a street well furnished with matter for observation, and the shopkeepers stand here on purpose to be taken notice of, so it may possibly be look'd upon as an indecency offer'd to their employments, to pass by 'em without a compliment, or an harangue upon their characters; for they are the fondest people living of being made publick; and rather than not be *known* at all, would be known for what *they are*. However, I must *husband* my observations at this time, and since a more convenient opportunity will offer itself hereafter, shall only take notice, that my *Indian*, whether out of the several indigested ideas he had receiv'd from the diversity of objects he met with, or a sort of a surprize that had laid hold of him, at the first sight of the chimney-sweepers at the conduit, that look'd so much like his own countrymen, was taken sick in an instant, and I was forced to carry him to a neighbouring physician, whom some have falsely aspersed with the name of a *horse-doctor*, because he lives so near their *furniture-office*.

The worshipful graduate in the noble art of manslaughter, receiv'd us with a civility that was peculiar to him at the sight of four half-crowns; and tho' he had made a *sine-cure* of most of his other patients, recovered him from his indisposition in an instant. But as the doctor's voluminous works made no ordinary figure among the refuse of the learned in *Duck-lane*, or those redoubted authors that take the benefit of the air upon the rails in *Moorefields*, so the method he made use of towards his recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no sooner enter'd into his consultation-room, but the physician in
3
ordinary

ordinary made his appearance with two large folio's in his hands, and having ask'd me the nature of my friend's distemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an account of it himself) and made some inquiry with his fingers, in relation to the beating of the pulse, he open'd the *tremendous* page by way of exorcism, and fell a reading one of the descriptions of prince *Arthur's* battles so pathetically, that the very noise of the words awaken'd the modest *Indian* out of his lethargy and by way of sympathy freed him from one fright, by putting him into another.

For heaven's sake, said the patient, my dear friend, where are we, or what language does that honest gentleman there make use of, that rattles so mightily in the throat, and confounds a man's understanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *English* doctors, cry'd I, that having *murder'd* the people, is for extirpating the *language*, and falling foul upon every individual syllable that composes the vocabulary. He's a poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes verses in his own coach too. He tells a story admirably well in a coffee-house, if apothecaries and surgeons are judges, and has been some time since made a fool of at court, if there are any wise men there. In short, he has been dignified with a title for making a king of a prince; and whatever you do, you must use him as the great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the best man at *beroicks*, in the present age, or he'll dismiss you with a pill to rectify your judgment, that shall send you to a place where a great many bold *tell-truths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or sit within ten yards of him, up one pair of stairs at *Garraway's* coffee-house, you must cry, *Sir Richard, your paraphrase upon Job outdoes your Arthurs*; but for your own dear health's sake, don't say, in dulness. This thought put me in mind of some verses a friend of mine wrote some time since on that inimitable undertaking; which for the novelty of the expression, and the oddness of thought I judg'd proper to communicate, as follows:

*When Job contending with the devil I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity draw:*

For

*For I concluded, that without some trick,
 A saint at any time could match Old Nick.
 Next, came a fiercer fiend upon his back,
 I mean his spouse, and stunn'd him with her clack;
 But still I could not pity him, as knowing
 A crabb-tree cudgel soon would send her going.
 But when the quack engag'd with Job I spy'd,
 The Lord have mercy on poor Job, I cry'd:
 What spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,
 The quack will compass with his murd'ring pen,
 And on a dunghil leave poor Job agen.
 With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme,
 And make the saint against his will blaspheme.*

From hence we made towards the *Royal-Exchange*,
 and, between *Sadler's-hall* and *Woodstreet*, met a friend
 of mine that deals in linnen, standing at his shop-door;
 and having occasion for his acquaintance, in order to take
 up some shirts and handkerchiefs which men under poeti-
 cal circumstances generally stand in need of, I struck
 into discourse with him; but the first thing, as ill luck
 would have it, I cast my eyes on, was an inscription in
 several Places of the shop, which made me almost as
 mute as a fish, and was, *No trust upon retail*. However,
 I reflected to myself, that this caveat did not exclude
 those that would tick upon *wholesale*. Wherefore, ra-
 ther than not be a customer, I propos'd to take up
 several whole pieces by way of Credit; but the cream
 of the jest was, the man knew his trade, as also that
 which I had made Profession of, so that I was never the
 farther from continuing shirtless for the proposal. We
 were now almost come to *Woodstreet-corner*, when I be-
 thought myself it was more adviseable to go on the other
 side of the street, than to endanger my corps by coming
 within reach of the *men-eaters*, that stood not far off,
seeking whom they might devour, and desir'd the *Indian*
 to cross over the way, which he did accordingly.
 Avoid that turning, said I, if you would have me for
 your companion, for it's a place of no security for a
 man who has made as much use of the public faith as
 I have. Those fellows, that give their attendance a
 little

little below, at the prison-gate, I must be plain with you, are no company for poets. I have been too lately under their clutches to desire any more dealings with them; and I cannot come within a furlong of the *Rose* spunging-house, without five or six yellow-boys in my pockets, to cast out those devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take possession of me. With that I told him how I had once (on account of damn'd *no-verint universi's*, and other heretical papers, as notes under my hand, &c.) been confin'd there; and that being without hopes of release, I had put pen to paper and written my own elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I satisfied his curiosity in some part, by the rehearsal of the following epitaph, which was the close of it.

*Reader, beneath this turf I lie,
And hold myself content.
Piss, if you please, pray what care I,
Since now my life is spent :
A marble-stone indeed might keep
My body from the weather,
And gather people as I sleep,
And call more fools together.
But hadst thou been from whence I came,
Thou'dst never mince the matter,
But shew thy sentiments the same,
And hate stone-doublets after.
I'm dead, and that's enough t'acquaint
A man of any sense,
That if he's looking for a saint,
He must go farther hence.
Between two roses down I fell,
As 'twixt two stools a platter,
One held me up exceeding well,
T'other did no such matter :
The Rose by Temple-Bar gave wine,
Exchang'd for chalk, and fill'd me ;
But being for the ready coin,
The Rose in Woodstreet kill'd me.*

My

My companion was pleas'd to see me so merry under my affliction, but being of a *genius* altogether full of speculation, diverted the discourse to more material inquiries in relation to trade, which he saw was the whole business of our citizens.

While I behold this town of *London*, said our contemplative traveller, I fancy I behold a prodigious animal. The streets are so many *veins*, wherein the people circulate. With what hurry and swiftness is the circulation of *London* perform'd? You behold, cry'd I to him, the circulation that is made in the heart of *London*, but it moves more briskly in the blood of the *citizens*; they are always in motion and activity. Their actions succeed one another with so much rapidity, that they begin a thousand things before they have finished one, and finish a thousand others before they may properly be said to have begun them.

They are equally incapable both of attention and patience, and tho' nothing is more quick than the effects of hearing and seeing, yet they don't allow themselves time either to hear or see; but, like moles, work in the dark, and undermine one another.

All their study and labour is either about profit or pleasure; and they have schools for the education of their stalking-horse, which they call *apprentices* in the mystery of *trade*: a term unintelligible to foreigners, and which none truly understand the meaning of, but those that practise it. Some call it *overwit* *those they deal with*, but that is generally denied as a heterodox definition; for wit was never accounted a *London* commodity, unless among their wives, and other city-sinners; and if you search all the warehouses and shops from *Whitechapel-bars* to *St. Clement's*, if it were to save a man's life, or a woman's honesty, you cannot find one farthingworth of *wit* among them.

Some derive this heathenish word *trade* from a *Hebrew* original, and call it *over-reaching*: but the *Jews* deny it, and say the name and thing is wholly *Christian*; and for this interpretation quote the authority of a *London alderman*, who sold a *Jew* five fatts of right-handed gloves without any fellows to them, and afterwards

wards made him purchase the left-handed ones to match them, at double the value.

Some call trade *honest gain*, and to make it more palatable have lacker'd it with the name of *godliness*; and hence it comes to pass, that the generality of *Londoners* are counted such eminent professors; but, of all guessers, he comes nearest the mark that said, Trade was playing a game at *losing Loodum*, or dropping *fools* pence into *knarves* pockets, 'till the *sellers* were rich, and the *buyers* were bankrupts.

That magnificent building there, which stands in the middle of *London*, is for the accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her heirs and successors for ever, and is so full of amusements about twelve o'clock every day, that one would think all the world was converted into news-mongers and intelligencers; for that's the first salutation among all mankind that frequent that place. What news from *Scanderoon* and *Aleppo*? says the *Turkey Merchant*. What price bear currans at *Zant*? apes at *Tunis*? religion at *Rome*? cutting a throat at *Naples*? whores at *Venice*? and the cure of a clap at *Padua*?

What news of such a ship? says the *Insurer*: Is there any hope of her being cast away, says the *adventurer*, for I have insur'd more by a thousand pounds than I have in her? So have I through mercy, says a second, and therefore let's leave a letter of advice for the master, at the new light-house at *Plymouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Goodwin-sands*, and give us advice of it from *Deal* or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another ship for his faithful service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a bill upon you, brother, says one *alderman* to another. Go home, brother, says the other, and if money and my man be absent, let my wife pay you out of her *privy-purse*, as your *good-wife* lately paid a bill at *fight for me*, I thank her ladyship.

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a parcel of excellent logwood, block-tin, spiders-brains, philosophers-guts, *Don Quixot's* windmills, hens-teeth, ell-broad pack-thread, and the quintessence of the blue of plumbs. Go, you puppy, you are fit to be a broker, and don't know

know that the *Greshamites* buy up all these rarities by wholesale all the year, and retail them out to the society every first of *April*.

Hah, old acquaintance ! touch flesh : I have been seeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a pressing occasion for some seeds of sedition ; *Jacobite rue*, and *whig herb of grace* ; can't furnish me ? Indeed, lau, no, saith the merchant, I have just parted with them to the several coffee-houses about the town, where the respective merchants meet, that trade in those commodities ; but if you want but a small parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs. *Bald---*, or *Dar---* and his son-in-law *Bel and Clapper*, and most booksellers in *London* and *Westminster*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little, Mr. ----- I have a word in private to you. If you know any of our *whig* friends that have occasion for any staunch votes for the choice of mayors or sheriffs, that were calculated for the meridian of *London*, but will serve indifferently for any city or corporation in *Europe*, our friend Mr. *Pats---* has abundance that lie upon his hands, and will be glad to dispose of them a good pennyworth. Enough, said the other, they are no winter's traffick ; for though mayors and woodcocks come in about *Michaelmas*, they don't lay springs for sheriffs till about *Midsummer*, and then we'll talk with him about those weighty matters.

There stalks a serjeant and his mace, smelling at the merchants backfides, like a hungry dog for a dinner.

There walks a public notary tied to an inkhorn, like an ape to a clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek commodities, bills of store, and charter-parties.

That wheefing, sickly shew, with his Breeches full of the prices of male and female commodities, projects, complaints, and all mismanagements from *Dan* to *Beerseba*, is the *Devil's broker*, and may be spoken with every *Sunday*, from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, at the *Quakers meeting*, or his lodging, and not after ; for the rest of his time, on that day, he employs in adjusting his accompts, and playing at *back-gammon* with his principal. There goes a *rat-catcher* in state, brandishing his banner, like a black-moor

moor in a pageant, on the execution-day of roast-beef, greasy-geese, and custards. And there sneaks a hunger-starv'd usurer of a druggist, in quest of a crazy citizen for use or continuance-money, whom the other shuns as carefully as a serjeant, and avoids with as much industry as he does making up his accounts with God Almighty.

Now say I to my *Indian*, is not all this, *bodge-podge*, a pleasant confusion, and a perfect amusement? The astonish'd traveller reply'd, Without doubt the indigested chaos was but an imperfect representation of this congregated huddle. But what most amuses my understanding is, to hear 'em speak all languages, and talk of nothing but trucking and bartering, buying and selling, borrowing and lending, paying and receiving; and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of, unless those that have 'em sell their gold-chains, the brasiers their leather-aprons, the young merchants their swords, or the old ones their canes and oaken-plants, that support their feeble carcasses. That doubt, quoth I to my inquisitive *Indian*, is easily resolv'd, for though their grosser wares are at home in their store-houses, they have many things of value to truck for, which they always carry about 'em; as, justice for fat-capons, to be delivered before dinner; a reprieve from the whipping-post for a dozen bottles of claret to drink after it; licences to sell ale for a hoghead of stout to his worship; and leave to keep a coffee-house, for a cask of cold tea to his lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the walks where you shall find the merchants that will furnish you. Would you buy the *Common-Hunt*, the *Common-Cryer's*, the *Bridge-Master's*, or the *Keeper of Newgate's* places? Stay till they fall, and a gold-chain and great horse will direct you to the proprietors. Would you buy any naked truth, or light in a dark-lanthorn? Look in the *Wet-Quaker's* walk. Have you occasion for comb-brushes, tweezers, cringes, or compliments *a-la-mode*? The *French Walk* will supply you. Want you old cloaks, plain shoes, or formal gravity? You may fit yourself to a cow's-thumb among the *Spaniards*. Have you any use in your country for upright honesty or downright dealing?

You

You may buy plenty of 'em both among the *Stock-jobbers*, for they are dead commodities, and that society are willing to quit their hands of 'em. Would you lay out your *Indian gold* for a *new plantation*? Inquire for the *Scotch-walk*, and you'll buy a good pennyworth in *Darien*. Three of your own kings for as many new hats, and all their nineteen subjects into the purchase to be delivered at the *Scotch East-Indian office*, by parson *Paterfon*, or their secretary *Wisdom Webster*. If you want any tallow, rapparees-hides, or *Papish* massacres, inquire in the *Irish Walk*, and you cannot lose your labour. But I am interrupted.

Look, yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian's* foot, to carry on a sodomitical intrigue, and bartering their souls here for fire and brimstone in another world.

See, there's a beau that has play'd away his estate at a chocolate-house, going to sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from scandalizing his relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a poet reading his verses, and squeezing his brains into an amorous cit's pockets, in hopes of a tester to buy himself a dinner.

Behind that pillar is a *Welsh-herald* deriving a merchant's pedigree from *Adam's* great grandfather, to intitle him to a coat of arms, when he comes to be an alderman.

Take notice of that tall, black gentleman; there is scarce a merchant-ship at sea but he has a share in her, and scarce a corporation in *England* that he has not been tampering with for the choice of m---b---rs of P-----. Would you think a man of his appearance had been brought upon his knees before the H--- of C---, or that a person of so goodly and wise an aspect could be spew'd out of a place, where only *wise men* should meet together? But more unlikely things have come to pass, witness that merry A----- fortune there, who has neither parts nor countenance to recommend him to any conversation but that of the fair sex, yet he keeps his place, and represents the town that chose him to a miracle. Say that he came in by bribery if you dare, his gifts are acts of charity, and 'tis heretical to say that he is not a godly, conscientious man, in making him-
self

self *great* by providing for the poor. He give money ! 'Tis no such thing ; he *builds houses*, in order to get into *one*, and pull down our constitution. A pleasant sort of a spark ! The mayor and aldermen of *R-----d-----g* can never want a representative while spinning of flax goes on so merrily among 'em, nor the city of *L-----* want a m-----, while such as he are suffer'd to set up for chief magistrates. However, his wife has another opinion of him ; and she that shewed her wisdom in the choice of such a *husband*, thinks he shews his in being chosen for such a *c--p--ration*. But that unaccountable knight there has more comedy in him than all his fellow citizens besides. Ask on what day the new war with *France* and *Spain* is to be proclaim'd ? he'll tell you he knows the time to a second of a minute. Desire to know of him when the king comes over from *Holland*, or whereabouts in the *Netherlands* the first hostilities will break out ? and he'll lay *ten to one* he points out the *time* and *place* to you. Would you be told what he is worth ? You are to be inform'd he is better stock'd with projects than any *New East-Indian* of 'em all ; and where he chiefly signaliz'd his courage ? You'll be answer'd, in the famous campaign the city-regiment made, and at *Tunbridge*, where a damn'd unlucky pippin made him *save himself* after he had *lost his money*. As he was made a *knight* from a *news-monger*, so he is again become a gamester from a sh-----, and if I were to venture a wager on his side, it should be, that the first thing he did was to *lay one* ; neither would I refuse to go his halves, would he make these conditions on which he ventur'd his money, *viz.* That the corporation of *B-----b-----r* in *Suffex*, and *S---d---ch* in *Kent*, don't know his abilities so well as I do : That he is not master of those fortunes which the world thinks him to be, nor possessor of that magazine of brains he himself would have us think he is : That whatever he has done by way of stock-jobbing other commodities, the l---ds *D---*, *S-----* and *H---* can witness, from his conversation at *Garraway's*, he never monopoliz'd wit, or engross'd any thing like it to his own use. These propositions would bring us both in money, and his *sagacity* would run a less risque in laying on their side,

side, than he did some years since about the siege of *Namure*. But he has got some wager in his head, and is march'd off with his chapman to a *public notary* to confirm it. And so much for Sir H----

Why first here is a *ship* to be sold, with all her tackle and lading. There are virtuous maidens that are willing to be transported with *William Penn* into *Maryland*, for the propagation of *Quakerism*. In another is a *tutor* to be hir'd, to instruct any gentleman's or merchant's children in their own families: and under that an advertisement of a *milch-ass*, to be sold at the night-man's in *Whitechapel*. In another column in a *gilded frame* was a chamber-maid that wanted a service; and over her an old bachelor that wanted a housekeeper. On the sides of these were two less papers, one containing an advertisement of a red-headed monkey, lost from a seed-shop in the *Strand*, with two guineas reward to him or her that shall bring him home again with his tail and collar on. On the other side was a large folio, fill'd with wet and dry nurses; and houses to be lett; and parrots, canary-birds, and setting-dogs to be sold.

Having no occasion for wet-nurses, &c. since my children sat by other folks fires; and being desirous to give my *Indian* a sight of the most remarkable things my time would allow me, we squeez'd out of a throng of cuckolds, and went to make a visit to the madmen in *Morefields*.

Bedlam is a pleasant place, that it is, and abounds with amusements; the first of which is the building so stately a fabrick for persons wholly insensible of the beauty and use of it: the outside is a perfect mockery to the inside, and admits of two amusing queries, Whether the persons that ordered the building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? And whether the name and thing be not as disagreeable as harp and harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one entire amusement? Some were preaching, and others in full cry a hunting. Some were praying, others cursing and swearing. Some were dancing others groaning. Some singing, others crying, and all in perfect confusion. A sad representation of the greater *chimerical world*! Only in this there's no
whoring,

whoring, cheating, or sleeping, unless after the *Platonick* mode, in thought, for want of action. However, any gentleman that is dispos'd for a *touch* of the times, may take his choice for the price of one penny, which is *Cerberus's* fee at the entry; or any lady that has got the *prurigo copulandi*, has a spark at her service to be found walking here any time of the day. Is your wife or your daughter *mad*, for something that shall be nameless? Send 'em hither to be made *sober*. Or has any one a relation, male or female, that's over-bashful? Let not either him or her despair of a cure, for here are guests enough to teach 'em to part with their modesty. As the buildings took their magnificence from a palace at *Paris*, so the company that resort to make assignations within 'em, very often bring off the *Parisian* distemper from the bottled ale and cheefecakes, which are eaten after they are coupled and gone out of 'em; and if we have been witty upon the *French*, in giving *Bedlam* the resemblance of the *Louvre*, they have been even with us to a witness, by making a present of a disease to us, which may be bargain'd for with no more difficulty than half a turn in the *Long-Gallery*. Here were *persons* confined, that having no money nor friends, and but a small stock of confidence run mad for want of preferment: a *poet* that, for want of wit and sense, ran mad for want of victuals; and a hard favour'd *citizen's wife*, that lost her wits because her husband had so little as to let her know that he kept a handsome mistress. In this apartment was a *common lawyer* pleading; in another a *civilian* fighting; a third enclosed a *Jacobite*, ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a morose, melancholy *whig*, bemoaning his want of an office, and complaining against abuses at court, and mismanagements. A fifth had a comical sort of a fellow, that was laughing at his physician doctor *Tyson*, for his great skill in *taciturnity*; and a sixth had a *Cantabrigian* organist for his tenant, that had left sonnet and madrigal for philosophy, and had lost his *senses* for a fool, while he was in pursuit of *knowledge*. How now! said I, honest friend, what dost thou think of *materia prima*, and the rest of the pretended *entities*? I think, said he, if you thought
of

of 'em at all, you would ask a more pertinent question, for I am mad because I know nothing of the matter, when thou art so much in love with ignorance, thou wouldst have lost thy wits if thou hadst. I expected not such a home reply from a *Bedlamite*, and without any more to do with such a touchy spark, left him railing against the sin of murdering lice, and shewing his detestation against eating good roast-mutton, as a cruelty to the creatures, to take a fight of a young fellow quite dumfounded with love. Poor lad! his mother and two sisters, that are milliners in *Oxford*, I dare swear, will never keep him company; for they know a trick worth two of his, and have often experimented, that *if one won't, another will*. Here was *Bishop* the Quaker preaching, and an audience of *modest* women peeping through their fingers, to see whether his notes were written in *legible characters* or no; and there was a shopkeeper's wife retailing out the fight of the best in *Christendom*, for a half-penny a head to young *Templers*, *Moorfields* sharpers, and old citizens that had taken the opportunity of their wives being abroad, and being ready to run mad themselves, were come to divert themselves with the fight of those that were actually so.

Missing many others, whom I thought deserved a lodging among their brethren, I made inquiry after them, and was told by the keeper, that they had many other houses of the same foundation in the city, where they were disposed till they grew *tamer*, and were qualified to be admitted members of this *soberer* society. The projectors, who are generally broken citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The beaus and rakes, and common mad jilts, that labour under a *furor uteri*, in *Bridewell*, and justice *Long's* powdering-tub; and the *virtuosi* were confined to *Gresham-College*. Those, continued he, in whose constitutions folly has the ascendant over frenzy, are permitted to reside, and be smok'd in coffee-houses; and those that by the governors of this hospital are thought utterly incurable, are shut up with a pair of foils, a fiddle, and a pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their fire and spirits are exhausted,

and they begin to dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain hospital built for that purpose near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had leisure to ask my *Indian* his opinion of these *amusements*? who, after the best manner his genius would suffer him, harrangu'd upon deficiency of sense, as the only beneficial quality, since the bare pretence to *wit* was attended by such tragical misfortunes, as confinement to straw, small drink, and flogging.

Hearing a noise, and some approaches of nonsense that always bear it company, where should we step but into *Cripplegate* church, and whom should I see perch'd up in a pulpit but honest *orthodox E----- S-----*, as knowing a divine as ever p----- with a bible in his pocket, a spreading the word very dexterously. Hey day! cry'd I, nonjuring *man* has left off cheating people in a *coat*, to put tricks upon the world in a *gown*! I wish his *Dutch* merchant were here to be one of his auditors, that he might be satisfy'd the reverend doctor is not such a man as he reports him to be. He laid forth the blessings of a handsome wife most emphatically, and I expected every minute to hear when the city-knave would have *invited* his male auditors home to see *his*, according to ancient custom; but he's grown more politick since he had father'd *Æsop* at *Tunbridge*, and was abundantly more reserv'd, since de had read over those two laborious works, *The Whole Duty of Man epitomiz'd* and *Dr. Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*: and 'twould have done a man under poetical circumstances good, to think how powerfully he laid himself out, to perswade his hearers to be charitable to the poor, as if he was begging for himself, and reading his own wants to the audience in the life of his own *unhappy medicant*. S'life, thought I, we must drink together; but imagining from the drift of his discourse the parson was pennyless, away went I up *Readcross-street*, leaving him to come down from his *borrow'd* pulpit, as soon as he had finish'd his *borrow'd* harangue, to make the best of his way to his eloquent and reverend brother, and deliver the *gown* he *borrow'd* of him, on such an emergent occasion, as shewing his parts.

Now I, that am always more scar'd at the sight of a *serjeant* or *bailiff*, than at the devil and all his works, was mortally frighted in my passage through *Barbican* and *Long-lane*, by the impudent *rag-sellers* in those scandalous climates, who laid hold of my arm to ask me *what I lack'd*? At first it made me tremble worse than a Quaker in a fit of *enthusiasm*, imagining it had been an arrest, and was just asking the customary question, *At whose suit*? But their rudeness continuing at every door, relieved me from those pannick fears. And the next that attacked my arm, with *what d'ye buy*, *Sir, what d'ye lack*? I threw him from my sleeve into the kennel, saying, though I want nothing out of your shops, methinks you all want good manners and civility, that are ready to tear a new suit from my back, under pretence of selling me an old one: avaunt, vermin, your clothes smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the bedding to be sold at the *Ditchside* near *Fleetstreet* smells of a *bawdy-house* and *brandy*.

Smithfield would have afforded us a great variety of objects, but it being neither *Bartholomew-Fair* time, nor any of the chief market-days, I passed through the quarters of the jockeys and grassiers, and taking the clancular roads, that were most agreeable to my circumstances, I went through *Baldwin's Gardens*, and whom should I see standing at the door of the *Hele in the Wall*, but an old acquaintance of mine, an honest dear joy, that had taken the house; and as the gentlemen of that country are famous for being men of particular ceremony, so the first word that came from him was, *Master, I am your very humble servant*; and the next *Hey, you bastard you*, on account of my putting a civil question, relating to two young ladies looking through their fingers at him.

He was immediately for *presenting me with a tankard*; and down my fellow-traveller and I sat ourselves, when I found my neighbour *K----* had been new christened since I saw him last, and was made a commission-officer by the name of Captain *Whip-'em*. I made no inquiry after the *etymology* of his new title, but judg'd he had been *whipping* it in with the gentlewomen before mentioned, though 'twas not convenient to tell him so, lest

his wife should watch his waters more narrowly than she had done, which might have been no small grief to the two virtuous ladies, and a great disappointment to a man of his known modesty. I'll say that for the man, his liquor was the best of the sort that ever I drank, had his company been answerable to it; but there was such a jargon of contradictions among 'em, such a difference of trades and opinions, and such an unintelligible captain among 'em, that my poor *Indian* and I were in a perfect wilderness. *To pay there*, said I, and so left the witty dogs by themselves, and a bookbinder talking about the adventures of *him and two or three more gentlemen*, to make the best of my way through *Gray's-Inn*, where I met with nothing material.

This was all we entertained ourselves with, before we came to the *Play-house*.

AMUSEMENT IV.

The PLAY-HOUSE.

THE *Play-House* is an enchanted island, where nothing appears in reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by persons of all degrees and qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of idle time lying upon their hands, and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here *lords* come to laugh, and to be laughed at for being there, and seeing their qualities ridicul'd by every triobolary poet. Knights come hither to learn the amorous smirk, the *alamode* grin, the antick bow, the new-fashion'd cringe, and how to adjust their phiz, to make themselves as ridiculous by art as they are by nature.

Hither come the country gentlemen to shew their shapes, and trouble the pit with their impertinence about hawking, hunting, and their handsome wives, and their housewifery.

There sits a *beau* like a fool in a frame, that dares not stir his head nor move his body, for fear of incommoding his wig, ruffling his cravat, or putting his eyes or mouth out of the order his *maitre de dance* set

it in; whilst a *bully beau* comes drunk into the pit, screaming out, *Damn me, Jack, 'tis a confounded play, let's to a whore, and spend our time better.* Here the ladies come to shew their clothes, which are often the only things to be admired in or about 'em. Some of them having scabb'd or pimpled faces, wear a thousand patches to hide them; and those that have none, scandalize their faces by a foolish imitation. Here they shew their courage by being unconcern'd at a *Husband* being *poison'd*, a *hero* being *kill'd*, or a passionate lover being jilted; and discover their modesties by standing buff at a bawdy song, or naked obscene figure. By the signs that both sexes hang out, you may know their qualities or occupations, and not mistake in making your addressees. Men of *figure* and consideration are known by seldom being there, and men of *wisdom* and business by being always absent. The *l---d* is known by his ribbon, and *T---- D----*, or some other impertinent poet, talking nonsense to him; the *l----* by sitting on the *Ki-Cat* stool, and *Jacob Tanson* standing door-keeper for him; the rest of the witty no----ity have their several distinguishing characteristicks, and those that are the easiest things to be *understood* in the universe. As for instance, that *toaster* there, is it possible he can give a judgment of the beauties of a play, while he is wholly taken up in surveying those of the ladies? or that incorrigible fop know any thing of the matter, that is taking such pains not to know himself, as to be carried away with the thoughts that all eyes were fixed upon him on account of his amazing perfections, when the quite contrary cause diverts the audience from what they came to take a view of?

Would you think that little *lap-dog* in scarlet there has stomach enough to digest a guinea's worth of entertainment at *Pontack's* every dinner-time, or that odorous *Time-server* there had nothing he so much laid to heart as the disappointment of not having his whore brought to him at the *Fountain-Tavern*, after the curtain is let down again?

Hey dey! what have we here? A *Duchess* and a *Dutchman* together, *pepper* and *vinegar* on my conscience; only 'tis a difficult time of the year, and people that

that lie so close together are warm enough without any such matters to heat 'em. But that *poet* there that shews his assiduity by following yonder actress, is the most entertaining sort of an animal imaginable. But 'tis *the way of the world*, to have an esteem for the fair sex; and he looks to a miracle, when she is acting a part in one of his own plays. Would not any one think it pity she should not have an humble servant, when that Mrs. *Abigail* there, who is one of her attendants, can be brought to bed of a living child without any manner of notice taken of her? Look upon him once more, I say; if she goes to her *shift*, 'tis ten to one but he follows her, not that I would say, for never so much, to take up her *smock*: he dines with her almost every day, yet she's a *maid*; he rides out with her, and visits her in publick and private, yet she's a *maid*; if I had not a particular respect for her, I should go near to say he lies with her, yet she's a *maid*. Now I leave the world to judge whether it be his or her fault that she has so long kept her *maidenhead*, since gentlemen of his profession have generally a *greater respect for the ladies than that comes to*.

Now for that majestic *man* and *woman* there, stand off, there is no coming within a hundred yards of their high mightinesses. They have revolted like the *Dutch* from their once lords and masters, and are now set up for sovereigns themselves. See what a deference is paid 'em by the rest of the cringing fraternity, from fifty down to ten shillings a-week; and you must needs have a more than ordinary opinion of their abilities. Should you lie with her all night, she would not know you next morning, unless you had another five pounds at her service; or go to desire a piece of courtesy of him, you must attend longer than at a secretary's of state. His gravity will not permit him to give you audience till the stateliness of his countenance is rightly adjusted, and all his high-swelling words are got in readiness: nor will her celebrated modesty suffer her almost to speak to an humble servant, without a piece or two to rub her eyes with, and to conceal her blushes, while she *sluggishly* goes through a vacation she might take more pains in, did she not grudge a *pennyworth* for a *penny*.

There

There are two sets of these histrionical entertainers, and I should be too partial should I not divide my thoughts equally between 'em; both are called his *majesty's servants*, yet neither have done any *service* to their king or country, if we may take Mr. Collier's word, or the affidavits of a multitude of decay'd *beaus*, who have been undone, and afterwards laughed at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that scornful piece of flesh there; does not she tread the stage as haughtily as if she knew no such thing as condescension to the desires of any man breathing, yet she was soundly beaten by a spark of hers, *for opening her legs to another humble servant*. I would not for the wealth of the *Indies* divulge any harm to her; but a person might say, without the help of a prophetick *Cassandra*, that it will not be for want of shewing her endeavours for the publick good, that she does not bring his majesty a new subject into the world this year, as she did the last; and I dare swear that her ingenious friend Mr. S-----, though his modesty will not permit him to be the father of it, will be ready at all times and seasons to fetch out the velvet petticoat, that may occasionally be in trouble, on account of the decency of her next lying in.

From this lady, that is always quarrelsome with the prompter, and who has enough of that grand issue in the middle of her, without any other disturbances of that nature about her, it falls out of course, that we pay our respects to that bewitching creature, that has entangled a very great man into her noose; and from so mean a beginning as pippins, small nuts and gingerbread, has the honour to have a nobleman wear her chains. The virtuous gentlewoman before mentioned was lineally descended from a retailer of *rumps* and *kidneys*, and had greater pretensions from her birth to the smiles of *fortune*, than her hypocritical *ladyship* that owes her being to a *mother*, who, poor woman, would not be forced to beg, were she as young a bit of flesh as her daughter, had she as much natural affection for a parent as she has for a gallant.

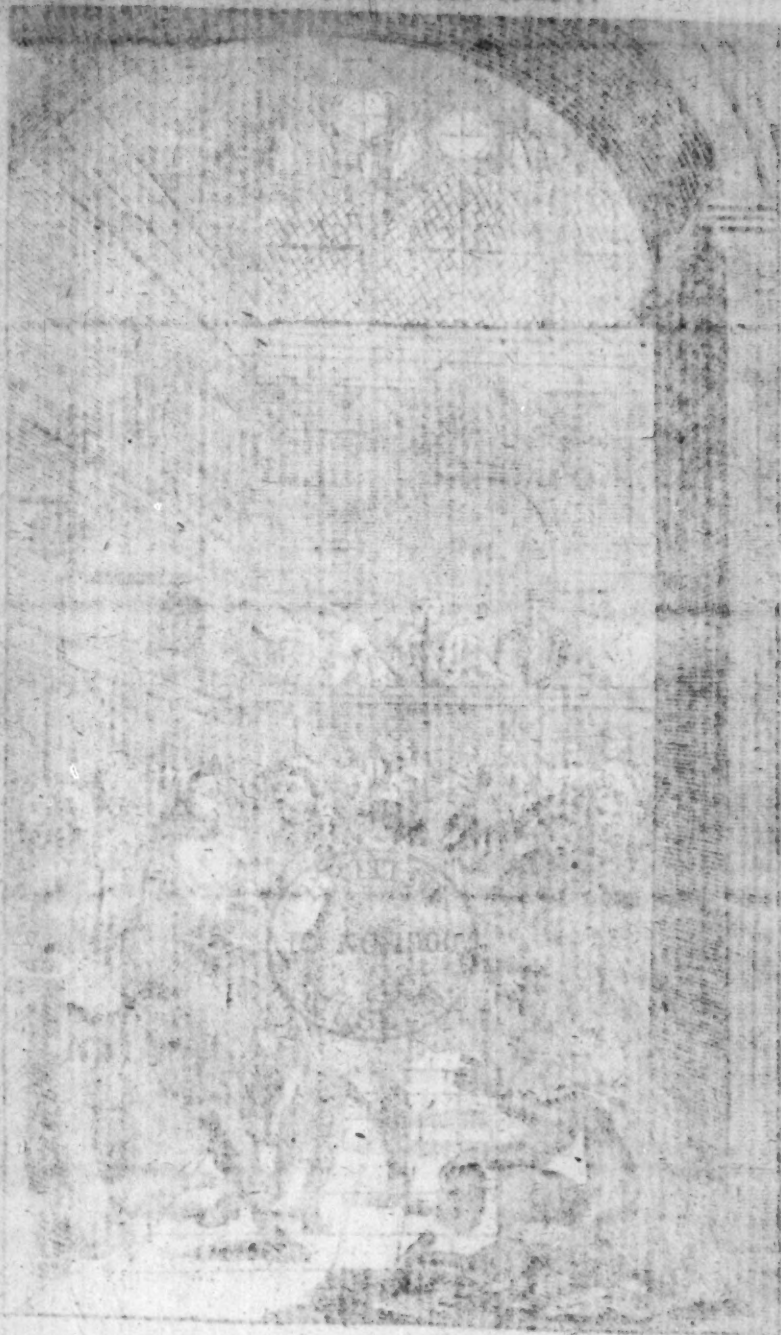
Away with her, cry'd out the *Indian*, if *she's unnatural*, *she's no mistress for me*; but it's a custom among you Europeans to forget father and mother, and cleave

to your own interest: your people of the highest rank practise it daily; and would you think this woman, that mimicks 'em in their clothes and fashions, would behave herself so vulgarly as not to imitate 'em? As my companion had nothing but truth in his observations, so I could not contradict his opinion of us, but turned my eye upon the boxes, to let him know there were some of the fair sex in that bright circle, that were exceptions to his general rule. Let us lose no more time about her, said I, you have seen all she has but the furniture of her chamber, and that she may thank the d--- for; as to her clean gloves and finery here, they are owing to the old good-natur'd Mr. R-----, who from his drowsy constitution in the day-time makes it appear that some or other has disturbed his rest in the night. That *beau* there is known by the decent management of his sword-knot and snuff-box; a poet, by his empty pockets; a citizen, by his horns and gold-hatband; a whore, by a vizor-mask and a multitude of ribbons about her breast; and a fool by talking to her: A *Play-house wit* is distinguished by wanting understanding; and a judge of wit, by nodding and sleeping till the fall of the curtain, and crowding to get out again, awake him.

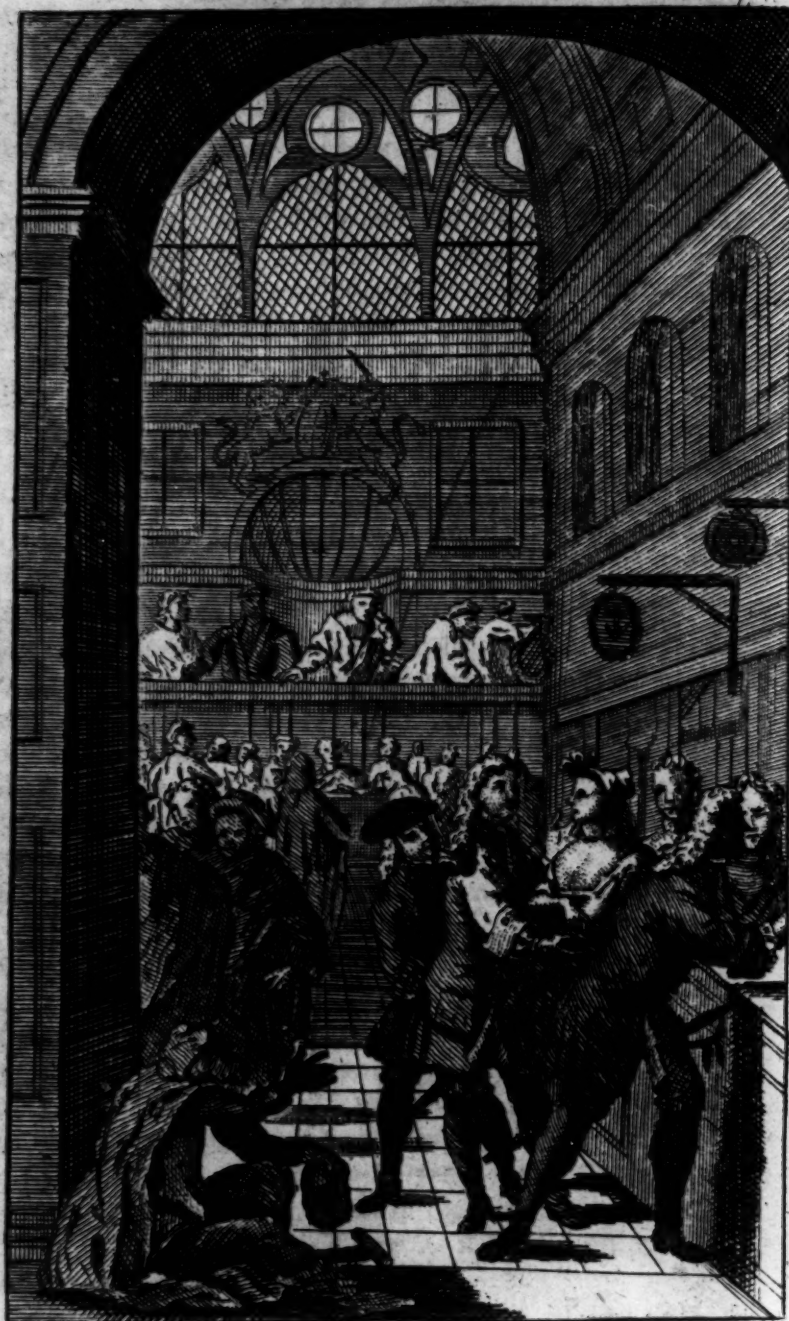
I have told you already, that the *Play-house* was the land of enchantment, the country of *Metamorphoses*, and performed it with the greatest speed imaginable. Here, in the twinkling of an eye, you shall see men transformed into *demi-gods*, and *goddeses* made as true flesh and blood as our common women. Here fools by slight of hand are converted into wits, honest-women into arrant whores, and, which is most miraculous, cowards into valiant heroes, and rank coquets and jilts into as chaste and virtuous mistresses as a man would desire to put his knife into.

Let us now speak a word or two of the natives of this country, and the stock of wit and manners by which they maintain themselves, and ridicule the whole world besides. The people are all somewhat whimsical and giddy-brain'd; when they speak they sing, when they walk they dance, and very often do both when they have a mind to it.

Northampton Hall



Westminster Hall.



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WESTMINSTER-HALL. 39

The *stage* has now so great a share of atheism, impudence, and profaneness, that it looks like an assembly of *demons*, directing the way *hellward*; and the more blasphemous the *poets* are, the more they are admir'd, even from huffing *Dryden* to sing-song *D'Urfey*, who always stutters at *finse*, and speaks plain when he swears. What are all their new plays but damn'd insipid, dull *farces*, confounded toothless *satyr*, or plaguy *rhimey plays*, with scurvy heroes, worse than the *knight of the sun*, or *Amadis de Gaul*? They are the arrantest *plagiaries* in nature; and, like our common *news-writers*, steal from one another.

When a *humour* takes in *London*, they ride it to death ere they leave it: The *primitive Christians* were not persecuted with half that variety as the poor *unthinking beaux* are tormented with upon the theatre; *character* they supply with a smutty *song*, *humour* with a *dance*, and *argument* with *lightning* and *thunder*, which has often reprieved many a scurvy play from *damning*. A huge great muff, and a gaudy ribbon hanging at a bully's backside, is an excellent jest; and new-invented curses, as, *Stap my vitals*, *damn my diaphragm*, *slit my wind-pipe*, *sink me ten thousand fathom-deep*, rig up a new beau, though in the main 'tis but the same everlasting coxcomb; and there's as much difference between their *rhimes* and *solid verse*, as between the royal *psalmist* and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their collars of *ay's* and *eke's* about 'em. Wherefore let us take a voyage into the *land of wit*, since there is so little stirring now-a-days in the *Play-house*, and make an inspection into the growth of that commodity elsewhere.

AMUSEMENT V.

WESTMINSTER-HALL.

A Magnificent building, which is open to all the world, and yet in a manner is shut up, by the prodigious concourse of people, who croud and sweat to get in or out; and happy are they that don't leave their *lives*, *estates*, or *consciences* behind 'em. Here we

enter'd into a great *ball*, where my *Indian* was surprized to see, in the same place, men on the one side with baubles and toys, and the other taken up with the fear of *judgment*, on which depends their inevitable destiny.

In this shop are to be sold *ribbons, gloves, towers*, and *commodes*, by word of mouth; in another shop *lands* and *tenements* are dispos'd of by decree. On your left-hand you hear a nimble tongu'd painted *sempstresses*, with her charming treble inviting you to buy some of her knick-nacks; and on your right a deep-mouth'd cryer, commanding impossibilities, *viz.* silence to be kept among women and lawyers. What a fantastical jargon does this heap of contrarieties amount to? While our traveller is making his observations upon this motly scene, he's frighted at the terrible approaches of a multitude of men in black gowns and round caps, that make betwixt 'em a most hideous and dreadful monster call'd *Petty-fogging*, of which there is such a store in *England*, that the people think themselves oblig'd to pray for the *Egyptian* locusts and caterpillars, in exchange for this kind of vermin: and this monster bellows out so pernicious a language, that one word alone is sufficient to ruin whole families.

Here's honest, good-natur'd, modest Mr. S-----, that has done by the counsel on the opposite side as the king of *France* did by the *confederates*; and there a worshipful R----- drawing up *indictments*, with no less than twenty flaws in 'em at a time: that breach directs you to a judge's favourite fingering the pence, as if he deserv'd it from his great knowledge in the law, rather than his interest; and that c-----t of j-----ce there up in the corner, points men of some characters out to you, that are for holding out their hands to *plaintiff* and *defendant*. At certain hours appointed, there appear grave and dauntless men, whose very sight's enough to give one a *Quartan* *ague*, and who lay this *monster* on his back; scarce a day passies over their heads but they rescue out of his greedy jaws some thousand of acres half devoured.

This cursed *petty-fogging* is much more to be fear'd than *injustice* itself; the latter openly undoes us, and affords us at least this comfort, That we have a right to bewail

bewail ourselves; but the former, by its dilatory formalities, robs us of all we have, and tells us for our eternal despair, that we suffer by law.

Justice, if I may so express myself, is a beautiful young virgin disguis'd, brought on the stage by the *Pleader*, pursu'd by the *Attorney*, cajol'd by the *Counsellor*, and defended by the *Judge*.

Some pert critick will tell me now, that I have lost my way in digressions. Under favour, this critick is in the wrong box, for digressions properly belong to my subject, since they are all *nothing but amusements*; and this is a truth so *uncontested*, that I am resolv'd to *continue 'em*.

By way of *digression* I must here inform you, that in all those places of my voyage where the *Indian* perplexes me with his questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my *own reflections*, upon this *condition* however, that I may be allow'd to take him up again when I'm weary of travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the metaphor of my voyage, whenever the fancy takes me; for I'm so far from *confining* myself, like a slave, to one particular figure, that I will keep the power still in my hands, to change, if I think fit, at every period, my figure, subject and stile, that I may be less tiresome to the modern reader; for I know well enough, that variety is the *predominant taste* of the present age.

Although nothing is durable in this *transitory world*, yet 'tis observ'd that this saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things of *eternal continuance*, as thousands have found true by woful experience; I mean, *Chancery-suits*. Certain sons of parchment, call'd *Sollicitors* and *Barristers*, make it their whole business to keep the *shuttlecock* in motion, and when one hand is weary, they play it into another: 'Tis the chiefest part of their religion to keep up and animate the differences among their clients, as 'twas with the *vestal virgins* in the *days of yore*, to maintain the sacred fire.

'Tis a most surprising thing, that notwithstanding all the clamour, squawling and bawling there is in the courts, yet you shall have a judge now and then take as comfortable

fortable a nap on the *bench*, as if he were at *church*; and every honest *Christian* has reason to pray, that as often as a cause comes to be heard, the judges of ancient times were awake, and the modern fast asleep. However, this must be said for them, that they are righteous enough in their hearts; but the devil on't is, that they can't tell which way to take to instruct themselves in the merits of the cause. The *contending parties* are suspected by them, the *Sollicitor* embroils them, the *Counsellor* defends them, the *Attorney* importunes them, and the *She-Sollicitor* distracts them. Well, let what will happen on't, give me for my money the *female Solicitor*.

A certain judge in the *days of yore* made his boast, that *the most charming woman in the world was not able to make him forget that he was a judge*. Very likely, Sir, said a gentleman to him, *but I'll lay twenty to one on nature's side*. The magistrate was a man before he was a judge; the first motion he finds is for the *She-sollicitor*, and the second is for *justice*.

A very beautiful *countess* went to a morose, surly judge's chamber, to preposse him in favour of a very unrighteous cause, and to solicit for a *colonel* against a *tradesman* that sued him: This *tradesman* happened that very moment to be in his lordship's closet, who found his cause to be so just and clear, that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the day.

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, but our charming *countess* appear'd in the antichamber. The judge immediately ran as fast as his gouty legs would give him leave, to meet her ladyship; her eyes, air, and graceful deportment, the sound of her voice, so many charms, in short, pleaded so powerfully in her favour, that at the first moment he found the man too powerful for the judge, and he promised our *countess* the *colonel* should gain his cause. Thus you see the poor judge engag'd on both sides. When he came back to his closet, he found the *tradesman* reduc'd to the last despair. *I saw her*, cries the fellow, almost out of his wits; *I saw the lady that solicits against me, and, Lord, what a charming creature she is! I am undone, my lord,*
my

my cause is lost and ruin'd. Why, says the Judge, not yet recover'd from his confusion, imagine yourself in my place, and tell me if 'tis possible for frail man to refuse any thing so beautiful a lady asks? As he spoke these words, he pull'd a hundred pistoles out of his pocket, which amounted to the sum the tradesman sued for, and gave them to him. By some means or other the Countess came to the knowledge of it, and as she was virtuous even to a scruple, she was afraid of being too much oblig'd by so generous a judge, and immediately sent him an hundred pistoles. The Colonel, full as gallant as the Countess, was scrupulous, and paid her the sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The Judge was afraid of being unjust, the Countess fear'd to be too much oblig'd, the Colonel paid, and the Tradesman was satisfied; or, according to our old English adage, all was well; Jack had Joan, and the man had his mare again.

Shall I give you my opinion of this Judge's behaviour? The first motion he found in himself, was for the charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot excuse him for; the second for *Justice*, for which I admire him.

While I thus amus'd myself, my traveller was lost in a fog of black gowns: I'll go and find him. Oh, yonder he is, at the farther end of the Hall; I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his breath fails him, the crowd over-powers him, he's carried down the stream, he swims upon his elbows to get to shore; at last, half spent, and dripping from every pore of his body, he comes up to me, and all the relation I could get from him of what he had seen, was, *Oh this confounded country! let us get out of it as soon as possible, and never see it more.*

Come, come, says I to him, let's go and refresh ourselves after this fatigue; and to put the idea of the Hall out of our heads, let's go this evening into the delicious country, the walks and places set apart for the publick refreshment.

AMUSEMENT VI.

The WALKS.

WE have divers sorts of *Walks* about *London*; in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor be seen; but like a noun substantive, to be felt, heard, and understood.

The ladies that have an inclination to be private, take delight in the close walks of *Spring-Gardens*, where both sexes meet, and mutually serve one another as guides to lose their way; and the windings and turnings in the little wildernesses are so intricate, that the most experienced mothers have often lost themselves in looking for their daughters.

From *Spring-Gardens* we set our faces towards *Hide-Park*, where horses have their diversion as well as men, and neigh and court their mistresses almost in as intelligible a dialect. Here people coach it to take the air, amidst a cloud of dust able to choak a foot-soldier, and hinder'd us from seeing those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves: however, we made hard shift to get now and then a glance at some of them.

Here we saw much to do about nothing; a world of brave men, gilt coaches, and rich liveries; within some of them were upstart courtiers, blown up as big as pride and vanity could swell them, sitting as upright in their chariots as if a stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their eyes to exchange a glance upon any thing that's vulgar; and that's the reason they are so sparing of their looks, that they will neither bow, nor move their hats to any thing under a *Duke* or a *Duchess*; and yet if you examine some of their originals, a covetous soul-less miser, or a great oppressor, laid the foundation of their families, and in their retinue there are more creditors than servants.

See, says my Indian, what a bevy of gallant ladies are in yonder coaches, some are singing, others laughing, others tickling one another, and all of them toying and devouring sweetmeats, march-pane, and China oranges. See that lady, says he, was ever any thing so black as her

her eye, and so clear as her forehead? One would swear her face had taken its tincture from all the beauties in nature; and yet perhaps, answered I to my fellow-traveller, all this is but imposture; she might, for aught we know, go to bed last night as ugly as a hag, tho' she now appears like an angel; and if you did but see this puppet taken to pieces, she's all but paint and plaster.

From hence we went to take a turn in the *Mall*. When we came into these pleasant walks, my fellow-traveller was ravish'd at the most agreeable sight in nature; there were none but women there that day, as it happen'd, and the walks were cover'd with them. *I never* (said he to me laughing) *beheld in my life so great a flight of birds: bless me! how fine they are!* Friend, reply'd I, *these are birds to amuse one, they change their feathers two or three times a day.*

They are fickle and light by inclination; weak by constitution, but never weary of billing and chirping. They never see the day till the sun is just going to set, hop always upright with one foot upon the ground, and touch the clouds with their proud toppings. In a word, the generality of women are peacocks when they walk, water-wagtails when they are within doors, and turtles when they meet face to face.

This is a bold description of them, says my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, says he, is this portrait of them after nature? Yes, without question, answer'd I; but I know some women that are superior to the rest of their sex, and perhaps to men also. In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish them: they'll do it by their virtuous discourse and deportment. Nothing is so hard to be defined as women; and of all women in the world, none are so undefinable as those of *London*. The *Spanish* women are altogether *Spanish*, the *Italians* altogether *Italian*, the *Germans* altogether *German*, the *French* women always like themselves; but, among the *London* women, we find *Spaniards*, *Italians*, *Germans* and *French*, blended together into one individual monopoly of all humours and fashions? Nay, how many different nations are there of our *English* ladies? In the first place, there is the *politick* nation of your ladies

ladies of the town: Next, the *savage* nation of the country dames: Then the *free* nation of the coquets: The *invisible* nation of the faithful wives (the worst peopled of all): The *good-natur'd* nation of wives that cuckold their husbands, (they are almost forced to walk upon one another's heads, their numbers are so prodigious): The *warlike* nation of intriguing ladies: The *fearful* nation of -----; but there are scarce any of them left: The *barbarous* nation of mothers-in-law: The *haughty* nation of citizens wives, that are dignified with a title: The *strolling* nation of your regular visitants, and the Lord knows how many more: Not to reckon the *superstitious* nation, that run after conjurers and fortune-tellers. 'Tis pity this latter sort are not lock'd up in a quarter by themselves, and that the nation of *cunning* women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them upon doing some things which otherwise they would not.

I have suffer'd myself to be carried too far by my subject. 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of women with a just moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't speak enough of *virtuous* women, and we speak too much of those that are not so. Men would do justice to them all, if they could talk of them without passion: but they scarce speak at all of those that are indifferent: They are prepossessed for them they love, and against them by whom they cannot make themselves to be beloved. They rank the latter in the class of *irregular* women, because they are wise, and indeed wiser than they would have them be. The railing of the men ought to be the justification of the women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the world take delight to raise scandalous stories, and t'other half in believing them. Slander has been the product of all times, and all countries; it is very near of as ancient standing in the world as virtue. Defamation ought to be more severely punish'd than theft. It does more injury to civil societies; and 'tis a harder matter to secure one's reputation from a slanderer, than one's money from a robber. All the world are agreed, that both one and the other are scoundrels; yet, for all that, we esteem them when they excel in this art. A

nice and a witty railer is the most agreeable person in conversation; and he that dexterously picks another man's pocket, as your quacks and attorneys, draws the veneration even of those who live by cutting of purses. When one observes in what reputation both of them live, one would be apt to say that 'tis neither defamation nor robbery, that we blame in others, but only their *awkwardness*, and want of skill. They are punish'd for not being able to arrive at the perfection of their art.

Come, come, says my *Indian*, you ramble from your subject; you speak of backbiting in general, whereas at present we are only talking of that branch of it which belongs to women. I would bring you back to that point, which puts me in mind of certain laws which were heretofore proposed by a legislator of my country. One of these laws gave permission for one woman to slander another; in the first place, because it is *impossible to prevent it*; and besides, because in matters of gallantry, she that accuses her neighbour, might herself be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the ancient and righteous law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*. But how would you have a woman quit scores with a man who has publish'd disadvantageous stories of her? Must she serve him in the same kind? By all means: For if men think it a piece of merit to conquer women, and women place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a lover, sings a triumph; and she that loves, confesses herself to be conquer'd. If it were true, that the ladies were more weak than we are, their fall would be more excusable; but I think we are weaker than our wives, since we expect they should pardon us, and not we them. One would think that when a man had got a woman into a matrimonial noose, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the same reason, should not the man be wholly hers? What a tyranny is this in the men, to monopolize infidelity to themselves?

But if men will be slandering women, let them vent their fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither slandering nor calumniating, though it be a crime the ladies will never forgive; for the generality of them are more jealous of the reputation of their beauties, than of their honours; and she that wants a whole morning

morning at least to bring her face to perfection, would be more concerned to be surpriz'd at her *toilet*, than to be taken in the arms of a gallant.

I am not at all surpriz'd at this notion, for the chief virtue in the ladies catechism is, to please; and beauty pleases men more effectually than wisdom. One man loves sweetness and modesty in a woman; another loves a jolly damsel with life and vigour; but agreeableness and beauty relish with all human palates. A young woman, who has no other portion than her hopes of pleasing, is at a loss what measures to take that she may make her fortune. Is she simple? We despise her: Is she virtuous? We don't like her company: Is she a coquet? We avoid her: Therefore to succeed well in the world, 'tis necessary that she be virtuous, simple, and a coquet, all at once. Simplicity invites us, coquetry amuses, and virtue retains us. 'Tis a hard matter for a woman to escape the censures of the men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the womens tongues. A lady that sets up for virtue, makes herself envied; she that pretends to gallantry, makes herself despised; but she that pretends to nothing, escapes contempt and envy, and saves herself between two reputations. This management surpasses the capacity of a young woman, she being exposed to two temptations: To preserve themselves from them, they want the assistance of reason; and 'tis their misfortune that reason comes not in to their relief, till their youth and beauty, and the danger is gone together. Tell us, why should not reason come as soon as beauty, since one was made to defend the other? It does not depend upon a woman to be handsome; the only beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak modestly, often part with, is *chastity*; but, of all beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose. She that never was yet in love, is so ashamed of her first weakness, that she would by all means conceal it from herself: As for the second, she desires to conceal it from others; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any body. When *chastity* is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than youth. Those that have lost their chastities assume an affected one, which is
much

much sooner provoked than that which is real: Of which we had an experiment in the close walk at the head of *Rosamond's Pond*, where for one poor equivocal word a brisk *she* was ready to tear a gentleman's cravat off? who, after a farther parley, discover'd herself to be sensible of some things which she ought to have been ignorant of, for *modesty* sake. A lady of this character was sitting on the side of this *pond* upon the *grass*, with her younger sister newly come out of the country, to whom a spark sitting by, entertain'd her with a relation of an amorous adventure between my lord ----- and my lady *Love-it*; but expressing himself in such obscene, ambiguous terms, that a woman that did not know *what* was what, could as soon fly with a hundred weight of lead at her heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obscurely the gentleman told his story, the more attentively did our young creature listen to it, and discover'd her curiosity by some simple, harmless questions. The elder of the two sisters, desirous to let the gentleman and others that sat by him, understand that she had more modesty than her younger sister, cry'd out out, *Oh! fie, sister, fie! can you hear such a wicked story as this without blushing?* Alas, sister, says the young innocence, *I don't know what it is to blush, or what it is you mean by it.*

The gentleman soon took the hint, and whispering the elder sister in the ear, she immediately sends home the young ignorant creature by her footman, and tript away hand in hand with the gentleman. Her cunning management shew'd her an experienc'd *coquet*, who observ'd a sort of *decorum* to usher in a greater liberty.

Every thing is manag'd in good order by a woman who knows her company, and understands her business. He that loses his money out of complaisance, yields place to him who lends the lady his coach to take the air in. The young *beir* begins where the ruin'd *cully* ended. He that pays for the collation, is succeeded by another that eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the gate, poor Sir *John* must scamper out at the window.

The green walk afforded us variety of discourses from persons of both sexes. Here walk'd a beau *bare-headed*, by a company of the common profession in dis-

disshable and night-dresses, either for want of day-clothes, or to shew they were ready for business. Here walk'd a *French* fop with both his hands in his pockets, carrying all his pleated coat before to shew his silk breeches. There were a cluster of senators talking of state-affairs, and the price of corn and cattle, and were disturb'd with the noisy *milk-folks*, crying, *A can of milk, ladies; a can of red cow's milk, Sir.* Here were a bevy of buxom lasses complaining of the decay of trade, and monopolies; and there virtuous women railing against whores, their husbands, and coquetry.

And now being weary of walking so long, we repos'd ourselves upon one of the benches, and digesting several dialogues between the modest ladies and coquets, made this observation, That tho' the coquets were despised by the generality of *ladies*, yet they imitate them to a hair's breadth in their whole conduct. They learn of them the *winning* air, the *bewitching* glance, the *amorous* smirk, and the *sullen* pout. They *talk*, and *dress*, and *patch* like them: They must needs go down the stream. It is the coquets that invent the new modes and expressions; every thing is done for them, and by them; though, with all these advantages, there's a vast difference between them: The *reputation of virtuous women* is solid, that of *coquets* is more extended. But I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my voyage; a man always amuses himself longer with the *women* than he is willing. Well, since we are here, lets shew our *Indian* the horse-guards, the country of gallantry. In our way thither was nothing worth our Observation, unless 'twas the bird-cage inhabited by wild fowl; the ducks begging charity, the black-guard boys robbing their own bellies to relieve them, and an *English dog-kennel*, translated into a *French eating-house*.

GALLANTRY.

LET's enter this brave country, and see---But what is there to be seen here? *Gallantry* and *bravery*, which was formerly so well cultivated, so flourishing and frequented by many persons of honour, is at present desolate, unmanur'd and abandon'd: What a desert 'tis become!

become! Alas, I can see nothing at all in it but a dis-banded soldier mounted upon a pedestal, standing centinel over the ducks and wild geese, and to prevent an invasion by O-----'s *Spanish Pilgrims*, or *Webster's Darcinus*.

Why, says my Indian, is that a soldier? He has ne'er a sword, and is naked.

I suppose, reply'd I to the *Indian*, since the peace he has pawn'd his sword to buy him food: and for his being naked, who regards it? What signifies a *soldier* in time of *peace*? Pish! A soldier naked! is that such a wonder? What are they good for else but hanging or starving, when we have no occasion for them, as has been learnedly determined by the author of that original amusement, *Arguments against a Standing army*.

*Our God and soldier we alike adore,
Just at the brink of danger, not before;
After deliv'rance they're alike requited,
Our God's forgotten, and our soldier's slighted.*

Come, this is a melancholy country, let's leave amusing ourselves about gallantry and bravery, and all at once, like men that have nothing to do, nor nothing to have, take a trip into the land of Marriage, and see who and who are together. But first, What are these soldiers doing? They look like brave fellows.

They are (says I) drawn up to prayers, and would be brave men indeed, if they were half as good at praying and fighting, as they are at cursing and swearing.

AMUSEMENT VII.

MARRIAGE.

'TIS a difficult task to speak so of *Marriage*, as to please all people. Those who are not noos'd in the snare, will thank me for giving a comical description of it. The grand pox eat this buffoon, says the serious wary husband; if he was in my place, he would have no more temptation to *laugh*, than to break his neck.

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If I moralize gravely upon the inconveniences of matrimony, those that have a longing to enter into that honourable state, will complain that I dissuade them from so charming a condition. How then shall I order my discourse? for I am in great perplexity about it.

A certain painter made a picture of *Hymen* for a young lover. *I would have him drawn*, says this passionate gentleman, *with all the graces your utmost skill can bestow upon him: Above all remember, that Hymen ought to be more beautiful than Adonis: You must put into his hand a flambeau more brilliant than that of love. In short, give him all the charms that your imagination and colours can bestow. I will pay you for your picture, according as I find you use my friend Hymen.* The painter who was well acquainted with his generous temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his expectations, and brought him home the piece the evening before he was married. Our young lover was not at all satisfied with it. *This figure*, says he, *wants a certain gay air, it has none of those charms and agreements. As you have painted him, he makes but a very indifferent appearance, and therefore you shall be but indifferently paid.*

The painter who had as much presence of mind as skill in his profession, took a resolution what to do that very moment: *You are in the right on't, Sir*, said he, *to find fault with my picture, it is not yet dry: This face is soak'd, and to deal freely with you, the colours I use in painting don't appear worth a farthing at first. I will bring you this table some months hence, and then you shall pay me, as you find it pleases you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then -----* Sir, your humble Servant, I have no occasion for money.

The painter carried his piece home; our young lover was married the next day, and some months went over his head before the painter appear'd. At last he brings the picture with him, and our young husband was surpriz'd when he saw it. *You promised*, says he, *that time would mend your picture, and you are as good as your word. Lord! what a difference there is? I swear I scarce know it, now I see it again. I admire to see what a strange effect a few months have had upon your-colours: But I admire your ingenuity much more. How,*

ever, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, that in my opinion his looks are somewhat of the gayest; these eyes are too brisk and lively: Then to deal plainly with you, the fires of Hymen ought not to be altogether so bright as those of love; for his is a solid, but heavy fire: Besides, the disposition of your figure is somewhat too free and chearful; and you have given him a certain air of wantonness, which, let me tell you, Sir, does not at all fit well upon ----- In short, this is none of Hymen.

Very well, Sir, said the painter, what I foresaw is now come to pass. Hymen at present is not so beautiful in your idea, as in my picture. The case is mightily altered from what it was three months ago. 'Tis not my picture, but your imagination that is changed: You were a lover then, but now a husband.

I understand you very well, says the husband interrupting him, let us drop that matter. Your picture now pleases, and here is more money for it than you could reasonably have expected. By no means, says the painter, you must excuse me there; but I will give you another picture, wherein by certain optick rules and perspectives it shall be so contriv'd, as it shall please both the lovers and the husbands; and perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a long gallery, upon a kind of an alcove; and to come to this alcove, one must first pass over a very slippery step. On this side of it was the critical place where the piece look'd so lovely and delicious; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable figure.

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint matrimony to the gust of all people, pray suspend your censure here: I am going to present my picture, chuse what light you please to view it in. To come back to my travelling stile, I must tell you at first dash, that Marriage is a country that peoples all others: The commonalty are more fruitful there than the nobility; the reason of which perhaps is, that the nobility take more delight to ramble abroad, than to stay at home. Marriage has this peculiar property annex'd to it, that it can alter the humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently transforms a jolly fellow into a mere sot, it often melts down a beau into an arrant sloven, and
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on the other hand it so happens sometimes, that a *witty* virtuous woman will improve a *dull* heavy country *booby* into a man of sense and gallantry.

People marry for different motives: Some are led by portion, and others by reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter knowing no more but that the thing must be done. There are men in the world so weary of quiet and indolence, that they marry only to divert themselves. In the first place, the *choice* of a woman employs them for some time; then visits and interviews, feasts and ceremonies; but after the last ceremony is over, they are more tired and weary than ever. How many hundred married couples do we see, who from the second year of their coming together, have nothing more in common than their names, their quality, their ill-humour, and their misery. I don't wonder there are so many unhappy matches, since folks marry either wholly of their own heads, or wholly by those of others. A man that marries of his own head, not seeing that in his *spouse* which all the world sees in her, is in danger of seeing much more in her than others ever did.

Another, that has not courage enough to trust his own judgment, fairly applies himself to the next *match-maker* in the neighbourhood, who knows to a tittle the exact rates of the market, and the current price of young women that are fit to marry. These *marriage-bucksters*, or *wife-brokers*, have an admirable talent to sort conditions, families, trades and estates; in short, every thing together, except humours and inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves. By the procurement of these experienc'd matrons, a *marriage* is struck up like a *Smithfield* bargain: There is much *bigling* and *wrangling* for t'other ten pounds; one side endeavours to raise, and the other to beat down the market-price. At last, after a world of words spent to a fine purpose, they come to a conclusion.

Others, that have no time to truck and bargain so, go immediately to a scrivener's, to find out a *rich widow*, as they go to the office of intelligence to hearken out a service. Is it not altogether the match-maker's fault, if you are deceived in your woman. She gives

you an account of her *portion* to a farthing: You examine nothing but the articles relating to the *family* and *fortune*; the woman is left in the margin of the inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this proposition, That *'tis possible for those that marry to be happy*. But you must call it trucking or bartering, and not marrying, to take a woman merely for her fortune, and reckon her perfections by the number of *pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to marry, but to please one's self, to chuse a wife as we do a *tulip*, merely for her beauty. It is not to marry, but to *doat* at a certain age, to take a *young woman* only for the sake of her company. What is it then to be married? Why, 'tis to chuse with circumspection and deliberation, by inclination, and not by interest, such a woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the world, the country of *Marriage* has this particular to itself, That strangers have a desire to settle there, and the natural inhabitants would be banish'd out of it with all their hearts. A man may be banish'd out of this country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true way of getting out of it is by widowhood, and is much to be preferred before separation; for the separated are *savage* animals, incapable of the prettiest ties of society. The usual cause of separation is assign'd as the fault of the wife, but often the husband is the occasion that the wife is in the fault; and he himself is a fool to proclaim to the world that his wife has made a false step.

It will be expected now, that I speak a few words of widowhood. 'Tis a copious and fertile subject, that's certain; but a man may burn his fingers by meddling with it. For if I describe them as but little concern'd for the death of their husbands, I shall offend the rules of decency and good manners; and if I exaggerate their afflictions, I shall offend the truth. Whatever our railers pretend to the contrary, I say, there's no widowhood without a sprinkling of sorrow in it. Is it not a very sorrowful condition, to be obliged to counterfeit a perpetual sorrow? A very doleful part this, that a widow must play, who would not give the world oc-

caſion to talk of her. There are ſome widows in the world ſo mightily befriended by Providence, that their ſighs and tears coſt them nothing. I know one of a contrary temper to this, who did honeſtly all that in her lay to afflict herſelf, but nature it ſeems had denied her the gift of tears; ſhe deſir'd to raiſe the compaſſion of her huſband's relations, for all depended on them.

One day her brother-in-law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having ſhed one tear. Alas! reply'd the widow to him, my poor heart is ſo overwhelm'd with this unexpected calamity, that I am as it were become inſenſible by it! Great ſorrows are not felt at firſt; but I am ſure mine will kill me in the end. I know very well, ſaid her brother-in-law to her, that griefs too great don't make themſelves at firſt to be perceived; and I know as well, that violent griefs don't continue long. Thus, Madam, you will be ſtrangely ſurprized, that the grief of your widowhood will be paſt before you are aware.

Another widow was reduced to the laſt pitch of deſpair, nor was it without a very ſorrowful occaſion. She had loſt upon the ſame day the beſt *huſband*, and the prettieſt little *lap-dog* in *London*. This double widowhood had brought her to ſo low a condition, that her friends were afraid of her life. They durſt not ſpeak to her of eating and drinking; nay, they durſt not ſo much as offer to comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous matter, you know, to combat a woman's grief. The beſt way is to let time and their natural inſtancy work it off. However, to accuſtom our widow by little and little to ſupport the idea of her two loſſes, a good friend ſpoke to her firſt of her *little dog*. At the bare name of *Dony* there was ſuch a howling and crying, ſuch tearing of hair, and beating of breasts; in ſhort, ſuch a noiſe, and ſuch a pother, that one would have thought heaven and earth had been coming together: At laſt ſhe fainted away. Well, ſays this prudent friend of hers, God be praiſ'd, I was ſo happy as not to mention her *huſband* to her, for then ſhe had certainly died upon the ſpot. The next day the name of *Dony* ſet her tears a running in ſo great plenty, that it was hoped the ſpring would ſtop itſelf, and the above-mentioned zealous friend

friend thought she might now venture to administer some consolation to her. Alas! said she, if the bare name of *Dony* gives you so much affliction, what might we not fear from you, should we talk to you of your *dear husband*? But God forbid I should do that. *Ab, poor Dony!* To be mow'd down thus in the flower of youth and beauty! Well, Madam, you'll never have such a pretty creature again. But 'tis happy for the *dog* that he's dead, for you could never have lov'd him longer, that's certain: Is it possible for a woman to love any thing after she has lost her husband? After this manner it was that this *discreet* gentlewoman very dexterously mingled the idea of the *husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two shoulders of mutton drive down one another, so two powerful griefs destroy one another, by making a diversion. She observed, that at the name of *Dony* her tears redoubled, which stopt short at the name of *husband*: It was, without question, a sort of *qualm*. Every body knows that tears are a tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary griefs. However it was, our poor afflicted widow passed several days and nights in this sad alternative of weeping for her *dog*, and lamenting her *husband*. At last her good friend inquired all over the town for a *pretty dog*; and it was her good luck to light upon one much finer and prettier than *Dony* of *happy memory*, and presented it to our widow, who burst into a fresh stream of tears as she accepted it. This beautiful new-comer so strangely insinuated himself into her good affections, that within eight days he had got the ascendant of her heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, than if he had never had a being there. Observe now what a consequence our widow's friend drew from it. If a new *dog* has put a stop to her *tears*, perhaps a new *husband* will have the same operation upon her *qualms*: But, alas! the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The new *dog* so play'd his cards, that he effaced the memory of his predecessor in eight days; but it was above *three* long tedious months before our widow could be brought to take a new *husband* into her bed. Now tho' I left myself full power to drop my *Indian* traveller as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no Intention to lose

him out of my sight; for I have occasion for him to authorize certain odd fancies that come into my head, while I pass from the country of *Marriage*, where we lose our liberties, into that of *Gaming*, where we lose our estates.

A M U S E M E N T VIII.

G A M I N G - H O U S E S.

GAMING is an estate to which all the world has a pretence, though few espouse it, that are willing to keep either their estates or reputations. I knew two *Middlesex sharpers* not long ago, that inherited a west-country gentleman's estate, who I believe would have never made them his heirs in his last will and testament.

Lantrillon is a kind of a republick very ill ordered, where all the world are hail-fellow well met; no distinction of ranks, no subordination observ'd. The greatest scoundrel of the town, with money in his pockets, shall take his turn before the best *duke* or *peer* in the land, if the cards are on his side. From these privileged places not only all respect and inferiority is banished, but every thing that looks like good manners, compassion, or humanity: Their hearts are so hard and obdurate, that what occasions the grief of one man, gives joy and satisfaction to his next neighbour.

The *Grecians* met together in former times to see their gladiators shew their valour, that is, to slash and kill one another; and this they call'd Sport: What a cursed barbarity was this? But are we a jot inferior to them in this respect, who christen all the disorders of *Lansquenets* by the name of gaming; or, to use the gamesters own expression, where a parcel of *sharks* meet, to bite one another's heads off.

It happen'd one day that my traveller dropt into a chocolate house in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this noble recreation; he was wonderfully surprized at the oddness of the sight. Set yourself now in the room of a superstitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our customs

customs at play, and you will agree that his notions, as abstracted and visionary as they may seem, have some foundation in truth. I present you here with his own expressions, as I found them set down in a letter which he sent into his own country.

The Fragments of an Indian Letter.

THE *English* pretend, that they worship but one God; but, for my part, I don't believe what they say: For besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their publick meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and cover'd with a green *wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons, in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestick sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the *priest*, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities, for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture seiz'd with fear, and without any action at all: All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmoveable assistants are all of them in their turn possess'd by different agitations, according to the *spirit* which happens to seize them: One joins his hands together, and *blesse* heaven; another very earnestly looking upon his image, *grinds his teeth*; a third *bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet*. Every one of them, in short, make such

extraordinary postures and contorfions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest re-turn'd a certain leaf, but he is likewise seiz'd by the same fury with the rest: *He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but *complaints and groans, cries and imprecations.* Seeing them so transported, and so furious, I judge that the God they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil *dæmon* to possess him.

I have thus shewed you what judgment an *Indian* would be apt to pass upon the transports he finds in our gamesters. What would he not have thought then, if he had seen any of our *gaming ladies* there? 'Tis certain that love itself, as extravagant as it is, never occasion'd so many disorders among the women as the unaccountable madness of *Gaming*. How come they to abandon themselves thus to a passion that discomposes their minds, their health, their beauty; that ruins — What was I going to say? But this picture does not shew them to advantage, let us draw a curtain over it.

In some places they call gaming-houses *Academies*; but I know not why they should inherit that honourable name, since there's nothing to be learn'd there, unless it be *slight of hand*, which is sometimes at the expence of all our money, to get that of other mens by fraud and cunning. The persons that meet are generally men of an *infamous* character, and are in various shapes, habits, and employments. Sometimes they are squires of the *pad*, and now and then borrow a little money upon the *King's high-way*, to recruit their losses at the *Gaming-house*; and when a hue-and-cry is out to apprehend them, they are as safe in one of these houses as a *priest* at the *altar*, and practise the old trade of *cross-biting cullies*, assisting the frail *square dye* with high and low *fullums*, and other *napping* tricks, in comparison of whom the common bulkers and pick-pockets are a very honest society. How unaccountable is this way to *beggary*, that when a man has but a little money, and knows not where in the world to compass any more,

unless

unless by hazarding his *neck* for't, will try an experiment to leave himself none at all; or, he that has money of his own, should play the fool, and try whether it shall not be another man's? Was ever any thing so nonsensically pleasant? One idle day I ventur'd into one of these *Gaming-houses*, where I found an *Oglio* of *rakes* of several humours and conditions met together. Some that had never a penny left them to bless their heads with. One that had play'd away even his shirt and cravat, and all his cloaths but his breeches, stood shivering in a corner of the room, and another comforting him, and saying, Damn you, *Jack*, who ever thought to see thee in a state of innocency? Chear up, nakedness is the best receipt in the world against a fever; and then fell a ranting, as if hell had broke loose that very moment. What the devil have we here to do, says my *Indian*, does it rain oaths and curses in this country? I see gamesters are shipwreck'd before they come to understand their danger, and lose their *cloaths* before they have paid their *taylors*. They should go to school in my country to learn sobriety and virtue. I told him, instead of *Academies*, these places should be call'd *Cheating-houses*: Whereupon a bully of the *blade* came strutting up to my very nose, in such a fury, that I would willingly have given half the teeth of my head for a composition, crying out, Split my windpipe, Sir, you are a fool, and don't understand *trap*, the whole world's a cheat.

The *Play-house* cheats you of your time, and the *tradesman* of your money, without giving you either sense or reason for it. The *attorney* picks your pocket, and gives you *law* for't; the *whore* picks your purse, and gives you the *pox* for't; and the *poet* picks your pocket, and gives you nothing for't. *Lovers* cozen you with their *eyes*, *orators* with their *tongues*, the *valiant* with their *arms*, *fiddlers* with their *fingers*, *surgeons* with *wooden legs*, and *courtiers* and *songsters* empty your pockets, and give you *breath* and *air* for it: And why should not we recruit by the same methods they have ruin'd us?

Our friends, continued he, give us good advice, and would fain draw us off from the course we are in, but

all to no purpose : We ask them what they would have us do ? Money we have none, and without it there is no living : Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone ? How would you have a poor *individuum vagum* live, that has neither estate, office, master nor friend to maintain him, and is quite out of his element, unless he be either in a *tavern*, a *barody-house*, or a *Gaming-ordinary* ? No, we are the men, says he, that Providence has appointed to live by our wits, and will not want while there is money above ground. *Happy man, catch a mackerel.* Let the worst come to the worst, a *wry* mouth on the triple-tree puts an end to all discourse about us. From the *Gaming-house* we took our walk through the streets ; and the first amusements we encountred, were the variety and contradictory language of the *signs*, enough to persuade a man there were no rules of concord among the citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's dream*, the *Bull and Mouth*, the *Hen and Razor*, the *Ax and Bottle*, the *Whale and Crow*, the *Shovel and Boot*, the *Leg and Star*, the *Bible and Swan*, the *Frying-pan and Drum*, the *Lute and Tun*, the *Hog in Armour*, and a thousand others, that the wise men that put them there can give no reason for.

Here walk'd a fellow with a long white rod on his shoulder, that's asham'd to cry his trade, though he gets his living by it ; another bawling out *Todd's* four volumes in print, which a man in reading of would wonder that so much *venom* should not tear him to pieces, but that some of the ancient moralists have observ'd, that the rankest *poison* may be kept in an *Ass's* hoof, or a *fool's* bosom. Some say, the first word he spoke was *rascal*, and that if he lives to have children, they will all speak the same dialect, and have a natural antipathy to *eggs*, because their father was pelted with hundreds of them, when he was dignified on the pillory.

Other amusements presented themselves as thick as hops, as *Moses* pictur'd with *borns* on his head, to keep *Cheapside* in countenance. The sign of the *Three Nuns* very dismally painted, to keep up young womens antipathy to popery and maidenheads. Here sat a fellow selling *little balls* to take the stains out of the citizens
wives

wives petticoats, that should have been as big as foot-balls, if applied to that purpose. Under that bulk was a projector clicking off his *swimming-girdles*, to keep up merchants credit from sinking. A pretty engine to preserve bankers and insurers from breaking, and prevent publishing it in the *Gazette*, when they are broke, that they will pay all their debts as far as it may stand with their convenience. In that shop was an indebted lord talking of his *honour*, and a tradesman of his *honesty*, things that every man has ; and every thing is in some disguise or other ; but duly considered, there are scarce any such things in the world, unless among pawn-brokers, stock-jobbers, and horse-courfers ; so that the lord and the tradesman were discoursing about nothing, and signified no more than the parson's preaching against *covetousness* to the maim'd, blind, and superannuated soldiers in *Chelsea-college*, nor Dr. *Salman's* prescribing *cow-beels* to a married couple, as a conglutinating aliment. But there the weaver had the ascendant of the doctor.

As we pass'd along, I could not forbear looking into some of the shops to see how the owners employed themselves in the absence of customers ; and in a barber's shop I saw a *beast* so overladen with wig, that there was no difference between his head, and the wooden one that stood in the widow. The fop, it seems, was newly come to his estate, though not to the years of discretion, and was singing the song, *Happy is the child whose father is gone to the devil*, and the barber all the while keeping time on his cittern ; for you know a cittern and a barber is as natural as milk to a calf, or the bears to be attended by a bagpiper.

In the scrivener's shop I saw a company of sparks that were selling their wives and their portions, and purchasing annuities ; and old *ten-in-the-hundred* fathers damning themselves to raise their posterities.

In the tobacconist's shop men were sneezing and spauling as if they were all clapt, and under a salvation for the cure on't. They that smoak'd it were persecuting others to follow their example ; and they that snuff'd it up in powder, were drawing on themselves the in-

commodities of old age, in the perpetual annoyance of rheum and drivel.

Pursuing my voyage through the city, and casting a leer into the shops of the rich *drapers, mercers and lacemen*, I saw them haunted by many people in want, especially young *beirs* newly at age, and *spendthrifts* that come to borrow money of them. *Alas*, said the traders, *times are dead, and little money stirring; all we can do, is to furnish you with what the shop affords; and if a hundred pounds or two in commodities will do you any good, they are at your service.* These the gallants take up at an excessive rate, to sell immediately for what they can get; and the trader has his friend to take them off underhand at a third part of the value, by way of helping men in distress. These are they that inveigle unthinking animals into all sorts of extravagant expences, and ruin them insensibly, under colour of *kindness and credit*; for they set every thing at double the value, and if you keep not touch at the day, your persons are imprisoned, your goods seized, and your estates extended; and they that help'd to make you *princes* before, are now the forwardest to put you in the condition of *beggars*.

Among other *amusements*, let us speak a word or two of *Lombard-street*, where *luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their magazines, ingots of gold and silver as big as pigs of lead; and your ladies, after they have travell'd thither with some liberal interpoler, carry home with them more than their *husbands* are worth, and drag at their long tails the whole substance of a herd of creditors. Here are jewels and pearls, rubies and diamonds, broad-pieces, guineas, *Leavis-d'Ors*, crown-pieces, and dollars without number: Nay, in some of their shops is nothing to be seen or sold but great heaps of money, that would tempt a man to think the whole *Indies* were emptied into one single shop, 'tis so full of gold and silver; and yet it often happens, that he who is possess'd of this vast treasure, is not worth a brass-farthing; to-day his compter bends under the weight of cash, and to-morrow the shop is shut up, and you hear no more of our goldsmith till you find him in a *Gazette*, torn to pieces by a statute of bankruptcy, and

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he and his creditors made a prey by a parcel of devouring vermin call'd *Commissioners*.

The neighbouring country is *Stocks-market*, where you see a large garden pav'd with *pebble-stones* in all the beds and alleys, indifferently open to all comers and goers, and yet bears as good herbs, fruits and flowers, as any in the world: Here is *winter* dress'd in the livery of *summer*; every day a crop is gather'd, and every night are stock'd up in baskets till the next day's sun does open them.

About the garden great numbers of nymphs reside, who each of them live in their respective tubs; they have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but, like that philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first comer whatever comes uppermost. A farther description I would give you of their parts and persons, only I cannot endure the smell of the *sergeants* at the *Compter-gate*, who stink worse than *assa foetida*, and would poison the country, if *this* pleasant garden was not an *antidote* against their *infection*: And therefore I'll go back again into the country of

C O F F E E - H O U S E S.

WHERE being arriv'd, I'm in a wood, there are so many of them, I know not which to enter: Stay, let me see, where the sign is painted with a *woman's hand* in't, 'tis a bawdy-house; where a *man's*, it has another qualification; but where it has a *star* in the sign, 'tis calculated for every lewd purpose.

Every coffee-house is illuminated both without and within doors; without by a fine glass lanthorn, and within by a woman so light and splendid, you may see through her without the help of a prospective. At the bar the good man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their amorous glances into their smoaky territories, to the loss of your sight. This is the place where several *knights errant* come to seat themselves at the same table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together as if they had been of many years acquaintance: They have scarce look'd about them, when a certain liquor as black as
foot

foot is handed to them, which being soporishly fum'd into their noses, eyes and ears, has the virtue to make them talk and prattle together of every thing but what they should do: Now they tell their several adventures by sea and land; how they conquer'd the giant, were overcome by the lady, and bought a pair of wax'd boots at *Northampton* to go a wooing in. One was commending his *wife*, another his *horse*, and the third said he had the best *smoak'd beef* in *Christendom*. Some were discoursing of all sorts of government, *Monarchical*, *Aristocratical*, and *Democratical*; some about the choice of *mayors*, *sheriffs* and *aldermen*; and others of the transcendant virtues of *vinegar*, *pepper* and *mustard*. In short, I thought the whole room was a perfect resemblance of *Dover-court*, where *all speak*, but *no body heard* or answer'd.

To the charms of *coffee* the wiser sort join'd *spirit of clary*, *usquebaugh*, and *brandy*, which completely enchants the knights: By the force of these *soporiferous enchantments* you shall find one snoring heartily on a *bench*, another makes love to beautiful *Phillis* at the bar, and the third, as valiant as *Orlando Furioso*, goes to signalize his valour in scouring the streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run thro' all the several countries within the walls of *London*, as the *Long Robe*, the *Sword*, the *Treasury*. Every state, in brief, is like a separate country by itself, and has its particular manners and gibberish. Here you may view the fruitful country of *Trade*, that has turn'd leather breeches into gold chains, blue aprons into furr gowns, a kitchen-stuff tub into a gilded chariot, a drayman into a knight, and noblemens palaces into shops and warehouses. Here is also the barren country of the *Philosopher's Stone*, inhabited by none but cheats in the operation, beggars in the conclusion, and now is become almost desolate, till another age of *fools* and *knaves* do people it. To this may be added the cold country of the *News-mongers*, that report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, who rob one another, and lie in *sheets* for want of a *coverlid*. The hot country of the *Disputers*, that quarrel and raise a dust about nothing. The level country

country of bad poets, and presbyterian parsons, one of which is maintain'd by a good stock of confidence, and the other by flattery and canting. The desert, uninhabited country of virtuous women. The conquer'd country of coquets, and an infinite number of others; not to reckon the lost country inhabited by strollers, who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their way: They are easy of access, but 'tis dangerous to traffick with them. (Some of them have the art to please without management, and to love without loving.

But how have I forgot my own dear country, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*, that abounds with *Nectar*, the wonder-working liquor of the world, that makes a poet a prince in his own conceit, a coward valiant, and a beggar as rich as an alderman. Here I live at ease, and in plenty, swagger and carouse, quarrel with the master, fight the drawer, and never trouble myself about paying the reckoning, for one fool or other pays it for me: A poet that has wit in his head never carries money in his breeches, for fear of creating a new amusement.

In *Leicester-fields* I saw a mountebank on the stage, with a congregation of fools about him, who, like a master in the faculty of lying, gave them a history of his cures, beyond all the plays and farces in the world: He told them of fifteen persons that were run clear through the body, and glad to carry their puddings in their hands for a matter of three days together, but in four and twenty hours he made them as whole as fishes, and not so much as a scar for the remembrance of the orifice. If a man had been so bold as to ask him when and where, his answer would have been ready without studying, that it was some twelve hundred leagues off, in *terra incognita*, by the token that at the same time he was physician in ordinary to a great prince, who died above five and twenty years ago; and yet the Quack was not forty.

All these subjects, tho' very amusing, were not equally edifying, and therefore in my voyage towards the city I call'd in at a Quaker's Meeting, where a fellow was talking nonsense as confidently as if he had got a patent for it, and confirm'd the Popish maxim, that ignorance

is the mother of devotion. The women were the oddest creatures in the world, neither fish or flesh, but, like frogs, only their lower parts were man's meat.

From thence I sail'd into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent-garden*, where the vociferous *holder-forth* was as bold and sawcy as if the Deity, and all mankind, had ow'd him money. He was shewing the way to be rich *when taxes rise and trading falls*, and descanting upon all humours and manners: He (says the tubster) that would be rich according to the practice of this wicked age, must play the thief or the cheat; he that would rise in the world, must turn Parasite or Projector; he that marries, ventures for the horn, either before or afterwards: There is no valour like swearing, quarrelling, or hectoring: If you are poor, no body owns you; if rich, you'll know no body: If you die young, what pity 'twas, they'll say, that he should be cut off in his prime? If old, he was e'en past his best, there's no great miss of him. If you are religious, and frequent Meetings, the world will say you are a hypocrite: And if you go to church, and don't make a liberal contribution to us, we say you are a Papist. To which I make bold to add, if you are gay and pleasant, you pass for a buffoon; and if pensive and reserv'd, you are taken to be sour and censorious. Courtesy is call'd colloquing, and currying favour; downright honesty and plain dealing is interpreted to be pride and ill-manners. And so I took my leave of Dr. —, and peep'd into a fine church in my way to *Fleetstreet*, where a huge double-belly'd doctor was so full of his *doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one grain of *Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Dogmatist*, that I made these innocent reflections: The Doctor does not love butter'd buns, *doubtless* he is glad his first lady-wife is under ground, for he married again within two months after her death; *doubtless*, he is carnally inclin'd, he has got his second wife with child; *doubtless*, a man of his sanguine appearance had no body to help him: He is very fat, *doubtless* he is rich: He looks very grum and surly, *doubtless* he is not the best humour'd man in the world. But I soon gave over these remarks, for being a stranger to his worship, *doubtless* I might have been sometimes in the right, and *doubtless* I should sometimes

sometimes have been in the wrong; and therefore I remov'd my corps to *another church* in my road to London.

Here, before sermon began, the clerk (in a slit stick contriv'd for that purpose) handed up to the desk a number of prayer-bills, containing the humble petition of divers devotees, for a supply of what they wanted, and the removal of their afflictions. One was a bill from a *courtier*, that having a good post, desir'd he might keep it for his life, without being call'd to account for *neglect* or *mismanagement*; and that he might continue God's servant in *ordinary*, and the king's *special* favourite. A young *virgin*, apprehensive of her wants and weaknesses, being about to enter into the holy state of matrimony, pray'd for proportionable *gifts* and *graces*, to enable her for such an *undertaking*.

Some pray'd for good matches for their *daughters*, and good offices for their *sons*; others begg'd children for themselves; and sure the husband that allows his wife to ask children abroad, will be so civil as to take them home when they are given him.

Now came abundance of *bills* from such as were going voyages to sea, and others that were taking long journies by land; both praying for the gift of chastity for their *wives*, and fidelity of their *prentices*, till they should return again. Then the bills of complaint coming in thick and threefold, *humbly shewing*, that many citizens wives had hard hearts, undutiful *husbands*, and disobedient children, which they heartily pray'd to be quit of; I discharg'd my ears from their attendance on so melancholy a subject, and employ'd my eyes on the variety of *diverting faces* in the gallery.

Where you might see in one *pew* a covey of handsome, buxom *bona roba's* with high heads, and all the *mundus muliebris* of ornament and dress about them, as merry as hawks in a mew, as airy as their *fans*, and as light as a *beau's* head, or his *feather*.

In another *pew* was a nest of such hard-favour'd *she's*, that you would have blest yourself. Some with their faces so pounced and speckled, as if they had been *scarified*, and newly pass'd the *cupping-glass*; with a world of little plaisters, *large, round, square*, and briefly cut out

out into such variety, that it would have posed a good *mathematician* to have found out another figure. They employ'd themselves while the bills were reading about—Hush, hush.

The *wou'd-be Bishop* is beginning, and 'tis a sign of a *clown*, as well as an *atheist*, *ludere cum sanctis*; for though I expose the foppery of persons, I have a great veneration for holy offices. Our *Doctor*, I grant it, has some of the qualifications of an *All-Souls* candidate, *bene vestiti & mediocriter docti*; and in good earnest fills a pulpit very well, but that he so often hauls in his *Common-place book* by neck and shoulders, that he cloy's his auditors with that unpalatable *ragoust*, call'd in *Latin* *cramben bis coctum*, and in plain *English*, *twice-boil'd cabbage*; for having in every harangue, let the subject be what it will, marshall'd his discourse by the help of the *warlike* *Josephus*, and by the assistance of the learned *Grotius*, and pious *Dr. Hammond* our own countryman, puzzled *Aquinas*, confuted *Bellarmin*, and baffled *Origen*, pass we on (says he) to the next thing as considerable.

The clerk is such an affected *C. C. C.*—, that he sings out of tune, repeats out of order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying *amen*, he screams out a *main*, which had like to have put me into a confounded fit of laughter; for a spark who had been over night at 7 or 11, falling asleep in the church, and being awaked by the noise of a *main*, he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll set you half a crown*.

Crowding to get out to breathe my spleen at this adventure, I put the *bilk* upon a *pick-pocket*, who measuring my estate by the length and bulkiness of my *new wig*, (which God knows is not paid for) he made a dive into my pocket, but encountering a disappointment, rubb'd off, cursing the *vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his folly, that could think a poet ever went to church when he had money to go to a tavern. Poets are better principled than to hoard up *trash*; and could they as well secure themselves from the *flesh* and the *devil*, as they do from the world, there would not be a hair's breadth betwixt them and heaven. This pains-taker of a divine has some time since, I hear, been oblig'd

oblig'd to his kind parishioners, for letting him make a sure cure of his care of souls, by pulling down that church he gave such instances of preternatural endowments in, and have *rebuilt* it to *pull it down* again, or one of the churchwardens does not talk so much like an apothecary as he's reported to do, the other takes as much care of other peoples money, as he does of his own. But talk is but talk, and the gentlemen of the vestry would never shew their own heads to be heavier than their bodies, by building a greater superstructure to that of the church, than its foundations will bear: Tho' *W— K—* to be sure knows more of the matter than Sir *Christopher Wren*, and the book-sellers thereabouts will have more than sufficient amends made for the cost they will be at in beautifying the Doctor's church and pulpit, would his reverence oblige them with the copies of his elaborate sermons.

After so learned a discourse, I could digest nothing under the D— of St. *P—Ps*, and over I went to the *Temple* church; but who should be a laying down new schemes of church-government but *W— K—*, D. D. He had learnt to flatter archbishops, and other great men, from his pedantick translation of *Pliny's* fullsome panegyrick, and was drawing forth his words at full length, in order to draw himself into some church-preferment; though, in my opinion, it was very improper that a man that had written contrary to the canons of the church, and the municipal laws of the kingdom, should be perch'd up in a pulpit to give instructions to those gentlemen whose abilities would be too hard for his ignorance. But Dr. *Atterbury* has handled him with that dexterity, as to have occasion for no one else to expose his weakness; and if he must have other preferment before he slings him upon his back, he may rest contented with his arch-deaconry and curacy. Now I cross'd the way to a *book-seller's*, in hopes to get a dinner and a bottle; but the stingy cur-popt me off with a dish of coffee, and the old talk, that trading was dead, that they suffer'd for other mens works as well as their own; and, in short, finding not a penny to be scraw'd out of the *prig*, I pursued my voyage to the

the city; but it happening to rain, to shelter myself from it, I ran my face into

A HERALD'S Office.

HERE was a confounded noise of descents, pedigrees, genealogies, coats of arms, bearings, additions, abatements, and a deal of that insignificant jargon. While I was listening to this *gibberish*, in comes a fellow with a roll of parchment in his hand to be made a *gentleman*, and to have a coat of arms finely painted to hang up in his *dining-room* till his wife died, and then to be transported on the outside and front of the house, to invite a rich widow to marry him.

My *father*, says he, has bore arms for his *majesty* in many honourable occasions of *watching* and *warding*, and has made many a *tall fellow* speak to the constable at all hours of the night. My *uncle* was the first man that ever was of the honourable *order* of the *black-guards*: And we have had five brave commanders of our family, by my father's side, that have served the *State* in the quality of *marshal's men* and *thief-takers*, and gave his majesty a fair account of all the *prisoners* that were taken by them. And by my *mother's side*, it will not be denied but that I am honourably descended, for my *grand-mother* was never without a dozen chambermaids and nurses in family. Her husband wore a sword by his place, for he was *deputy-marshal*; and to prove myself a man of *honour*, I have here a testimonial in my hand, in black and white; and in my pocket brave *yellow-boys*, to pay for a coat of arms: Which being produc'd and finger'd by the herald, he immediately assign'd him a *coat*, viz. a *gibbet* erect, with a *wing* volant, a *ladder* ascendant, a *rope* pendant, and a *marshal's man* swinging at the end on't.

I am scandaliz'd, says my *Indian*, at your custom in *London*, in making every *sawcy jack* a gentleman. And why are you not as much offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every gentleman call one another *Jack*, *Tom* and *Harry*? They first dropt the distinction proper to men of *quality*, and scoundrels took it up and

and bestow'd it upon themselves; and hence it is that a *Gentleman* is sunk into plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is raised into a *gentleman*.

In days of yore, a man of *honour* was more distinguishable by his *generosity* and *affability*, than by his *lac'd liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the vices of the vulgar fry, honour is grown contemptible, the respect that is due to their *births* is lost in a *savage* management, and is now assum'd by every scoundrel.

The cobbler is affronted, if you don't call him Mr. *Translator*, the groom names himself *Gentleman of the horse*, and the fellow that carries guts to the bears, writes himself *one of his Majesty's officers*. The page calls himself *a child of honour*, and the foot-boy styles himself *my lady's page*: Every little *nasty whore* takes upon her the title of *lady*, and every *impudent, broken-mouth'd manteau-maker*, must be call'd *Madam Theodosia Br—*: Every dunce of a *quack* is call'd a *physician*: Every gown-man a *counsellor*: Every silly huff a *captain*: Every *gay* thing a *chevalier*: Every parish-reader a *doctor*; and every *writing-clerk* in the office, Mr. *Secretary*: Which is all but hypocrisy and knavery in disguise; for nothing is now call'd by its right name. The heralds I see have but little to do; honour and arms, which us'd to employ all men of birth and parts, being now almost dwindled into an airy nothing. Let us then go and see how the world wags in the *City-Circle*.

AMUSEMENT IX.

The CITY-CIRCLE.

I Have given my traveller walking enough from country to country; let us save him the trouble now of beating the hoof, and shew him the rest of the world as he sits in his chair.

To be acquainted with all the different characters of it, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain numerous assemblies, a sort of a *City-Circle*; they are set up in imitation of the circle at court.

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The circle in foreign courts is a grave assembly, but ill-seated, upon low stools set in a round. Here all women talk, and none of them listen. Here they make a pother about nothing. Here they decide all things, and their most diversified conversations are a sort of roundelays, that end either in artificial slanders, or gross flattery; but this being in no wise applicable to the *English* court, I shall wave a farther description of it, and come to

The City-ladies Visiting-days;

WHICH is a familiar assembly, or a general council of the fair and charming sex, where all the important affairs of their neighbours are largely discuss'd, but judg'd in an arbitrary manner, without hearing the parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these tribunals; matters of high and no consequence, as religion and cuckoldom, commodos and sermons, politicks and gallantry, receipts of cookery and scandal, coquetry and preserving, jilting and laundry, in short, every thing is subject to the jurisdiction of this court, and no appeal lies from it. The coach stops at the goldsmith's or mercer's door, and off leaps Mr. Skipkennel from behind it, and makes his address to the book-keeper or prentice, and asks if his lady (for that is always the name of the mistress) receives any visits that day or no? Some stay must be made till the woman above stairs sends down her answer, and then the pink of courtesy is receiv'd at the top of the stairs, like king James by the French king, and handed to her stool of discourse.

My dear lady, 'tis an honour to give me your company after so obliging a manner, is the first word that drops from her the visit is paid to; and I should never have forgiven that uneasiness of mind which must have been the consequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my respects to my dear lady Tattle, is of course the answer to it. Lord, Madam! did you hear the news of the misfortune that beset Mrs. such a one's husband? Never believe me again, if that old filthy sot she was married to for the sake of his money, has not had a statute of bankruptcy taken out against him. But, alderman Vanity's
lady

lady had the most insupportable accident that befel her, which it's possible to think of: Let me never go a visiting again, if her coach did not overturn just against the Royal Exchange, in full Change-time, and expos'd what her ladyship had, a foul smock and a dirty skin, to the whole company. I could never have outliv'd the disgrace, nor have suffer'd myself to be seen in publick; but her ladyship is of another sort of complexion than I carry about me. I suppose you are no stranger to her making a bed-fellow of that filthy fellow her groom, or the conversation Mr. Alderman turn'd away his coachman for: But heavens forbid I should expose her, &c.

Thus they take a sip of tea, then for a draught or two of scandal to digest it; next let it be ratifia, or any other favourite liquor, scandal must be the after-draught, to make it sit easy on their stomach, till the half hour's past, and they have disburthen'd themselves of their secrets, and take coach for some other place, to collect new matter for defamation.

A venerable old gentlewoman, call'd Madam Whimsy, whose relations are dispers'd into all corners of the earth, is president of this board; she is lineally descended from the *Maggots* of the *South*, an illustrious and ancient family, that were a branch of the *Wag-tails* of the *East*, who boast themselves descended in a right line from madam *Eve*. Here are to be found as many different opinions as there are heads in the room. The same judge is sometimes severe, and sometimes indulgent; sometimes grave, and sometimes trifling; and they talk exactly there as I do in my *amusements*.

They pass in a moment from the most serious to the most comical strain, from the greatest things to the smallest, from a duke to a chimney-sweeper, from a council of war to a christening; and sometimes a sudden reflection upon a woman's head-dress hinders the decision of a case of conscience under examination.

In this country twenty several sentences are pronounc'd all at once. The men vote when they can, the women as often as they please; they have two votes for one: The great liberty that is allow'd in the *City-Circle* invites all sorts of persons to come thither to see and be seen; every one talks according to his designs, inclination

and *genius*; the young folks talk of what they are now doing, the old fellows talk of what they have done in the days of queen *Dick*, and your fots and coxcombs of what they have a design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The ambitious rail at the sluggards, as a company of idle fellows, that take up room in the world and do nothing: The sluggards return back the compliment to the ambitious, That *they trouble all the world with their plots, to advance themselves and ruin others.* The tradesman curses war from the bottom of his heart, as that which spoils commerce, depopulates countries, and destroys mankind; and the soldier wishes those who had a hand in making the *peace* were at the devil.

The *virtuoso* despises the rich, for making such a bustle about so foolish and pale-fac'd a metal as *gold*. The rich laugh at learning and learned men, and cry, a fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your men of gravity and wisdom rail at *love*, as the most foolish and impertinent trifle in the world: And the *lover* fattens himself with his own fancies, and laughs at wisdom as a sour and severe thing, that is not worth the pursuit. Those who are unmarried fall upon the jealous-pated husbands, as men that create their own troubles; and those who are married justify their own prudent conduct, in endeavouring to prevent their own dishonour.

A young forward puppy, full of vigour and health, seem'd to intimate by his discourse that he thought himself immortal: *Well*, says he, *I have drank my gallon of claret every night these seven years, and yet the devil of a fever, or any other disease, dare attack me, tho' I always keep two or three sins going at once. Before George, I think our family's made of iron: There is that old prig my father, (a plague on him) turn'd of seventy, and yet he is as sound as a roach still; he'll ride you forty miles outright at a fox-chase; small-beer be my portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the good-manners to troop off.* A grave old gentleman, offended at this rude and frothy discourse, gave his whiskers a twirl, and thus reprimanded our sawcy whipper-snapper: *Know, boy*, cries he to him in an angry tone, *know, sirrah, that every age stands upon the same level as to*
the

the duration of life; a man of fourscore is young enough to live, and an infant but of four days birth is old enough to die. I apprehend your meaning, old gentleman, says our young prig to him, well enough; you are young enough to live to-day, and old enough to die to-morrow.

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the company see what they were; the rest, both in their conversation and manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the gay, noisy impertinence of that country wit yonder, who tells so many pleasant stories, and sets all the company a-laughing. Don't be mistaken in him, he's the dullest rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has plunder'd from others. All his jests and repartees he purloin'd from his father's chaplain; they are the effect of his memory, and not of his invention.

That other spark there sets up for a wit, and has some pretence to't. Pray mind that worshipful lump of clay, that inanimated figure who lolls in the elbow-chair, he takes no manner of notice of what is said in the company: By his plodding, starch'd solemn looks, you would conclude that business of importance and affairs of state took up all his thoughts, and that his head was brim-full of dispatches, negotiations, decrees, orders of council, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what, he's the emptiest, dullest, shallowest monster within the bills of mortality; he's equally incapable of business and pleasure; he'll take you a nap over a game at cards, and yawn and stretch at the most diverting comedy; nay, under the pulpit, when the parson has preach'd all the dogs out of the church: He dreams as he walks; and the sot, when he's asleep, differs from the sot when awake, as a *ninepin* does when 'tis up, from a *ninepin* down. He has a considerable post in the government, and a pretty wife, and minds 'em both alike; 'tis pity he has not a deputy to officiate for him.

That young creature there by the window, at the bare mention of the word *love*, starts and trembles as if a *demi-culverin* were shot off at her ear: Her virtuous mother has told her such terrible stories about it, that the poor fool believes she hates it. And do you think,

think, Sir, she'll hate it to the end of the chapter? That's so uncertain, I dare not engage for it; a woman who hates *love* before she knows *what it is*, is not in danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a freer manner than I ought, and unmask too many faces in my *Circle*; but if I were never so much inclin'd to spare them, and they themselves had address enough to conceal their own defects, I see a lady coming into the room, who will decypher them more unmercifully than I can. Now she has seated herself, observe what a modest air she has, how critically she draws off her gloves, how artfully she manages her fan; and if she lift up her eyes, 'tis only to see whether other women are as handsome and modest as herself: She has so much virtue, the world says, that she can't endure any that have a less share on't than herself: What is harder still, those that have more virtue than she do equally displease her. 'Tis for this reason she spares no body.

I ask'd a lady of the same character t'other day, how it came to pass that her exhortations were half godliness, and half slander? Bless me! cries she, slander! What mean you by the word? 'Tis enough to give one the spleen, or an ague-fit. The truth on't is, I am sometimes obliged to accommodate myself to the taste of the world, to season my remonstrances with a little satire, for the world expects we should make every thing agreeable, even correction itself. We must sometimes give a little slip from morality, to bring in a few strokes of satire. Speak more honestly, Madam, says I to her, and confess that you bring in one stroke of morality to countenance the making of a thousand scandalous reflections.

Very well, replies the Indian to me, I find the Londoners are as comical in their garbs, as affected in their discourses; they would think themselves dishonoured to appear in a suit they wore last year: According to the rule of fashions, this furious beau the next year must make but a scurvy figure; but I pardon them for following the custom of their country; I put so ill a construction upon their curiosity. I will not hereafter judge of the hearts of women by the steps I see them make.

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As for that beau yonder, I have a great curiosity to know whether his inside answers his outside; not a word has dropt from him as yet, but surely the oracle will open anon. The ladies that encompass him, said I to my curious traveller, are as impatient to hear him talk as you can be; therefore let us listen. They all compliment and address their discourses to him. What answers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*; sometimes *No*; and sometimes *Nothing at all*. He speaks to one with his eyes, to another with his head; and laughs at a third with so mysterious an air, that 'tis believ'd there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the company are of opinion that he has wit in abundance; his physiognomy talks, his air persuades, but all his eloquence lies in the fine *outside* he makes; and as soon as the spark has shew'd himself, he has concluded his speech. 'Tis a thousand pities that nature had not time enough to finish her workmanship; had she bestowed never so little wit upon an outside so prepossessing us in his favour, the idlest tale from his mouth would have pass'd for the most ingenious story in the world.

But our ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer discourse with their idol; all of them resolve, if they must speak, to speak with somebody that will answer them again, and not with a statue. Our beau retires into the next chamber, intent on nothing but how to display his charms to the best advantage: He is at first view enamour'd with a pretty lady, whom he saw in the room; he besieges her with his eyes, he ogles at her, he primes and plumes himself, and at last boards her.

This lady is very reserv'd, and though our gentleman appear very charming to her, she is not surpriz'd at the first sight of him, 'tis nothing but her curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the field; with this intention she listens to what our adventurer has to say. In short, this was the success of his affair with her: He found himself mightily at a loss how to cope with this lady; she had an inexhaustible source of wit, and would not be paid with gracious nods and smiles: But as we see there are a hundred witty women in the world, that are not displeased with a fair outside, our con-

fidest spark flatter'd himself, that if he could but once persuade the lady he was in love with her, the garrison would immediately surrender. To effect this, he employ'd the *finest turns* of eloquence, and the most touching expressions of the mute language; but this fair lady made as if she did not understand him. What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her? He had a *diamond ring* of a considerable value upon his finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a piece of gallantry *alamode* to present it to her: Thus playing with his hand, and holding it so that he might shew his *diamond* more advantageously to the eyes of the *Fair indifferent*, he plays with it: She turns her head first on one side, then on the other. This *unconcernedness* mortified him extremely; yet still he kept on his shew, which is always the last refuge of a coxcomb: He is astonish'd to find a woman *insensible* to such a *beau* as himself, and such a *diamond* as his was; but this made no impression on the lady.

At the very moment he despair'd of his enterprize, this Cruel, this Insensible seiz'd him hastily by the hand, to look nearer at the *diamond* from which she first turn'd her eyes: What a *blessed turn* of the scene was this to a dejected lover! He reassumes his courage, and to make a declaration of his passion for once and all, he takes the *ring* from his finger, and after a thousand *cringes* and *grimaces* presents her with it. The lady takes it in her hand, and holds it close to her eyes, to view it more carefully, redoubles his hope and assurance, and thought he had a right to kiss the hand that had receiv'd his *diamond*. The lady was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at leisure to think of being angry at this freedom, but on the contrary smiled, and without any more ceremony put the *ring* upon her finger.

Now it is that our lover thinks himself secure of *victory*, and transported with joy proposes the *hour* and *place* of meeting. Sir, says this lady coldly to him, I am charm'd with this *diamond*; and the reason why I have accepted it without scruple is, because it belongs to me. Yes, Sir, this diamond is mine; my husband took it from off my *toilet* some three months ago, and
made

made me afterwards believe he had lost it. That cannot be, replies our *fop*, it was a *marchioness* that exchanged it with me for something that shall be nameless.

Right, right, continues the woman, my husband was acquainted with this *marchioness*, he truck'd with her for my diamond, the *marchioness* truck'd with you for it, and I take it for nothing; tho' if I were of a revengeful nature, my husband very well deserves that I should give the same price for it that he receiv'd from the *marchioness*. At this unexpected blow our fine thing stood confounded and astonish'd; but I can now forgive his being *mute* upon so odd an occasion: A man of wit and sense could hardly avoid it.

The great lord yonder was bred and born a lord: His soul is full as noble as his blood, his thoughts as high as his extraction. I esteem, but don't admire his lordship; but the man who by his merits and virtues raises himself above his birth and education, I both esteem and admire.

Why then should you, whose virtues equal your fortune, conceal the meanness of your original, which raises the lustre of your merit? We shall better esteem the merit of your elevation.

Look, yonder goes a man, says one, that takes upon him so much of the lord, that one would think he had never been any thing else. It often happens, that by our over-acting of matters, the world discovers we were not always the men we appear.

While I made my reflections, my *Indian* was likewise busy in making his. He did not so much wonder at the man in the embroider'd coat, who did not know himself, as at the assembly, who likewise seem'd not to know him. He was treated with the respect due to a prince; these are not civilities, but downright adorations. What cannot you be content, says our *Indian*, cannot you be content to idolize riches that are useful to you? Must you likewise idolize the rich, who will never do you a farthing's-worth of kindness?

I confess, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this astonishment. I see another man of a very good look come into the Circle, and no body takes the least notice of him. He has seated himself, and talks, and

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very much to the purpose too, and yet no one will vouchsafe him a hearing. I observe the company files off from him by degrees to another part of the room, and now he is left alone by himself. Wherefore, say I to myself, do they run from him thus? Is his *breath* contagious, or has he a *plague-sore* running upon him? At the same time I took notice, that these deserters had flock'd about the *gay coxcomb* in the lac'd suit, whom they worshipped like a little god. By this I came to understand, that the contagious distemper the other man was troubled with, was his poverty.

Oh heavens! says the *Indian*, falling all on the sudden into an enthusiastick fit, like that wherein you saw him in his letter; *Oh heavens!* remove me quickly out of a country where they shut their ears to the wholesome advice and sage instructions of a *poor man*, to listen to the nonsensical *chat* of a sot in *gaudy* clothes. They seem to refuse this *philosopher* a place among men, because his apparel is but indifferent, while they rank that wealthy coxcomb in the number of the gods. When I behold this abominable sight, I could almost pardon those that grow haughty and insolent upon prosperity.

This latter spark a little while ago was less than a *man* among you, at present you make a sort of a *deity* of him. If the head of their new idol should grow giddy, he may e'en thank those who incense him at this abominable rate.

There are among us in my country, continues he, a sort of people who adore a certain bird for the beauty and richness of its *feathers*. To justify the folly wherein their eyes have engaged them, they are persuaded that this proud animal has a divine spirit that animates him. Their error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for, in short, this creature is *mute*, but if he could talk like your *brute* there in the rich *embroidery*, they'd soon find him to be a beast, and perhaps would forbear to *adore* him.

This sudden transport carry'd our well-meaning traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his discourse, I desir'd him to cast his eyes upon a certain gentleman in the *Circle*, who deserved to have his *veil* taken off, with which he cover'd himself, to procure the confidence

fidence of fools. Examine well this serious extravagant. The *fool's bauble* he makes such a pother with, is his *probity*; an amiable thing indeed, if his heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *notion* of it that has fly-blown his head. Because, forsooth, it has not yet appear'd in his story, that he is a notorious cheat and falsifier; upon the merit of this reputation, the *insect* thinks himself the most virtuous man in the world. He demands an implicit faith to all he says. You must not question any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but must pay the same deference to his words as to the sacred oracles of truth itself. If he thinks fit to assert, that *Romulus* and *Rhemus* were grandchildren to *John of Gaunt*, 'tis a breach of good manners to inquire into their pedigrees.

If any difference happens, he pretends his word is a decree from which you cannot appeal without injustice. He takes it for a high affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common security.

All the universe must understand that his verbal promise is worth a thousand pounds. He would fain have persuaded his *wife's* relations to have given him her in marriage upon his bare word, without making a settlement. He affects to be exactly nice to a tittle in all his expressions, and if you think it impossible to find it in him, all his words you ought to believe to a hair's breadth; nothing less, and nothing beyond it. If ever he gives you the liberty to stretch a little, it must be in his commendation. Let the conversation turn upon what subject it pleases, be it of *war*, or of *religion*, *morality*, or *politicks*, he will perpetually thrust his *nose* into it, though he is sure to be laugh'd at for his pains, and all to make a fine *parade* of his own good qualities and virtues.

A certain *lady*, for instance, after she had effectually proved that all gallantry and sincerity was extinct amongst the young fellows of this age, corrected herself pleasantly in this manner: I am in the *wrong*, gentlemen, says she, I am in the *wrong*, I own it; there is such a thing as sincerity still among the men: *They speak all that they think of us women.*

Upon the bare mention of the word *sincerity*, our gentleman thought he had a fair opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every man, says he, has his particular faults; my fault is to be too sincere. Soon after this the discourse fell upon other matters, as want of compassion and charity in the rich. What an excess of barbarity, cries our man of honour, is this? For my part, I always fall into the opposite extreme. I melt at every thing, I am *too good* in my temper, but 'tis a fault I shall never correct in myself. To make short, another, who towards the conclusion of his story happen'd accidentally to let the word *avarice* drop from him, found himself interrupted by our *modest* gentleman, who made no difficulty to own that *liberality* was his vice. Ah, Sir! reply'd the man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great vices, sincerity, goodness and liberality. This excess of modesty in you, which makes you own these vices, gives me to understand, Sir, that you are master of all the contrary *virtues*.

In my opinion now, this was plucking off the vizor of our Sir *Formal*. This was discharging a *pistol* at his breast; one would have thought it would have went to the very heart of him. In the mean time he did not so much as feel the blow; the *callus* of his vanity had made him invulnerable; he takes every thing you say to him in good part. Call him in an ironical manner the *great hero of probity*, he takes you in the literal sense. Tell him in the plain language of T. O. that he's a *confounded rascal*; oh, Sir, says he, your humble servant, you are dispos'd to be merry I find: Thus he takes it for raillery.

The *railers* have a fine time on't, you see, to *jest* upon a man of so *oily* a temper. What a vexation is it to your gentlemen, that speak sharp and witty things, to level them at so *supple* a slave. All the pleasure would be to touch him to the quick, to confound his vanity. Wit does but hazard itself by attacking him in the face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a wall of brass*.

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a gentleman in the corner of a quite different temper; who takes every thing upon himself that was meant to another.

He

He *blushes*, he grows *pale*, he's out of Countenance; at last he quits the room, and as he goes out threatens all the company with his eyes. What does the world think of this holding up the *buckler*; they put but a bad construction upon it, and say, that his conscience is *ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any string but it will answer to some painful place. *Touch a gall'd horse and he'll wince*. In a word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over sensible of pain.

These are two characters that seem to be directly opposite; however, it were easy to prove that these two are the same at bottom. What's this bottom? Divine it if you can: One word would not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at leisure to give you any more. I perceive a man coming into the room whom I am acquainted with; he will interrupt me without remorse. I had better be before-hand with him, and hold my tongue. *Silence*, gentlemen, *silence*, and see you shew due respect. You will immediately see one of those *noble lords*, who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any body. When my *lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure look, and he himself came in with a *smiling* look, like a true politician. Immediately he makes a thousand protestations of friendship to every one; but at the same time that he promises you his service, he looks as pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purse. He is scarce sat down in his chair, but he embroils the conversation. He talks to four several persons, about four several affairs at once: He puts a *question* to one man, without waiting for an *answer* of another: He proposes a *doubt*, treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of *talking*, though all the company be of *bearing* him. They steal off by degrees, and so the circle ended.

The *publick* is a great spectacle always new, which presents itself to the eyes of private men, and *amuses* them. These private men are so many diversified spectacles that offer themselves to the publick view, and divert it. I have already, as it were in *miniature*, shewed some few of these small inconsiderable private spectacles, which will suffice to point out the rest, and therefore to draw towards a conclusion, shall in the last place

take a view of the desolate and frightful country of *Philosophy* and *Physick*; those being regions that few visitants return from in so good a state of health as they went, or rather with any life at all.

AMUSEMENT X.

The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country.

IN this country every thing is obscure, their habitations, their looks, their language, and their learning. 'Tis a long time ago since they undertook to cultivate the country of *Science*; but the only thing they have made clear and undeniable is, that one and one makes two: And the reason why this is so *clear*, is because it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon so solid a foundation, that as soon as ever they have well laid the first stone, they carry on their buildings without the least fear, so high as the *atmosphere*; but their *Philosophers* build those haughty edifices they call systems upon a quite different bottom.

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to solid ground, the building disappears, and the architects tumble down from the clouds.

This country of *Experimental Philosophy* is very amusing, and their collections of rarities exceeds that of *John Trudesskin*; for here are the galls of doves, the eye-teeth of flying toads, the eggs of ants, and the eyes of oysters. Here they weigh the *air*, measure *heat*, *cold*, *driness* and *humidity*; great discoveries for the publick advantage of mankind! Without giving ourselves the trouble to make use of our senses, we need but only cast our eyes upon a weather-glass, to know if 'tis hot or cold, if it rains, or is fair weather.

Tempted by these noble curiosities, I desired the favour of seeing some of the gentlemen they called improvers of nature, and immediately they shewed me an old bard cutting asp-leaves into tongues, which were to be fastened in the mouths of flowers, fruits, herbs and seeds,

feeds, with design to make the whole creation vocal. Another was dissecting atoms, and mites in cheese, for the improvement of the Anatomical Science; and a third was transfusing the blood of an *ast* into an *astrological quack*; of a *sheep* into a *bully*; and of a *fish* into an *exchange woman*, which had all the desired effects; the *quack* prov'd a *foe*, the *bully* a *coward*, and the *tongue pad* was *silent*. All prodigies in nature, and none miscarried in the operation.

In another apartment were a curious collection of *contemplative gentlemen*, that had their employments severally assign'd them. One was chewing the cud upon Dr. *Burner's new System of the World*, and making notes upon it in confutation of *Moses*, and all the *antediluvian Historians*. Another was reconciling the Differences among *learned men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, *Mr. Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the controversy between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a period to the abstruse debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-trap-makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these disputants has reason of his side, I will say, that some of them have the *reason of antiquity* the other, the *reason of novelty*; and in matter of opinion, these two reasons have a greater influence upon the learned than reason itself.

Those that set up for finding the north-west passage into the land of *Philosophy*, would with all their hearts, if it were possible, follow these two guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Heceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on a sudden seiz'd with hot and cold, dry and moist, penetrated by a subtle matter encompassed with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A man need not lay it much to heart that he never travell'd through this country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a distance, know as much of it almost as those that have spent a great deal of money and time there; but one of their arts I admire above all the rest, and that is when they have consum'd their

estates in trifling experiments, to persuade themselves they are now as rich, and eat and drink as luxuriously as ever; they view a single shilling in a multiplying glass, which makes it appear a thousand, and view their commons in a magnifying glass, which makes a lark look as big as a turkey-cock, and a three-penny chop as large as a chine of mutton.

Before I let my traveller pass from this place to *Physick*, 'twill not be amiss to make him remark, That in the country of *Science* and the *court*, we lose ourselves; that we don't search for ourselves in *marriage*; that in the *walks*, and among *women*, we find ourselves again; but seldom or never come back from the kingdom of *Physick*.

AMUSEMENT XI.

PHYSICK.

THE first thing remarkable in the country of *Physick* is, that it is situate upon the narrow passage from this world to the other. 'Tis a climacterick country, where they make us breathe a refreshing air, but such a one as is a great enemy to the natural heat; and those that travel far in this *climate*, throw away a world of money in drugs, and at last die of hunger.

The language that is spoken here is very learned; but the people that speak it are very ignorant.

In other countries we learn languages to be able to express what we know in clear and intelligible terms; but it looks as if *Physicians* learnt their *Gibberish* for no other purpose, than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a patient of good sense that falls into their hands; he is obliged at once to combat the arguments of the doctor, the disease itself, the remedies, and emptiness. One of my friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Delirium*, had a vision in his fever which sav'd him his life. He fancied he saw a fever under the shape of a burning monster, that press'd hard upon a sick man, and every minute got ground of

of him, 'till a man who looked like a *guide*, came and took him by the *wrist* to help him over a river of blood. The poor patient had not strength enough to cross the stream, and so was drown'd. The *guide* used means to get himself paid for his pains, and immediately ran after another sick man, who was carried down a stream of *Carduus* posset-drink, barley-broth and water-gruel. My friend, advised by this vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his business; for when he was by himself, there was no body to hinder him from recovering. The absence of physicians is a sovereign remedy to him that has not recourse to a quack.

These gentlemen of the *faculty* are pensioners to *death*, and travel day and night to enlarge that monarch's empire; for you must know, notwithstanding distemper'd humours make a man sick, 'tis the Physician has the honour of killing him, and expects to be well paid for the jobb, by his relations, that lie in wait for his life to share his fortune: So that when a man is ask'd how such a man died, he is not presently to answer, according to corrupt custom, that he died of a *fever* or a *pleurisy*, but that he died of the *Doctor*.

See a consult of 'em marching in state to a patient, attended by a diminutive *apothecary* that's just arle-high, and fit to give a glyster: how magisterially they look and talk of the patient's recovery, when they themselves are but *death* in disguise, and bring the patient's hour along with 'em. While the patient breathes and money comes, they are still prescribing; but when they have sent the patient hence, like a rat with a straw in his arse, they'll say his body was as rotten as a pear, and 'twas impossible to save him. *Cruel* people, that are not contented to take away a man's life, and like the *hangman*, be paid when they have done, but must persecute him in the grave too, and blast his honour, to excuse their ignorance.

It were to be wish'd that every physician might be oblig'd to marry, for it's highly reasonable that those men should beget children to the state, who every day rob the king of so many subjects.

In this land of *Physick* they have erected themselves a *college*, for the improvement of the mystery of *man-slaughter*,

slaughter, which may be call'd their *armoury*; for here are their weapons and utensils forg'd, and a company of men attending to kill poor fools out of mere charity.

In one part of their convent is a *chymical elaboratory* where some were calcining calves brains to supply those of the *society* that wanted; some fixing volatile wits, and others rarifying dull ones: Some were playing tricks with *Mercury*, promising themselves vast advantages from the process; but after they had resolv'd the viscous matter, and brought the *materia prima* into the *coppel*, all went away in a fume, and the operator had his labour for his travel.

In another place were *apothecaries* preparing *medicines*, the outsidcs of their pots were gilt with the titles of *preservatives*, *cordials* and *pharmacons*, but in the inside were *poisons*, or more nauseous preparations. However, of all our late pretended *alchymists*, recommend me to the *apothecaries*, as the noblest operators and *chemists*; for out of *toads*, *vipers* and a *fir-reverence* itself, they will fetch ye gold ready minted, which is more than ever *Paracelsus* himself pretended to.

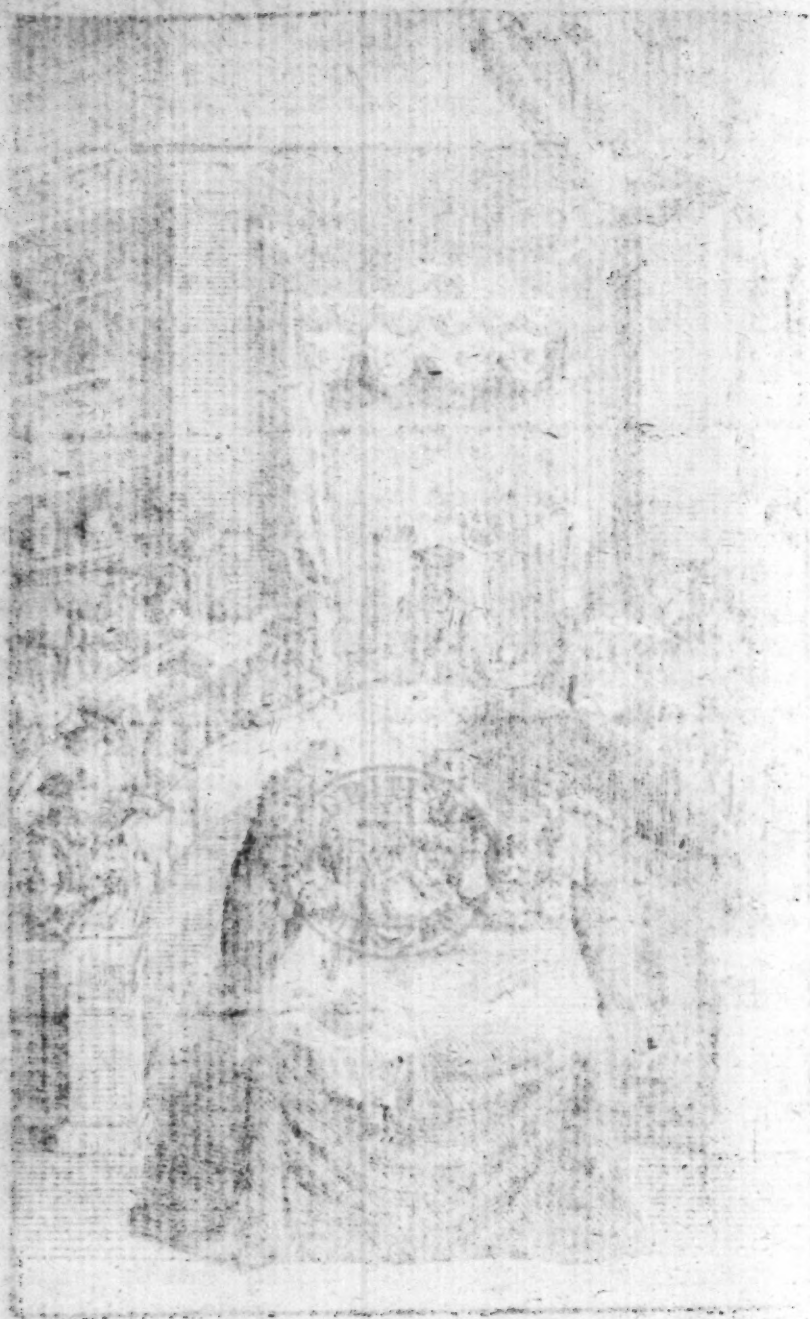
Here were also *chirurgeons* in great numbers, talking hard words to their patients, as *solution of continuity*, *dislocations*, *fractures*, *amputation*, *pnebotomy*, and spoke *Greek* words, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the gravest among them propounded this question to the rest. Suppose a man falls from the *main-yard*, and lies all bruised upon the *deck*, pray what is the *first intention* in that case? A brisk fellow answers, You must give him *Irish* slate *quantum sufficit*, and embrocate the parts affected *secundum artem*. At which I seeming to smile, another reprimands me saying, *What do you laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th' right on't*. To whom I reply'd, with reverence to your age and understanding, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*; for if a man falls from the *main-yard*, the first intention is, *To take him up again*.

Among all these people every thing is made a mystery to detain their patients in ignorance, and keep up the market of *Physick*; but were not the very terms of art, and names of their medicines sufficient to fright away any distempers, 'tis to be feared their *remedies* would prove worse than the *disease*.

That

A Description of the Colledge of Physicians





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That nothing might be wanting in this famous college, there were others that like porters and plasterers stood ready to be hired, as *corn-cutters* and *tooth-drawers*. The one of which will make you halt before the best friend you have; and if you do but *yawn*, the other knaves will be examining your *grinders*, depopulate your mouths, and make you old before your time, and take as much for drawing out an old tooth as would buy a sett of new ones.

An ill accident happened while we were viewing the curiosities of this college. A *boy* had swallowed a knife; and the members of the college being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be cured. The *chirurgeons* claim'd the patient as belonging to their fraternity, and one of 'em would have been poking a crane's bill down his throat to pluck it up again, but the doctors would not suffer him.

After a long consultation, one of these two remedies was agreed on, *viz.* That the patient should swallow as much *aqua fortis* as would dissolve the knife into minute particles, and bring it away by siege; but the other remedy was more philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was to apply a *loadstone* to his *arse*, and so draw it out by a *magnetick* attraction; but which of the two was put in practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the noble experiment, though my particular friend Dr. *W——d* was the first that propos'd that remedy, and he is no quack, I assure you.

Not but that there are some quacks as honest fellows as you would desire to piss upon. This foreigner here, for instance, is a man of conscience, that will take you but half a crown a bottle for as good *Lamb's-Conduit* water as ever was in the world. He pretends it has an occult quality that cures all distempers. He swears it, and swears like *T. O.* on the right side of the hedge, since this very individual water has cured him of poverty, which comprehends all diseases.

'Tis with physicians in *London*, as with *almanacks*, the newest are the most consulted; but then their reign, like that of an *almanack*, concludes with the year.

When a sick man leaves all for *nature* to do, he hazards much : When he leaves all for the doctor to do, he hazards more : And since there is a hazard both ways, I would much sooner chuse to rely upon *nature* ; for this, at least, we may be sure of, that she acts as honestly as she can, and that she does not find her account in prolonging the disease.

So much for physick, which as it is the last thing I should be persuaded to take, so it's the last country I shall travel thro' for the present ; and if the reader has any good nature in him, he'll congratulate my safe arrival from a place where there are so many obstacles to be met with, before you can possibly return from it.

The End of the FIRST PART.



THE



THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
AMUSEMENTS
SERIOUS and COMICAL.

A TAVERN.

HAVING over night carry'd my *Indian* friend to the *Tavern*, whence, in order to entertain his curiosity, I introduc'd his pagan worship into a christian society of true protestant fuddle-caps, among whom, though there was much preaching over their liquor, yet there was no vice or vanity, but what, in its turn had its ascendancy in the company, which occasion'd my *Indian* to be more particularly inquisitive about the tipling rendezvous, where he had been so lately oblig'd with such variety of amusement. Therefore, that he might better understand what had pass'd his observation, in answer to his importunities, I made the smoke-dry'd Infidel shew his ivory teeth, and grin like a sun-burnt ploughman at a mountebank-narration, whilst he heard the following account, which for his farther information I very frankly gave him.

This place, said I, is a *tavern*, and a *tavern* is a little *Sodom*, where as many vices are daily practis'd, as ever were known in the great one. Thither *liber-*

tines

zines repair to drink away their brains, and piss away their estates; *aldermen* to talk treason, and bewail the loss of trade; *saints* to elevate the spirit, hatch calumnies, coin false news, and reproach the church; *gamesters* to shake their elbows, and pick the pockets of such cullies who have no more wit than to play with them; *rakes* with their *whores*, that by the help of wine they may be more impudent and more wicked, and do those things in their cups, that would be a scandal to sobriety: *lovers* with their *mistresses*, in hopes to wash away that modesty with the soothing juice, which had been a hindrance to their happiness, so that they may fall to without grace, and give a pleasing earnest to each other of their future affections: Thither *sober knaves* walk with *drunken fools*, to make cunning bargains, and over-reach them in their dealings, where, cloaking their mental reservations with a grave countenance, they will tell more lies about a hog'shead of tobacco, than *Tavernier* in his travels does about mount *Ætna*. Thither *young quality* retire to spend their tradesmens money, and to delight themselves with the impudence of lewd harlots, free from the reflections or remarks of their own servants, whilst their ladies at home are doing themselves justice after the like manner, and perhaps, for want of better opportunity, are glad to break a commandment with their own footmen. Thither *bullies* coach it to kick drawers, and invent new oaths and curses, and in feasting, rattling and blustering, to lavish away that scandalous income call'd a petticoat-pension, tho' doom'd the next day to a three-penny ordinary. Thither run *Sots purely* to be drunk, that they may either wash away the reflections of their own past follies, or forget the treachery of their friends, the falshood of their wives, the disobedience of their children, the roguery of their lawyers, the bitchery of their paramours, or the ingratitude of the world, that they may drown the remembrance of past evils in the enjoyment of the present: Thither *beaux* flock to shew their vanity, drink healths to their *mistresses*, boast of conquests they never made, praise beauties they never saw, brag of duels they never fought,

censure

censure books they never read, damn authors they never knew, talk familiarly of Noblemen they had never the honour to speak to, commend the virtue of women they have made whores, and rob those of their reputation they could never conquer. Thither *cowards* repair to make themselves valiant by the strength of their wine; *fools* to make themselves witty in their own conceits; *maids* to be made otherwise; *married women* to cuckold their husbands; and *spendthrifts* to be made miserable by a ridiculous consumption of their own fortunes. In short, no people are customers to that warehouse of debaucheries, where *rakes* and *extravagants* surfeit their vicious appetites at the price of their own ruin, but what are less careful of their own good, than they are of their vintners, except such who have a strong guard upon their purses, and a stout bridle to their appetites, and they may venture to sip off half a pint at a sitting, without the danger of contracting an ill habit, that may at last expose them to the world's contempt, under the scandalous plague of an empty pocket.

But prithee, says my tawny acquaintance, who was that fine lady that stood pulling a rope, and screaming like a peacock against rainy weather, pinn'd up by herself in a little pew, all people bowing to her as they pass'd by, as if she was a goddess set up to be worshipp'd, and that it was blasphemy in a mortal to lay a finger upon the beauteous deity? A man may find, said I, by your innocent simplicity, how easily, by the vanities of this town, a stranger may be imposed upon; that very tawdry busy-body of a female, that you have such heavenly conceptions of, is no more, I can assure you, than a stage-coachman's daughter, and by all relation, has sufficiently prov'd herself flesh and blood, before she was advanced to the chalk and sponge, which are the principal badges that belong to that honourable station you beheld her in; but being nearly related to the master of the house, he has put her into his bar, in hopes some time or other she may stop her crack'd pipkin upon some fool of a drawer, who has patience enough to prove as contented a Cuckold as his master; so that she has little else to do, but
to

to dress, paint and patch, ogle her uncle's beau-customers, and tattle at the bar with an amorous extravagant, that she may coax him with her smiles to dine there the oftner; which the fool does more for the sake of raw flesh, than either boil'd or roasted: Tho' at last she disappoints him of the great felicity he hopes for, and only treats him with kind glances, and a few amorous Witticisms, as long as his money runs flush; but as soon as that begins to fail, then her shooting-horn looks and freedoms are turn'd into moody pouts and a scornful reservedness, that makes the blockhead quit the house with *damn her for a jilt*; and so leaves my lady to play the same game with the rest of her admirers.

I profess, says my inquisitive acquaintance, so long as I have been in *England*, notwithstanding the benefit of your kind instructions, I have not yet learnt to distinguish female quality from the wives and daughters of mechanicks, any other way than by their coaches and attendance; for the former dress with as much gaiety as the latter; speak as contemptibly of all persons beneath them, and as enviously of those above, as they do, cry soh at any thing that offends them, and magnify any thing that pleases them, just like quality: And as for their virtues and their vices, they are so exactly alike in both, that it is as difficult a matter to find the difference, as to know a cock-linnet from a hen by the colour of their feathers. But pray excuse my impertinence, that has almost led you into a digression, and inform me what tun-belly'd mortal that was, who met us in the entry with a low bow without his hat, and with a blue flag before him, as if he had been an ensign in some notable engagement, and as an honourable badge of his remarkable bravery, had ty'd round his middle his own flying colours. That hatless hero, said I, as you take him to be, is the lord of the family, the controulor of the household, governor of the *Celerepedeans*, one of the priests of *Bacchus*, who received his ordination at fuddle-caps-hall, that keeps his library under ground, and whenever he preaches, 'tis to a congregation of drawers over his own liquor, in order to reform them from tipling below stairs,

flairs, drawing pots too full, cozening the bar with false reckonings, and giving bumpers of palm-wine, clandestinely to the cook-wench. He has also the art of changing his temper as often as the camelion does her colour; and as the latter receives its tincture from that body which is nearest it, so the former does his principles, humour and disposition, from whatsoever society he is member of at present. In high-church company he always rails against occasional conformity; amongst the low-church saints he is a stickler; and is a violent moderator among such *bisarious anythingarians*, that always make their interest the standard of their religion. He is a very proud fellow in his heart, tho' his head drops more bows in a day than falls from the servile noddle of that cringing slave who is under the plague of being a gentleman-usher to a lame countess. He is always most ceremonious to those customers that he gets least by, and will bow oftner to a niggardly alderman over his half-pint, than he will to a jolly rake that spends a guinea at a sitting; because he knows that a dignified citizen expects more homage than a man of honour and quality; not that he uses his fawning cringes as any tokens of a submissive temper, for his pride is even perspicuous in the lowest of his humilities, but his nods and scrapes are only the effects of a habit that he acquired when he was a bar-boy, which he resolves never to leave till he comes to be *lord-mayor*, or at least *sheriff* of *London*. Ingratitude is one of the black badges of his character; for if ever you find him to do a friendship or a courtesy to any fool that has beggar'd himself by extravagance, to make him rich, you may score it upon the bar-board, where it would be more wondered at by all spectators, than a blazing comet. In short, he is a member of the corporation of fycophants, who, as he has served an apprenticeship to false reckoning, lying and subterranean adultery, claims a title by his trade, to poison us with bad wine, deceive us with fair words, and humour us in our follies for his own advantage. Therefore, as libertines do whores, we ought to use them for our pleasure, as they do us for their interest; that is to look upon them

them as mercenaries whom we maintain through wantonness to gratify our vicious appetites. I shall observe your caution, says my *Malotto* comrade; but pray who was that opulent lady that we met in the entry, coming out of the kitchen with her head so finely dress'd and glittering pendants in her ears, that so dazzled in my eyes, I could scarce behold her countenance? That shining lamp, said I, of cloven mortality, is that necessary evil in such a house, call'd the vintner's help-mate, whose business it is to have a superintendency in the bar, to overlook and direct in all culinary proceedings; to scold at the maids; be civil to the head-drawer for her own ends; to grace the bar upon extraordinary days; and to oblige herself with a friend in the corner, when her husband is not at leisure to give her nuptial consolation. This is the life she leads, till high eating, a lazy life, and canary-sops in a morning, improves her to the bulk of a squab elephant, unweildy in bed, and too big for a bar; and then, if her husband be able, she's removed, with two or three of her daughters, to a little country house at *Hampsted*, where she surfeits upon sack, smokes tobacco in an elbow-chair, and snoars away the remainder of her life, till one of *Russel's* rumbling caravans runs away with the load of kitchen-stuff to the town of her nativity, where she desir'd to be bury'd, that her country-folks might see, though her mother sold nappy ale in black pots under a thatch'd roof, yet her daughter had arrived to the honour of being burry'd lady-like, out of a hearse and six horses; but let her take care, for no sooner will her back be turn'd, but ten to one that the widower takes up with his next tolerable cookmaid.

DOCTORS COMMONS.

COMING thro' *Paul's* church-yard, and having gaz'd on the noble pile of *St. Paul*, that emulator of the *St. Peter* of *Michael Angelo* in *Rome*; we took a little trip down on the left-hand, to the famous college of civilians, called *Doctors Commons*. The Etymology of the name I know not, nor is it very material

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material whether it be that the advocates are but *common doctors*, or that the chief thing they are remarkable for is their *commons*; or that it is the common uninclos'd where the doctors feed on their foolish clients, I know not.

Here are you ply'd with porters (if you escape the little appendixes of proctors at their shops, which they call offices) who demand your business; whether you have any *will* to prove, or administration to take out, any *caveat* to enter; whether you want a license to be marry'd, or a divorce if you are marry'd, and the like; they can convey you to a proctor, that can supply all the commodities of the place cheaper than the market-price.

What strange place is this? says my *Indian*. This, says I, is one of the relicks of popery, and the terror of seamen. Here a man that is weary of his wife, may, upon some honest evidence be separated from her; and a wife that has play'd the whore, and run out her husband's fortune may sue him for separate alimony. Here a man must come for a liberty or license to lose his *liberty*. Here executors must come for authority to perform their trust; and here defend themselves in not performing it. Here are proctors, apparitors, and the rest of the pick-pockets under the odd names, that wou'd fain still do what they did in the times of popery. But the reformation having par'd their nails, they are full of regret, and always sounding the praise of the power of the ecclesiastical authority. They are all profess'd *Jac*—, because they hoped by king *James* to restore their authority, and by consequence their perquisites. They are a drunken, roaring, nonsensical generation, that have abundance of zeal without a scruple of religion. They are a pious sort of atheists, and ignorant professors of the mystery of iniquity. They are hot for high-church, tho' they never go within any. They should be scholars, but that they find the common road sufficient to do their business and get money. They are utter enemies to whigs, because they would reduce them under the law of the nation. They are for preferring the common law to the national, because one advances, the other

other destroys their interest. For notwithstanding their noise for the church of *England*, they would declare for that of *Rome*, if they could get more by it. In short, a *Doctors Commons* Man is a scholar without learning, a zealot without religion, a lawyer without law, and a medley of popery and reformation, without reason or honesty.

I have enough of this *amusement*, says my *Indian*, when right and wrong are confounded and sunk with terms. Let us therefore make our escape from the litigious congregation, said I, for we are not secure in the words we say here; for scandal is their province; they are nice judges of *Billingsgate*, whose laudable quarrels of whore and rogue, bastards, and the like, are the fund of their prattle and feats.

We jogg'd on with some expedition, till we got into *Drury-lane*; where passing into *Russel-court*, a strange sort of noise drew us into an *amusement*, consisting as much of jargon as this; but what affected only such as were pleas'd with the folly, & *volenti non fit injuria*. Father *Burgefs* himself is a much more pleasing and innocent *amusement*; so we enter'd *Daniel Burgefs's* meeting-house.

A Presbyterian MEETING-HOUSE.

MR. *Burgefs's* meeting-house in *Russel-court* falling in our way, my *Indian* and I ventur'd to take a view of the godly: For the godly in this city afford an *amusement* as well as the wicked. This is the epitome of the whole kirk, and by this one you may judge of the rest. Here sits a zealous cobbler next to an alderman's fellow, and he uses less ceremony with his God, than his customer; for to the latter he stands bare-headed for sixpence, but to the former will not do it for salvation; believing, perhaps, that *a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush*; or that being necessarily one of the elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon ceremony. This cannot be said to be the house of God; for that, the scripture says, is the *house of prayer*; but the very *Lord's prayer* here is as apocryphal

cryphal as the *Maccabees*. 'Tis true indeed, when the *Holderforth* has play'd the spiritual buffoon for two or three hours, he gives you a desert to his harangue, or what he calls a *prayer*, that is, a rhapsody of stuff without head or tail; for had it method, order, connexion or sense, it would be exploded under the notion of a *form of prayer*, a goblin as frightful as the *whore of Babylon*, and has furnish'd many a zealous *Scots Miss John* with an exercise for his lungs, when sense and good doctrine are not at hand. But though they are such enemies to *popery*, yet they sympathize in praying in an *unknown tongue*, or at least in a jargon neither understands; for sense in their prayer, as well as in their sermon, would favour too much of human invention, and not give latitude enough for *enthusiasm* and *cant*.

Here sits a holy sister, full of spiritual pride in her face, the word of God in her hands, the parson in her eye, and the devil in her tail; she pays her *quarterage* justly, and that makes her *recta in curia* with her guide; for a saint may make bold with her husband's bed for her gallant, provided she make as bold with his purse for her preacher; nor can they be much accus'd, if their doctrine of predestination be true; for *they needs must go whom the devil drives*. Necessity has no law; and if they offend, 'tis the fault of the first mover, whose machines they are. So that if they pick a pocket, betray their trust, bear false witness, commit adultery, incest, &c. the fault's not theirs, they are but mere passives, and what they cannot help, they cannot suffer for. This may be one reason the ten commandments are not in their meeting-houses as well as in the churches, because they are only for the wicked, who own *free-will*; and not for the godly, who deny it, and cannot sin. The promises and threats of the scripture have nothing to do with them, for those are directed to free agents, who are masters of their actions; that can comply with or break the laws of God, as they think fit. Such were the people of God, sinners and penitents; but such are not they, for repent they cannot, the saints being without sin. But if they are not the children

children and people of God, I know not who'll take 'em for saints, but the old gentleman in black, the first preacher of this notion. But this discovers them not so parsimonious as they would be thought, when they are at the expence of a guide that is as much a machine as themselves, and can do no more for them, than the wire in the finger of the *poppet-player*.

I have been considering, says my *Indian*, why your churches or places of worship are so light, whereas our *pagods* are almost quite dark, illuminated with a lamp, which serves only to discover the image of our God, who (all other objects excluded) takes up our whole thoughts in the adoration.

O my friend, reply'd I, you mistake the business of our places of worship: Women come to see and be seen; the men to ogle, or get the repute of religion and holiness; for that gives them credit and trust, and credit and trust makes 'em rich at the expence of those who confide in 'em. Did these saints here come for zeal and devotion only, that taylor's daughter would not be set out thus, and equipt like a countess, to draw the eyes and the hearts of the congregation from heaven to her: Nor would that old maid be dress'd like a girl of fifteen, in hopes that paint, patches, and the religious ogle, may get her a husband at last; believing that men cannot discover her age, ugliness and ill-nature, under the double disguise of body and soul, *saint* and *hypocrite*. Nor would alderman ———'s young wife lay open her panting, swelling bobbies, roll her black eyes, and divide her looks so between heaven and earth, as if she had learnt the art of serving two masters, the *flesh* and the *spirit*, at the same time; nor would her husband be so fond of his folly, in appearing so publickly, watching her more than the motions and gestures of his *Domine*. He gratifies his vanity to expose her to view finely drest, and to the best advantage; but then the remembrance of his own impotence makes him afraid of every one that casts his eye towards her. Thus his wife, not his God, brings him to the meeting, and his heart rises no higher towards heaven, than her eyes, or the parson.

It

It would indeed be hard on the ladies of this persuasion to be debarr'd shewing their faces and persons in their most engaging airs, since their *pulpit* supplies the play-house musick, and the scene to call them together; and perhaps this is the reason the teachers will not let their hearers go to the *theatre*, because they'll be the only pimps to their congregation, which they increase by their declamations against the stage; since here they *kill two birds with one stone*, get the reputation of saints, and the pleasure of sinners, No, no, my friend, the adoration of God, sincere and humble prayers, and grateful thanksgivings, is the least of the business of this place; and I dare be confident, that if they made a law, that no woman should come drest, or barefac'd, most of the congregations of the town would dwindle away, and the play-house audience increase.

Do you think that honest Mr. ----- comes to church for devotion, or God's sake, on *Sundays*, when he has been serving the devil all the week? Or the gay Mrs. M----- for the exaltation of the *spirit* on the lord's day, when she has been for that of the *flesh* all the week? Or that the venerable madam W----- that covers the bawd so effectually in the sanctimonious vizor of a godly leer, comes for the sake of the doctrine, or the man? while her zeal for the parson makes her pass for religious, and the necessity he has of her, gives the authority of prudence, and so helps her to cheer the flock, by providing husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons, while she and the *demagogue* share in the *brokerage*. No, my good friend, the *meeting* is the *spiritual exchange*, where they barter *hypocrisy* for *pleasure* or *profit*; and they are able to keep their countenance, tho' the cheat be universal. It was said by *Cicero*, that he wonder'd how the *Augurs* could meet without laughing in one another's faces: The same reason would make one wonder as much at the top *fanaticks*, but that use and interest remove the difficulty, and a natural sourness and slavish temper make it easy.

Tho' they are enemies to the lord's prayer, they make it up in their zeal for those of *David*; and here the form

goes down as glibly, in their *bawling* which they call *singing*, as aloes pills in the pulp of apple. This shews, that if they are enemies to *church musick*, it is because it is harmony; whereas their singing is a sort of jarring medley of sounds, as disagreeing as their notions; not much unlike the laudable diversion of every one in the company's singing a different song: Nay, they have so peculiar a *gusto* for *discord* or *odd sounds*, that I believe they would admit the symphony of the tongs and key, tho' they reject the harmony of the *organ*. Every thing here indeed seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the world,

As if (as *Hudibras* has it) *they worshipp'd God for spite*. Tho' the ingenious *Butler* seems a little out in one of his words; for they do not worship God at all, but the *teacher*: for it is not properly call'd the house of God, but Mr. *Burgefs's*, so Mr. *Burgefs*, not God, is there worshipp'd. Prayer and praise is the worship of God; But here they meet to see *Daniel* lay about him with his merry stories and theatrical actions, which is at least an *amusement* they think worth their while. When he has done his harangue to the congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he's as familiar as with his text, and handles him roughly, and with as little respect to his truth and majesty; which still makes it his own house: nobody else is admitted to pray, unless they can divine what he's about to say, and to join with him in his. If he makes his speech to the king, with an address of *life* and *fortune*, he studies it before-hand; but he deals not so with God, who he thinks is obliged to hear all his nonsense, and so speaks *quicquid in buc. cam venerit*, whatever starts into his fancy to *amuse* his congregation, and make a noise; for that is all I can discover in these *meeting-houses*.

The odd looks, the groans that eccho one another; some with their hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the women, some the *teacher*, his merry postures, and *pop-gun* way of delivery, with the whimsical medley of his words, is, I confess, an *amusement*, says my *Indian*, and such a one as I never saw in my country

country in my life; we there converse only with the Gods in the *pagods*, here you come only to hear men; but then these men deliver the word of God if we believe them, tho' what they say be never so opposite to the written word, yet bigotry in the congregation, and impudence in the *holder-forth*, will palm inspiration upon us, as for what he says *beyond*, or *off* his text, which he often racks as much as the tyrants of old did the primitive martyrs, till it die under the torture: But this *brings in money*, and *money buys land*, and land is an *amusement* they all desire, in spite of their hypocritical cant. If it were not for the quarterly contributions, there would be no longer *schism* or *separation*; for who can imagine, that when two or three thousand are maintain'd like gentlemen by the *breach*, that they will ever preach up *healing doctrines*, and dispose them to *union*? If it were not for the sake of *earthly* comforts, they would not be so conversant with *heaven* in their *pulpits*; but *heaven's* their traffick, and why should they spare a commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings them in so good a return.

The fairest thing I know of them is, that they wear neither *cassock* nor *gown*; for being no *priests*, and without *ordination*, they refuse to wear any *priestly ornaments* of distinction from *laity*; but that is not owing to their *modesty*, but *pride*, to distinguish themselves from the *clergy* and their own *congregation* at once; they go in *black*, as if they daily mourned for the *wickedness* which they daily committed.

Tir'd with such a composition of *dulness* and *wickedness*, my *Indian* and I departed from this *amusement*, and left it to those who had *flegm* and *hypocrisy* enough to endure it all the year round. So leaving father *Daniel* thumping the cushion in a most immoderate manner, we pass'd on to the next *amusement*, which was a *Quakers-meeting-house*.

The Quakers MEETING.

HERE we discover'd the very *ague* of religion, which yet after its shivering, has its *hot fit* of zeal and noise.

noise. This *sect* arose from *Nailer*, as the *Presbyterians* and *Independents* from the *Jesuits*: These indeed may plead a greater antiquity, as having their rise in the days of good queen *Bess*; but the *shaking-congregation* not till the days of the *martyr*. Some will have it, that the *Quakers* are the *decrepid age* of religion, where it shivers and shakes for want of youth and vigour: And indeed, if we may from the appearance judge of the matter, this fancy is not ill grounded; for here is scarce any thing of the *Christian Religion* left, but every man having the light within him, as they have no use of guides, so they are not so improvident as the other *sectaries*, to be at the expence of any. Every man, nay, every woman too, is here inspired; the spirit speaks in them, they are but the *Stentoraphonick tubes* thro' which that speaks: But it often proves a *lying spirit*; and I believe, if they had no more light than this gives within them, they might still walk in the dark.

This is the most *sociable* society of all without the *pale*; for here every one may speak nonsense in his turn, and the women are not excluded the same benefit of talking, which, for aught I know, not only keeps the females to their congregations, but gets *profelytes*; or might, if well urg'd among the sex. So not being obliged to hear all, and say nothing, one hears his neighbour speak a great deal to a little or no purpose, that he may do the same by him or her in their turn. I knew a pious old matron, that every morning us'd to scold at her maids about half an hour, not that they were in any fault, but only, as she said, to clear her pipes. So I believe these people only meet to make a noise by way of *exercise* for health's sake, all others being unlawful on the *first-day*. These are more just than the other dissenters, because, as they pull not off their hats to God, so they pull them not off to men? whereas the others shall cringe and bow to any man they can get sixpence by, but ne'er veil the bonnet to God, by whom they may get *heaven*; it may be indeed, because contrary to *Christ's*, their kingdom seems to be of this world.

To me, said my *Indian*, these *Quakers*, as you call them, seem the *Bedlamites* of religion, and their meeting, *Bedlam*, where all that are freakish and mad come together: Do but consider when we were at *Bedlam*, what odd objects we saw there: True said I, and here I see fully as fantastical and whimsical; and I wonder none of their *lights within* mov'd them to set *Oliver's* porter at liberty, since he was thoroughly qualify'd to speak in their congregations. What can be a more pleasant amusement than that old fellow that speaks now: His crop-ear'd hair and frizzled short round forehead, two great goggle eyes like two fish-ponds, and his high thin nose which, like a narrow *Isthmus*, hinders them from joining together; his skinny, flabby, hollow cheeks, that like a piece of half-tann'd leather, is drawn over his jaw-bones, while his thin lips and wide mouth stretch open to let forth the light within, in a hollow unmusical tone, and shew his toothless gums with here and there a straggling stump, that promise us, *however he barks, he cannot bite*; his mountain back overlooks his head, and seems to anticipate the wish of the cursed at the last day, *for the mountains to fall on him and cover him*; with his long scraggy arms, and lean hand and fingers, with which he so belabours the rail on which he leans. His belly is the counter-part of his back, and seems to poise the machine, and keep it in *equilibrium* on his cat-stick legs; but what amusement he finds in harassing his worn-out carcase in this manner, I know not; unless it be a madness he cannot help, and in madness, they say, there is a pleasure *which none but madmen know*.

But now there rises up a monster of another kind; and sure he must have a large share of the *spirit* to inform that *quagmire of the flesh*. His head is as big as *Gogmagog's* in *Guildhall*, and his face not behind the sign of the *Saracen's*, only his eyes are so diminutive, that one wou'd think them retired to behold the *light within*; for what with his large beetle brows, which like a pent-house over-shadow them, and the agitation of the *spirit*, one wou'd think him groping in the dark without any at all. His cheeks are like two blown

bladders, and a trumpeter's seem no more to him than a puppet's: His ruddy carbuncled nose seems as if he suck'd his *inspiration* from *Bacchus* more than the *bible*; and we may at best suppose him drunk with the *spirit*, and now dissemboguing on the *brothers* and *sisters*; and when the *spewing fit* is over, he'll sit down to take a nod: His mill-post legs are well-adapted for the load of his body, which looks like an *Atlas* able to support the spheres, but that he is never like to bring his shoulders near enough to so heavenly a burden; like Sir *John Falstaff*, he is not made for mounting, but must have a strange alacrity in sinking; the noise he makes is as particular as his person, and no more to be understood than his religion; 'tis perfectly the language of the beast, and, as well as the *Apocalypse*, wants *Jeureux* for an interpreter. But this, like a great many other *amusements*, consists more in noise and shew, than sense.

But who have we here lifted up by the spirit? Tho' I fear 'tis such a kind of spirit as set our Saviour on the top of the pinnacle: A brisk dapper spark, and if I mistake not, a taylor; he might be chose king of the *pigmies*, and in a second war with the *cranes*, might prove as notable a conqueror, as Monsieur *Boufflers*, or any of the *French* bullies and hectors: A sharp nose, a quick eye, a high forehead, meagre looks, a shrill voice, and a voluble tongue, distinguishes him. He'll out-talk a *Frenchwoman*, and out-blunder an *Irishman*, or *Teaguelander's* understanding; *Scots* honesty, a *Dutchman's* temperance, an *Italian's* chastity, are his peculiar qualifications; yet he's as solemn on the *first-day*, and speaks as often as an old midwife at a christening. But like a cracker, he makes a noise, and splutters a little while, then with a bounce flinks and goes out.

But what have we here, old mother *Shipton* of the second edition, with amendments; A close black hood over a pinch'd coif, a little low wrinkled forehead, so deeply ploughed with age, that the furrows, if plac'd beneath her eyes and nose, as above them, would be very convenient conveyances for the liquids that continually flow from her blear eyes and dropping nostrils;

nostrils; which with her hollow cheeks, pale fallow complexion, nut-cracker chin, that almost meets her nose, paralytick motion of the head, which keeps pace with her tongue, and gives much advantage to the *shivering of the Spirit*, makes a compleat *she-preacher*, fit to denounce *hell* and the *devil*; but for joys and rewards, and the like, she looks them out of countenance. Nay, says my *Indian* friend, if the womens tongues begin to run, 'tis time for us to seek another amusement.

I took him at his word, and quitted this house of *Dagon*, where a poet can have no more to do than a painter. We jogg'd on to our next adventure; only by the way, I ventur'd to draw this character of the sect.

They would be thought the *only people of God*; tho' their chief motive to that impudent ambition is, that they may claim the right of *pillaging* and *cheating* all the world besides, as *Egyptians*. They are a sort of *Jews*, and not only *trade* and *fornicate* among themselves, but *marry* likewise in their own *tribe*: But I beg your pardon for talking of *matrimony*; theirs is only *whoring* with a witness, while the whole congregation set their hands to the bargain. They won't swear, because they may chance to get by that. A *long cravat* or *wig* in a man, or *high topping* and *lace* in a woman, they abominate as ensigns of vanity; but they will wear the best favours and richest silks, use the leather convenience, and be prouder in their plainness, than the haughtiest lady at court in their embroideries and jewels. Their religion indeed seems chiefly in their clothes, and so they have more need of *taylors* than *teachers*: For, *they are a congregation without teachers; a church without sacraments; a religion without worship; formality without meaning; men without manners, and Christians without baptism.*

The BAWDY-HOUSE.

IT is an old and approved observation of those jolly fellows who spend much time in the contemplation of *Bacchus*, and are acquainted with the laudable records

records of the *bottle*, that generally in discourse, after religion comes *bawdy*; and so it happens here: For after so large an *amusement* of the *spirit*, we accidentally also tumbled into an *amusement* of the *flesh*; for passing from the *spiritual bawdy-houses*, betray'd by the hypocritical sign of a coffee-house, we fell into a *car-nal* one.

The *Egyptians*, who were the first authors of human religion, never suffer'd any one to be made a priest, till he were initiated in the rites of *Priapus*: and the *Roman* church will admit no Pope, till the *Prophery* chair has confirm'd his manhood: So great an affinity have the ancient and modern *idolaters* made betwixt the *pulpit* and the *brothel*. In other countries, nearest the chief churches and topping monasteries, you find establish'd *bawdy-houses*; and in the very seat of *St. Peter*, we know 'em settled by authority of state; and the same is done in the political state of *Venice*, the arbitrary state of *Florence*, and almost all towns and cities of *Italy*: But here, under the purer state of *reformation*, *bawdy-houses* are fain to go in disguise; *Coffee to be sold*, or *fine Spanish chocolate* invite you in, when in reality they sell only *Ratiffa*, *Rosa Solis*, *Geneva*, and such odd sort of liquor, fit to inflame the reckoning, and fire the blood; while the *secret commodities* of the place are ready in the warehouses, to cool one inflammation, and give a greater; like true tinkers, stopping one hole in a kettle, to make two.

Being warm with our *spiritual amusement*, we fell into one of these receptacles of sinners, with a design to drink a dish of *Bohea* or *Coffee*, or at most not to exceed the debauch of a pennyworth of *cold Nants*. We were no sooner entered, but such a tun of female fat saluted us, that the very sight was an *amusement*. The reverend matron of the place saluted us, very civilly, tho' with this very odd appearance: Her face was broader than the full moon, and as shining; but it was with sweat or pomatum, not light: Her grey, or rather silver locks, were cover'd most curiously with powder, whose straggling hairs reach'd almost down to her eye-brows; something of a forehead there was, but all drawn over with the footsteps
of

of wrinkles, which the fat had driven thence, and so they look'd like seams of wounds, which mingled with pock-holes made an agreeable mixture over her face; which, with those and the large scars, was made incapable of being clean; so that the dirt, and fallow complexion, gave her a phyz most surprizing: Her neck look'd like rolls of collar'd pig, and her bubbies like a quagmire, ready to over-run the brink, or like a hasty-pudding o'er-looking the dish; an ell and three quarters could not measure her from side to side, and she was no longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: She was spherical like a globe; but, I must needs say, very complaisant.

My *Indian* starts back as if he had met with a rattlesnake, or some other noxious animal dangerous to human life: And indeed he was not much mistaken, the sting she produces being almost as fatal. We ask'd for a dish of *Bohea*. She reply'd, she had none. We then desir'd a dish of *Coffee*. That was a Pagan liquor, and not to be admitted within her dominion. We then desir'd some true *Nants*. That was a *French* commodity, and she was not for encouraging the manufacture of an enemy's country; but if we would please to sit down, she had good *Rosa Solis*, *Ratifa*, *Mead*, *Cyder*, *Geneva* or *Wine*, she could help us to, if we requir'd it. Inquiring if she dealt in no other liquors, she gave a stamp with her foot, and came up one ten times uglier than she:-----*Run*, cries she, *fetch Betty Thompson hither presently, and her bed-fellow with her*.-----Repeating our demand, not minding what she said to her female *Mercury*, she reply'd, That she had sent out for as good as any this noble city afforded, pretty, plump, sound, easy, gay, and a thousand qualities which most trades give to commodities they have a mind to dispose of. I should think, says I to my *Indian*, we are unawares fallen into a *baudy-house*, were there not so many *momento's* of mortality here, as are sufficient to banish lechery from the most vigorous. But however, this is likewise an *amusement*, and therefore give us a quartern of *Gin*. Down we sat, the quartern was soon evacuated, another fill'd without calling for, and another, when enter two tawdry whores, brisk, gay,

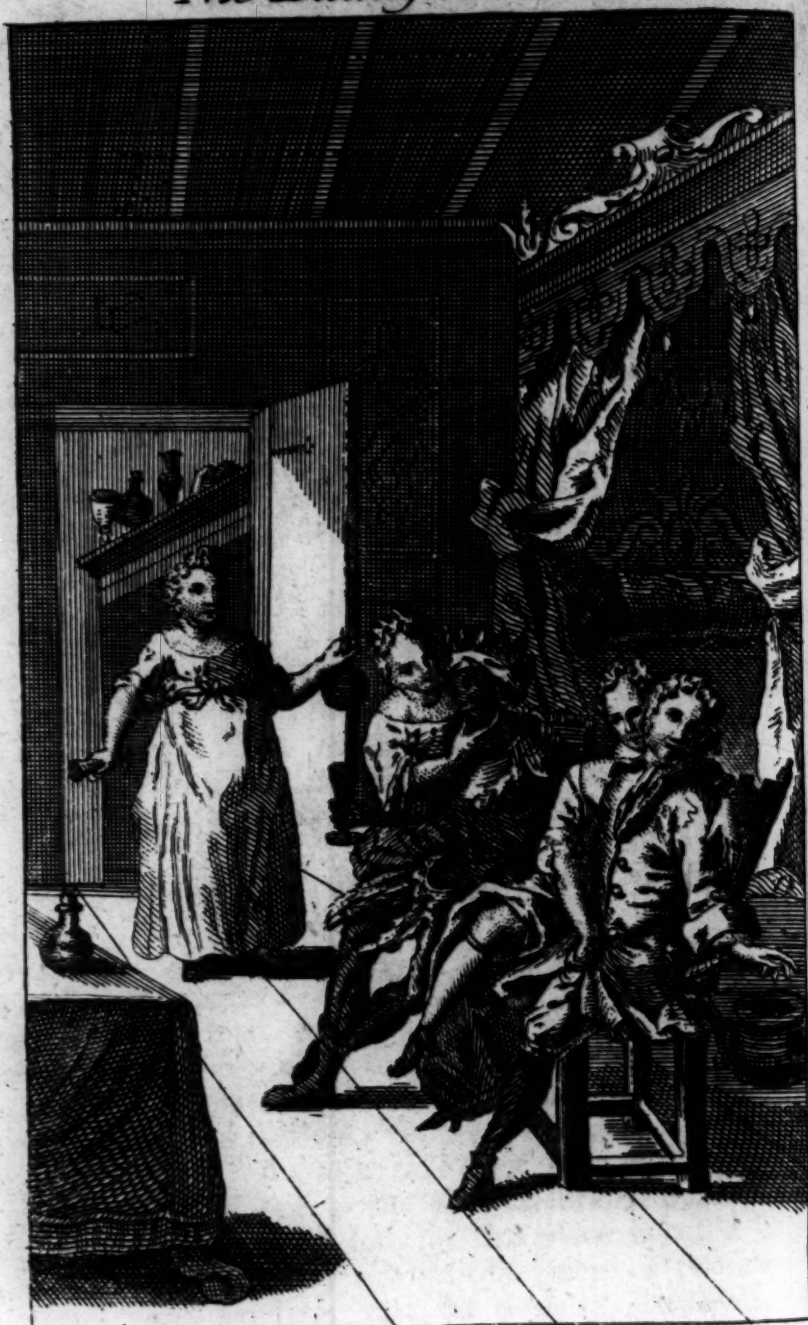
and awkward, with sickly, smiling countenances, flatly dress, and dirty shoes. The familiar doxies threw themselves immediately each in one of our laps, hands about our necks, and lips to lips, before we knew where we were; and if they had not given this alarm, other parts had been invaded before we could be on the defensive: *My dear, sha'n't we have a quartern of Rattia?* says one: *My pretty rogue, sha'n't we have a betty of wine?* says t'other.

But the *bawd* finding we did not like the ladies, tipp'd them the wink, and sent her grizly messenger for others of the same gang; excuses herself, that the damned jades had been drunk all night, and not fit for company, but assur'd us the black one had been a celebrated beauty, a parson's daughter, and a taylor's wife, but was debauched by a young ensign of the guards, who leaving her, she was expos'd to the town, but not above half a year; when the whore has pass'd all her degrees these seven years, and was ready to commence *bawd* the first coffee-house that was empty, and the first cull she could get to furnish her with tables, chairs, a table-bed, two quartern pots, and about half a crown's worth of the infernal liquors they deal in.

What place, says my *Indian*, is this you have brought me to? Is it another *Bedlam*? All the people I have lately seen are mad, some one way, some another; every house has its peculiar frenzy. True, said I; for the *Bedlam* you saw in *Moorfields* is but the representative *epitome* of this town; for we are all *mad*, tho' in different manners: But as to this place, I must tell you it is the picture of one of the very celebrated parts of *hell*; the great awkward lady of this place is call'd a *bawd*, who is generally a worn-out whore of twenty or thirty years standing, and she deals in *damnation*, and so is truly a factor for the *devil*. This is the place of *battle*, whereas the *meetings* we saw are only the place of *challenge*: There the people meet, and agree the bargain; here they put it in execution: The *bawd*, like the hangman and the physician, lives by the sins of the people. Though she has generally *The Practice of Piety* in her window, yet she knows of no religion



The Baudy House.



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religion but short quarterns, and easy bubbles; and as she thinks little of *heaven*, so she dreads no *hell* like justice -----, the beadle, or an informer. *She is the informer's slave, the whore's tyrant, the tallyman's estate, the surgeon's benefactor, the shipwreck of city premitices, the favourite of lords and courtiers, and the abhorrence of all good men.*

While I was making this harangue, two jolly *bonaroba's* slipt in, and march'd directly up stairs, the *bawd* after them, and the messenger all in a streaking sweat, down the stairs into the *Sodomite* cellar. Madam soon comes down the stairs, puts on a thousand awkward grimaces of good humour, and vows, because we look'd like gentlemen, she had prevail'd with two intimate friends of hers, ladies of figure, both kept, one by a rich city druggist, and the other by a zealous saint of -----, and that to oblige her only they came to her; that she doubted not but we would be generous, and desir'd us to walk up stairs. But my *Indian* and I, sick of the nauseous follies of the place, paid madam for what we had drank, and made haste out of her enchanted castle, for fear of some of her bravoës resentment of our disappointing both the *whores* and the *bawd's* expectations.

In the *Indies*, says my *Indian*, it is no shame for the young women, before their marriage, to make use of their own; but then it is not in this manner traffick'd for by *brokers* and *goers-between*, who put an extortion on the pleasure, and cheat both the purchaser and seller. Are these places common?

Why truly, said I, this town is pretty well stor'd, but much less than formerly; for since liberty of conscience, every meeting-house is a rendezvous, and now every tavern a bawdy-house, every drawer and porter a pimp, and the whores get more by it, and the cullies are less cheated in their liquors and prices. Not but that there are some *bawds* of figure, which make a pretty hand of it among the ladies, and men of figure. Mrs. ---- has her visiting-day, where all assignations are managed without noise or notice. My lady ----- has hers to the same purpose, and on other days can furnish a convenient

nient apartment for lovers to dispute in, and yet keep their reputation; for tho' they are known to live by nothing, or little else, yet the ladies and gentlemen of figure having both, one time or other, occasion to make use of them, they slip over any false step, that for want of good conduct happens to make a noise; as when ----- chanc'd to have his wife dogg'd to my la-- and follow'd her, being acquainted with the rooms, tho' assur'd his wife was not there, goes up directly, and finds his lady in a very suspicious posture with ----- But the matter was hush'd up, and the next *visiting-day* not a person thinner than usual.

There are places of reception of better figure than the quarters we fell into, where you may bring your lady, and have a bed and entertainment from half a piece to twenty guineas; for some men are so fond of those *amusements*, that they spare no cost to advance them.

Upon Old Man's and Young Man's Coffee-Houses.

MY friendly *American*, and your humble servant, having left *Temple-Bar* to West and by South, we bore away directly for the palace of *St. James*; but happening to encounter the church of *St. Clement Danes* by the way, the numerous beauties that throng'd thither put my companion into an excellent humour: he demanded of me, with a pleasant impatience, what place that might be which entertain'd such good company? I told him, 'twas a structure sacred to the majesty of heaven. He reply'd very smartly, that he thought it heaven itself, since so many angels attended there, and bless'd it with their presence. I smil'd at his notion, but desir'd him not to be too rash in his opinion; for those very numerical ladies, that were the objects of his pleasure, had not half so much of saints in their constitution as he imagin'd. Observe, says I, giving him no time to make answer, there's serjeant *Blunder's* lady in the gallery, who never was civil to her husband, or disobliging to any body else; my lord *Dorset* certainly
drew

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drew this lady's picture, when he express'd himself to this purpose :

*Nature, in pity to our pain,
And with design to ease us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless will to please us.*

This discerning fair one, continues I, knows the complexion, age and country of a young fellow in the dark, by the touch, as well as her husband distinguishes mutton by the taste, tho' he has been, man and boy, this forty years member of the honourable society. There's madam *Flexible* too, a great railer at the times; she heartily laments so much Christian blood should be shed abroad, when she knows how to dispose of it to a much better purpose at home. Of all the products of your country she likes chocolate the best, because 'tis indulgent to lovers : Of all virtues she declares for charity, but the young and handsome are the only subjects of her compassion; and she never maintains any person in idleness; such only who work very vigorously are sensible of her munificence. In short, her husband would have been as rich as any gentleman of the long robe, if this itch of liberality had not affected his dear partner. Tho' after all, some persons think it very reasonable, that what one got by his head, the other should spend by her tail.

*Their care and pains the fair ones do bestow,
Not to please God above, but man below :
Who think them saints are damnably mistook,
They're only saints and angels in their look.*

The spirit of poetry hath took possession of me, and without giving my friend and fellow-traveller the opportunity of interfering, I proceeded :

*The ladies here their lovers hearts
By their devotion win :
Tho' all is rock and stone without,
Yet all is soft within.*

The

The character given of these fair hypocrites frighten'd my sun-burnt innocent, and he tumbled down the stately portico, as nimbly as a woman of the town jumps into a hackney-coach. I stretch'd myself a little to recover the fugitive, and having reduc'd him to reason, we continued our journey very lovingly together. The rattling of coaches, the spaciousness of the road, the pertness of the company we met with upon the way, the magnificent equipages, the richness of the garniture, and the pleasure that appeared in every body's face, put me into the same sort of chagrin that perplex'd my *Spanish* friend and old acquaintance *Don Quevedo*; the humour took me in the head that I was directly bound for the devil; that this broad and open way was the road of perdition; and those little blind alleys I pass'd by, were the defiles that lead to paradise. I had read that ingenious author a little before, and his diverting notions had made a very deep impression upon my judgment, when melancholy and some malicious vapours agreed to render me whimsical. Under these dreadful apprehensions I trudg'd on a pretty way, without communicating my thoughts to my swarthy attendant that was to come in for his share of the adventure. But on a sudden spying the Reverend Dr. Fr-----, successor of the eloquent bishop *Patrick*, walking very gracefully before me; oh, thinks I to myself, 'tis well enough, 'tis morally impossible for me to be in the paths that descend to the gates of destruction, since that venerable, orthodox, and worthy divine, takes the same road, and steers in the same latitude; his charity is conspicuous, his piety notorious, and his conversation humble: He practises the austerities, hardships and penance of an anchorite; he denies himself the good things of this world; he is resolv'd that he and his house will serve the Lord; fasting and praying are the great duties of religion, and he and his effectually perform these duties: He prays, and his family fasts; and betwixt the reverend Seer, and the Sons of the Prophet, they exactly comply with the letter and intention of the text. I had no sooner hit upon this notion, but my senses clear'd up, and I was as gay as a priest that has satisfied his revenge: We immediately found ourselves near the statue on horseback of the late Royal Martyr;

I pull'd off my hat as I pass'd by the image of the injur'd Majesty, when an old acquaintance of mine, whose family had severely suffer'd in our late unhappy dissensions, accosted me, and was very inquisitive to know the cause of that unusual action. He told me if I design'd some ecclesiastical preferment by that piece of condiscension, I was very much mistaken: That it was as hard to obtain a commission to act in the church as in the army, unless the Ready prepar'd the way. That paying my respect to the statue of that departed Monarch, was to as little purpose as *Diogenes* begging of a statue: That it was well for the reverend bust itself, that it stood in the sacred limits of the verge, otherwise the creditors of the son might have made bold with the father in execution. As I was attentive to this discourse, a rascally slave of a chairman takes me upon the northside of my outward man with one of the poles of his leathern convenience, and afterwards cautiously bawls out with a surly tone, *By your leave, Sir*. Not at all pleas'd with this compliment, and desiring no more of his civilities, I brush'd off as fast as I could, when *Young Man's Coffee-house* threw itself in my way, and very kindly offer'd its protection. I acquiesced there, knowing myself secure from more dangers than one, and immediately upon my entrance mounted the stairs, and mingled my person with the knights of the round table, who hazard three months revenue at a single cast, and run the risk whether they shall be luxurious one week, or starve in a garret for a dozen. Their weapons, if not themselves, were much ancients than the institutions of king *Arthur*: We read of chess invented by *Palamedes* at the siege of *Troy*; and, without dispute, dice ow'd their extraction to a more veteran original; for 'tis very credible the prince of the air might be the ingenious author of these moveables, and imparted the invention to divert his profelytes, when the fumes of melancholy or wine set them on the stool of repentance. From these instances 'tis evident, that gaming is of venerable antiquity, tho' the modern way of practising it is a little unaccountable. We were scarce enter'd the room, when a volley of oaths saluted us. One blasphem'd heaven; but this was a little *French* lieutenant, who had the ill-fortune to lose his

his own money, and the private collection made by some charitable persons for the relief of the brethren. Another curs'd himself, and a third his wife, who, it seems, had intreated him not to play that morning: The second of these gentlemen was much in the wrong, and the last can as little be justified; for 'twas damnable unreasonable in the husband to give his wife to the devil, who has used all her utmost endeavours to send him to heaven.

The surprizing entertainments bred such confusions in my stranger, that sometimes he imagin'd 'twas his ill-luck to have hit upon a rendezvous of madmen; at other moments he was perswaded to believe that he had mistook his way, and fallen into the bottomless pit: The small experience he had in the world assisted to amuse him; and he could not imagine that this house of curses, imprecations, and gnashing of teeth, could be any other than some parlour or drawing-room belonging to his infernal majesty. I guess'd at his disease, by the change of his complexion; and to convince him of his error, acquainted him that these were military men, who got their money easily, and parted from it with as great freedom. Upon this he very gravely inquir'd, what I meant by military-men? and what profession those gentlemen were of? I reply'd, by military-men I meant soldiers canton'd into several troops and companies, consisting of several individual persons, kept constantly in pay by the state, to be useful in action, and burthenfome in peace; to meet with applauses upon view of danger, and affronts when the consternation is over. In brief, I intend men whose business was fighting in bad times, and who had leisure to starve in good, or take a turn to the *West-Indies*, to find them employment, and season them, by change of climate, against another occasion. My *American* reply'd, he did not doubt their courage, but must needs be of opinion, that those gentlemen, as I call'd them, must of consequence be free enough of their persons, who were so prodigal of their souls (for my spark, you must understand, had made shift to learn something from his marine chaplain by the way, besides the art of composing a bowl of punch). But pray, says my friend, are not these well-dress'd

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dress'd gentlemen, who make so good an appearance, very rich? I let him know 'twas an argument he understood mankind very little, when he drew inferences from their dress: That the soldier, in opposition to the tradesman, (who generally provides the Ready for his holiday-clothes) is always poorest when he makes the best shew; what they wear outwardly, they want in linings; and if his curiosity induc'd him to know the exposition of the riddle, he might inquire at the horse-guard's, at the agent's office, or of the undertakers for the army. Tired with these sceries of folly and extravagance, we convey'd ourselves down stairs, in order to find something more entertaining; the company was numerous, and consisted of as much diversity, and as many humours, as the Calves-head Club; some were reading news, others discoursing on politicks, and a third sort of people smoaking tobacco. At the upper end of a long table sat a little diminutive gentleman, to whom several persons in much better habit, and more resembling the divine image than himself, paid a great deal of respect. *Bless me, says I, what have we got here, the natural issue of some insolent dame who had doted on a baboon, and entertain'd herself with the caresses of that agreeable animal?* Here the whirlpool of poetry suck'd me in, and I fell a rhiming without farther ceremony:

*Fond Isra'l after brazen idols worb'd,
 Egyptian Meroe a cat ador'd,
 Fishes and dogs her impious zeal implor'd.
 No superstition surely cou'd allow
 Respect to thee; and none but we cou'd bow
 To such a brazen, peevish cur as thou.*

Whenever deformity has a mind to expose herself undress'd, she needs no other ill figure to appear in: Providence consulted for the good of mankind, when so treacherous a soul was permitted to infuse itself in so crooked a receptacle; for had his person been agreeable, and not obstructed the infidelities of his mind, he might have ruin'd more honest fellows in red, than the payment of their debts, a long and lax peace, or a disbanding parliament. I express'd myself a little louder than

was

was necessary, and being taken notice of by some that sat next me, I resolv'd to be no more a martyr to my *chiming*, than *Wit at Will's* would be to his *religion*: So briefly deposited my copper at the bar, whilst Mrs. *Man* was pledging an *Irish* colonel in *Usquebaugh*, and vanish'd out of the coffee-room, as quick as an enchanted supper flies from a fancy clerk that he has the ill manners to say grace to it. As I was crossing the way to wait upon a person of quality at *Old Man's*, my fellow-traveller accosted me very gravely; That a soldier's way of life was unaccountable; That he had heard among the priests of his own country, there were two *eternal beings* opposite in their *nature*, and vastly different in their *qualities* and *attributes*; the one indulgent and merciful, replete with infinite wisdom and goodness; the other of a disposition cruel, malicious and revengeful; That he could not but imagine, if there were any truth in these traditions, that the military orders proceeded from the *black* and *ill-natur'd Deity*, which through fear is worshipp'd by his superstitious countrymen. He added, it seem'd inconsistent with the design of the creation, that one part of it should be bred up in blood, train'd and educated to destroy the other, and make havock of the noblest of all sublunary beings. I could not but be pleas'd with his theology, yet told him, Those *formidable fellows* (pointing at the *double creatures over the way*) dress'd with all the equipage of murder, were not half so good at execution, as the *gentlemen* of the college; That the sound of their mortars in an apothecary's shop, was as sure a presage of a *funeral*, as a *passing-bell* in the times of superstition and ignorance: That some *philosophical inquiries*, after the *cause* and *cure* of the *diseases*, by a single member of a *worthy* and *judicious society*, had dismiss'd a greater number of wretches from the afflictions of this miserable world in a year, than e'er a *hoary-headed red-coat* in all the rencounters of his life.

We popt into *Old Man's* just as I had ended my morality, where the agreeableness of the company, the magnificence of their dress, and the ceremony that was us'd on all occasions, entertain'd my fellow-traveller with very diverting ideas: He observ'd the word

honour

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honour to be mix'd in all their solemn assertions, and softly demanded what *God* that might be, whose name was mention'd with such a religious deference? *Honour*, I return'd, was a *Deity* which only *ladies* and *gentlemen* paid their respects to; the one, when they sacrific'd their pleasure to their fame; and the other, when in ridiculous *duels* they ventured life to maintain a *barren reputation*. 'Tis true, all orders and distinctions of men, pretend a reverence for this *whimsical phantom*, which exists only in imagination: But to give you a clearer notion, how far their actions are agreeable to their words, I believe we have no more to do, than to reflect upon what those gentlemen in the corner are doing: We observ'd there a *colonel* and his *agent*, upon whom a pretty brisk youth of about seventeen attended at three or four yards distance in the rear, and made his honours upon every occasion, (we happen'd to place ourselves very near) and immediately the *agent* express'd himself as follows: "This young gentleman has a particular regard for your honour, and a desire to learn the art of war under so experienc'd an officer: 'Tis true, he can't boast any antiquity of blood, or service in the army, to recommend him to so considerable a post as that of ensign to your honour; but, Sir, he has deposited an hundred guineas in the hands of Sir *Francis Child*, which, I presume, will plead his merit very weightily; besides an acknowledgment to your humble servant." The favour was granted, and the young beau dismiss'd to his satisfaction. My *Indian* flung out of the room in a passion, for by this time he understood something of these military intrigues, and wonder'd how mankind could be so insensible as to pay for ruin, he affirm'd that blood and money was too much; that he had often heard of persons willing to buy life, even with the basest articles, but never knew of any so mad before, to purchase death upon the lowest consideration.

By this time we were come to the *Admiralty-Office*; the outside invited us in, but here we found only a company of tarrs walking too and fro with their hands in their pockets, as on the quarter-deck aboard; in one room there was a company of lieutenants, some had
serv'd

serv'd twenty-years without being rais'd, because they either knew not how to bribe in the right place, or were so tenacious of what they had so hardly purchas'd, that their only hopes were now *half-pay*, or *superannuation*. In another place were seamens wives with petitions, and pressing deputy *B*——, who was as surly to them, as a *true whig* in office; but tho' he demanded no fee, he could be mollify'd by a little *fellow-feeling*, that like a sop to *Cerberus*, let petitions and men pass too: Then you fall in betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, the clerks on one side, and sea-captains on the other; where cowards that have lost one ship, easily get another; and men of valour, without interest, wait in vain for preferment, from those who dispose of what they do not understand; for here the *land* determines of the *main*, and he that never saw the *Northforeland*, disposes of things, as if he knew all the creeks and bays, shelves, sands and nations of the universe.

But *Mum's* the word — for who would speak their mind among tarrs and commissioners: for the cracking their shell, is too hard an *amusement* for my teeth. So my *Indian* and I pass'd hastily out, and made our way over the *parade* towards *Westminster*; when we had pass'd the *Horse-guards*, and enter'd the odoriferous park of *St. James's*, we found it *high change* on the *parade*, red-coats and laced-hats spread every where, and faces that breath'd fire and blood were all about us; some were eager and walk'd fast; others were grave, and look'd as if they thought: Here is decided the price of commissions, which are openly bought and sold, as if a lawful merchandize. Here sieges are form'd, battles fought, victories won. Here *Irish*, *Scots* and *English* meet very amicably, make a buz, and contend in nonsense: Here you may hear all this general's miscarriages fully accounted for; that general's success magnify'd and describ'd; that colonel damn'd for being put over this captain's head; that agent curs'd for tricking the regiment out of their pay, or by raising such contributions with the colonel's connivance, that estates are now got at this end of the town, as well as by *Stock-jobbing* in the city. Here honest *Pain* and *Potter*, and divers others of that fraternity, take their mid-days perambulation,

lation, to agree with the spendthrift officers, for advancing their money at 30 *per cent.* Here walks a tall *Irishman*, with abundance of thoughtful gravity in his face, who had spent his estate, and now lives on women; and what is more preposterous, sets up for a *wit*, the oddest ambition that ever was in nature; for *wit* was never yet the growth of that country.

We as naturally went from *Man's Coffee-house* to the *parade*, as a coachman drives from *Locker's* to the *play-house*. Tho' the scene was changed, the actors were the same as to their *profession*, but infinitely different in their *character, degress, and circumstances*. The first gentleman I happen'd to cast my eyes upon, was my old friend and fellow-collegian, honest *Bartholomew Cringo*. I wonder'd who in the Devil's name had equipt him with a wig large enough to load a camel. If nature had indulg'd our primitive parents with such an extraordinary production, they would have had little reason to have blush'd at, or been asham'd of their nakedness; and the original of that *virtuous profession, mantua-making*, our good grandmother *Eve* might have sav'd herself a great deal of trouble in tacking together her *primitive green petticoat and waistcoat*. His sword in length resembled a footman's who asserts the reputation of his mistress, which for divers good causes and reasons, he is very nearly concern'd in. His coat was as blue as the sky; and his hat boldly erected its fable penthouse, to play with greater vivacity on the ruddy complexion of its owner. I considered him with the strictest attention, and could hardly give credit to the informers of my mind, when my spark, to end the *amusement*, accosted me in a very obliging manner. Says he, dear friend *Tam*, you're surpriz'd to find your old friend in this place and habit. I wear this dress and garniture, as the emblems of my militant capacity. I have the honour to perform the duties of my office under the protection of that worthy gentleman lieutenant general —, in the quality of chaplain to his regiment of horse; and faith, dear *Tam*, to be plain with you, I was looking for such a pleasant companion as yourself, to whom a man might unbosom a few secrets, which are a little hard of digestion. We've had

many a smart touch together; and to deal sincerely, what betwixt my respects to his excellency, and some necessary punctilio's to the cassock, I am become as melancholy as a statesman debarr'd from doing mischief, or a bawd in a *Bridewell*. If you'll do me the favour to contribute your assistance, in order to expel these splenetick vapours, your old acquaintance, a bit to eat, a bottle of wine expect you at *Shuttleworth's*, where I know you have courage enough to come, tho' the devil appears upon the sign-post. I told him, I kiss'd his hand with all imaginable respect; that I would not fail to oblige myself and him with the interview he propos'd, as soon as I had treated my sunburnt friend with a view of some rarities in the *park*, who I design'd with his good leave, should share in the Entertainment. We immediately parted; the *canonical cavalier* to the tavern, and my *American pupil*, with his instructor, toward the canal, where once the centinels and gladiators, with equal concern, guarded her majesty's subjects of the feather'd generation.

I was as gay and pleasant, in expectation of the promis'd regalement, as that reverend judge *Don Sancho* would have been after a plentiful collation. I met with several *amusements*, during three or four turns I made that augmented the pleasure which possess'd me. My fellow-traveller demanded what officer that might be, who was so kind to desire our company at dinner? An officer, quoth I! not a jot of an officer, or a soldier that I know of: He is indeed a sort of an *ecclesiastical drum-major*, that calls the military herd to battle, penance, or fasting, when the general thinks convenient to fight, or the want of provisions makes an humiliation important or necessary. Indeed to do the man justice, he does not much delight in fasting; he looks upon that as a qualification fitter for a bishop, such as the reverend Dr. K——n, than the chaplain of a regiment, who ought in conscience to give a good example to the soldiers. Turning about to see what o'clock 'twas, in order to make good my assignation, I had almost tumbled over a young gentlewoman, who was marching off the parade, with a colonel; the surgeon of his battalion follow'd close in the rear, who
was.

was ready to give an authentic certificate, to all whom it might concern, of her ladyship's being in good health, and that his honour had no more reason to apprehend any danger of fire from her, than he had formerly from the combatants of *Steinkirk* or *Landen*; who being a quarrellsome sort of people, this gentleman most cautiously avoided their conversation, and always had the good fortune to be sick, or in garrison, at the critical time of any dangerous rencounter. But whatever objections the malicious might raise against his courage, he had the good fortune of shewing his manhood to the ladies; and without dispute, he was infinitely in the right on't, since the work of generation is much more glorious than that of privation, extinguishing life, or honourable murder. My *Indian* friend ask'd me, Whether this was not another *Exchange*? The question was to the purpose, and I frankly return'd, The *parade* might properly be call'd an *Exchange*, or a market, for every thing here was venal; ready money, or a handsome sifter, were never-failing presents, if a man had an intent to purchase a commission; That good friends, and a large stock of assurance, sometimes admitted the soldier to preferment; but courage, long service, or true merit, very rarely. The colonel here sells his honour, the agent his conscience, and every thing bears a price but virtue. Shou'd the *God of War* serve under these gentlemen, I question whether he wou'd arrive to the dignity of a serjeant, unless his mistress the *Queen of Love*, or the more prevailing picture of her majesty, introduc'd him. Observe that little gentleman upon the right hand; his business is to state accounts of the army; and it turns very well to his own: If a young widow wants the arrears of her husband, and imagines in respect to the dead, or compassion to the living, she shall be honourably dealt with, such persons will find themselves damnably mistaken: No, there's another way to go to work; the lady must take a tour as far as *Knightbridge* or *Kensington*, stop may be at the *World's-end*, or the *Swan*, offer my spark a small treat, when upon examining her affairs at night, 'tis a hundred to one but he does her business in the morning. Tho' my stomach gave me warning, I trespass'd upon good manners, in
 permitting

permitting my friend to be so long alone, or entertain'd with no better company than what the mistress of the hospitable tenement where he resided, could afford him : Yet before I repaired to my fellow-collegian, I could not forbear making this poetical reflection :

*The Colonels here in solemn manner meet,
Not with a full design the French to beat,
But to consult where they may nicely eat,
What trusting mortals sell the noblest wine,
Where free from duns, they may securely dine.*

We walk'd thro' the Horse-guards ; I call'd to mind the happiness of those serene times, when the troops of the household, instead of being transported to foreign countries, guarded the royal poultry with great care and application ; when these generous knights errants presided over the converse of sighing lovers, and protected their nocturnal amours from violence and injuries. This was the *Golden Age*, unless preceding *æra's* claim that venerable title, when even the guards themselves were unknown, unthought of ; when majesty had no other defence, than the love and piety of their subjects.

*Tyrant and traitor then were names unknown,
Nor guards secur'd, nor fears disturb'd a throne :
Then kings enjoy'd a long and happy reign,
And slept as quiet as the meanest swain ;
Honour'd and old, to death did gently bend,
And without blood to Proserpine descend.*

This martial amusement did not long detain us, but we pass'd through, and made our way for the *Abbey of Westminster* ; where we taking a solitary walk, my *Indian* seem'd pleas'd with the solemnity of the place, which struck a sort of sacred horror into us, and inspir'd an unsought devotion to the deity it was erected to.

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

IT being prayer time, we *amus'd* ourselves with viewing the glorious circumstances of the dead ; on which my *Indian* friend made many moral reflexions, as on the foolish vanity of men, in extending their folly beyond this life. *Pride*, that was their vice while living, will not forsake them in the grave, they making that the lasting monument of it. Flattering inscriptions and marble monuments they have refuge to, when they want soul to recommend themselves to posterity by their good and generous actions. In the north isle we found a remarkable instance of *modesty*, while over the immortal *Ben. Johnson* there was only on a plain little stone inscrib'd, *O rare Ben. Johnson !* But whether this were the effect of the avarice of his friends, or their confidence in his admirable works, or his own modesty, I shall not determine. Overlooking the other pieces of this nature on this side, except that of *Harry Purcell*, the memory of whose harmony held us a little, we pass'd on to the other side, where one thing was remarkable ; for on a woman's monument we found an inscription in *Greek, Hebrew, and Æthiopick*, as if by the multiplicity of the figures they wou'd express the volubility of that of the sex in one : And that of *Fairbon* in *English* set up by his pious wife, in order to get her a second husband, the comforts of a second marriage being the surest to a widow for the loss of a first husband. Casting our eyes forward, *Tom of ten Thousand* intercepts our sight, a mournful instance of a *martyr of love*. Tho' we could not but stop at the tomb of a judge his neighbour, and wonder at his assurance, in telling us of his hopes of a resurrection, when he must pass the fiery trial of the judgment upon it, where he'll stand as a *culprit*, not in *statu quo* : He had certainly forgot how many bad causes he had defended, before he could come to sleep over the cause he was to determine ; and how many times he had judged by his own passions, or interest, or affections, more than by the law.

The next that drew our eyes, for the admirable-
ness of the work, as well as the character of the man,
was the famous Dr. *Busby* of *flogging memory*; his in-
scription tells us how many he had bred to the bench and
the board; but some have been apt to think, he had bet-
ter have employ'd his time in teaching them *honesty* and
understanding, than *Latin* and *Greek*; it had been better
for the state at least, if not for themselves. His pupils,
when they come by, look as pale as his marble, in remem-
brance of his severe execution on their posteriors.

From him we easily pass'd to the poets his neighbours;
the first, old *Abraham Cowley*, salutes us with an epitaph
and inscription of equal truth, truly poetical indeed, as
all *Mat. Clifford's* fictions; for he was no more the
Horace, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. of *England*, than the mo-
nument was of his grace of *Bucks's* erecting, at least
paying for.

The venerable *Chaucer* was next, a poet indeed, and
the *English Homer* truly; at whose feet, without any
name, lyes *John Dryden* his admirer, and truly the *En-
glish Maro*. *Drayton*, with half a nose comes next,
admir'd in his time, but whose works are forgot be-
fore his monument is worn out. The great *Spencer*
keeps the entry of the church, in a plain stone tomb,
but his works are more glorious than all the marble and
brass monuments within.

To which we now ventur'd to enter, being first en-
countered by a dapper pert scoundrel in a crop-ear'd wig,
the parrot of the place, but a piece of a *Westminster* wit;
for he throws in his jokes as formally, and as much to the
purpose as a fanatick holder-forth does his text.

My *Indian* friend was indeed surpriz'd at the first
apartment of the dead that we entered; there was
something very magnificent and fine in the tombs.
Here lay a great minister of state in a tatter'd brass
case; there the immortal *Talbot*; here a reverend bi-
shop under foot; there a fine lady lifted aloft: Here lay
the shatter'd clumsy figure of a noble knight, with his
now peaceful dudgeon at his side; and there the lady
who had the odd fate of dying by pricking her fore-
finger with a needle: Here a topping young hero like
Mars; and there two diminutive figures of princes.

But to run over the particulars of all this *amusement* of the dead, would be too tedious a repetition: There was a conqueror without a head; for they were so vile to make that of silver, and his body of brass, so the thief stole the head, and left the trunk unattemped.

But we can't leave this venerable place, without a view of a formidable sword and buckler with which he conquer'd the *French*; and they must have been giants indeed, to have resisted such formidable weapons, if his soldiers fought with the like. Here was the pillar of old *Jacob*, brought to *Scotland* by *Pharaoh's* daughter, with this advantage, that where-ever that stone should go, the *Scots* should reign. But whether *Edward* the first brought it out of *Scotland* out of zeal to *Jacob*, or to take away the foe's *palladium*, here it is; and if you won't believe it, you had best dispute it with the parrots of the place: But true or false, it has been an *amusement* time out of mind, and so will continue for all that I can discover to the contrary.

Edward the Confessor's tomb is the chief piece of antiquity, who was the first royal empirick for scabs and scrophulous humours. He was a whimsical sort of a gentleman, that not being willing or capable to lye with his wife, was yet so jealous of her, that he caus'd her to pass the fiery trial of the *Ordeal*, which she did to the satisfaction of the beholders, but not of the king, who could never be brought to give her his royal benevolence, for which the monks make him a saint, and the nation was expos'd to invasion and ruin, in *William* the bastard of *Normandy*, whom the monks call'd in a barbarous Latin, *Conquestor* or *Conqueror*.

From hence we pass'd to another apartment, where the noble earl of *Exeter* lyes cover'd with marble, with his own effigies and his first wife's; and to shew that he was not far behind-hand in love with his second, he left her a place to lye by him, when she took her eternal nap. But she being a person of a very nice taste in the ceremonials of place, chose rather to be alone, than to lye on his left hand.

Hence we advanc'd into the curious chapel of *Henry VII.* and by the way saw good queen *Bess*, and bless'd

her pious memory. Here we found that cunning monarch enshrined in monumental brass, which perhaps he got the expence of from *Dudley's* and *Empson's* estates, which he had squeez'd out of the people.

Having some notice before-hand, I desir'd my *Indian* friend to amuse himself with a view of the stalls of the ancient monks of this chapel. Here was inlaid half a dozen jolly fellows, some drunk and spewing, others maudlin, some quarrelling. There were more numerous sparks in the act of fornication; other good friars &c. engag'd with their *Gampucades*, and in every place their master old *Lucifer* rejoicing at their exploits. My *Indian* was extremely amused with the piety of the representation. But I saw with a little indignation, things too scandalous for a brothel, made free of in the church. And so we pass'd on to see the ruins of majesty in the women figures placed there by authority. As soon as we had ascended half a score stone steps in a dirty cobweb hole, and in old worm-eaten presses, whose doors flew open on our approach, here stood *Edward III.* as they told us, which was a broken piece of wax-work, a batter'd head, and a straw-stuff'd body, not one quarter cover'd with rags. His beautiful queen stood by, not better in repair: and so to the number of half a score of kings and queens, not near so good figures as the king of the beggars makes, and the begging crew would be ashamed of their company. Their rear was brought up with good *Queen Bess*, with the remnants of an old dirty ruff, and nothing to cover her majesty's nakedness.

Tir'd with this amusement. I was enquiring if there was no charnel house to complete the view of the dead. There is no need of that, says my *Indian*, for this place, I think gives as melancholy a view of the dead as that can do; there the bones and skulls seem to want no garniture, but here we see kings, after their death, cloath'd like vagrants, and all their pomp and grandeur confin'd to a rag and a cupboard. And this proves that

*All mortal things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.*

Upon

Upon the COMPTERS.

I Slept as heartily as innocence itself, when my fellow-traveller, who shar'd in the adventures I am going to relate, enter'd my room, and by the noise and pains he took to wake me, disperfed those agreeable ideas fancy at that time was entertaining me with. And instead of flattering dreams of pleasure, which at that instant obligingly amused me, opening my eyes, and collecting my senses, I found myself no richer or wiser than I was the preceding morning: The bells were ringing in all the steeples of the city, and made a noise as harmonious as the pathetick harangue of that *urban* magistrate a R——r, when he delivers himself upon some very important occasion. Having taken a sound nap, by preparing my person with the invincible opiates of a glass of good wine, and the lecture of some pages in Sir R——d B———re's *Eliza*, I thought I had no incumbent necessity upon me to go to church to hear Dr. Y——n preach against avarice, or the rev. master of the Temple rip open mysterious points of divinity, as plain as he did Dr. Overrall's convocation book; and being as little inclin'd to be merry, or to see a *Harlequin* in a pulpit, I avoided the theatre in *Russel-court*, where more farces have been acted, than ever appeared upon the stages of *Drury-Lane* or *Dorset-Garden*. Faith, says I to my *Indian*, it shall be so; I'll e'en go shew you the tombs. Those of *Westminster*, says my friend, I am satisfy'd they are very entertaining, the dead in those vaults sleep very magnificently; and there's a certain air of greatness and antiquity interspersed among those venerable monuments: But pray, continued he, what tombs, what monuments do you mean? Said I, with a smile, you are infinitely mistaken, if you conclude we have no other remarkable monuments than those of the *Plantagenets*, situate in the tempestuous air of *Westminster*; the tombs of *Woodstreet* and the *Poultry* much more deserve consideration, and thither 'tis I design to conduct you.

At this period I found myself dress'd, and privately thank'd heaven my humble equipage had neither brought ruin or inconvenience upon any family; That the cloaths I had put on had not made me criminate; That I had hurt no tradesman, by obliging him to trust me; nor increas'd the injury, by deluding him into an unnecessary attendance. These serious reflections put me into a sort of melancholy, which suggested to my fancy, that the places I was going to were real, not imaginary tombs or monuments; and that as our churchyards, and burial-places were attended with ecclesiastical officers, as *Clerk, Sexton, and Grave-digger*; so these burial-places for the living, are as little destitute of their chiefs and assistants, who treat the unhappy wretches in the limits of their dominions, with a severer justice than the infernal judges are fabled by the ancient *Grecians* to have lorded it in hell over the dusky populace of *Styx* and *Acheron*. The right worshipful the *L—d M—r* for the time being supplies the place of *clerk*, the worshipful the *Sheriffs* are the *Sextons*, and the *Serjeants* and *Yeomen* are the *Grave-diggers*; but in the house your parochial pioneer digs up for the mansions of the mouldering tenants, that meet with a serene quiet, a long insensibility from pain, which those that are immur'd in this dismal fastness can never pretend to; no surly goaler disturbs the dead, they sleep from debts, necessities, and cares; no gingling keys break their sacred extended slumbers; nor does the saucy insolence of villainous keepers plague them with oppressions and injustice.

Whilst these images were revolving themselves in my mind, we approached the wooden *portcullis* that guards the melancholy avenue of a terrestrial hell. *Virgil* expresses himself very beautifully concerning the *Stygian* palace resided in by the Son-in-law of *Ceres*;

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

— *facilis descensus Averni*;

Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras

Hic labor, hoc opus ———

Swift

*Swift of access is Ceres' grizly son,
His brazen gates on ready hinges turn:
But from Avernus and the realms of night,
Upwards to move, and view th' etherial light,
This is the task*—————

But we found the case quite alter'd in this house of torment ; and it was almost as difficult for us that were without doors to get in, as it was for them within doors to get out. His *Cerberusship* demanded our business, and by the grimness of his face gave us a dreadful idea of the horrors which are inseparable to the infernal mastiff. I told him very civilly, that I was come to see a friend of mine in confinement : That it being *Sunday*, I concluded a visit to persons either sick or in prison, was as acceptable to the Divine Goodness as offering up my devotions at church. He smiled at my notions of piety, and turning the key, not without an insolent grin, gave us admittance to a scene of horror, which discover'd the prudence, christianity and tenderness of the city-government. The gentleman was call'd down from breathing in the air upon the leads, who occasion'd us that visit. After some compliments of condolance being pass'd betwixt us, we desired him to entertain himself with a quart of comfortable ale ; and if that was not potent enough to make him forget his cares, we engaged him to mingle it with the infallible prescription of a nipperkin of brandy. Whilst we amused ourselves with our curiosity, and the dismal diversion of the sable apartments, a multiplicity of different figures immediately presented themselves of both sexes, and almost of all ages and conditions ; their visages were pale and ghastly ; their dress squalidly neglected ; and the disorder of their minds sufficiently appeared, by the contempt they had of their bodies. One walk'd as swiftly as a bending tradesman from a *Saturday* dun, when, God knows, he was as near his journey's end as a decaying whore is to a bawd, or a young giggling girl to the loss of her maidenhead. Another most demurely, with hat, cane, and gloves, and the phiz of business, marches from one side of the ward to another, as if he

was just a going to the *Exchange*, to monopolize the commodities of both the *Indies*; when, alas! the wretch has never seen that busy place since a brace of ill-looking officers whisper'd him in the ear a sort of a scurvy story, and in secure and safe custody brought him to the warehouse which he pays no rent for; yet, nevertheless, has got but a very indifferent bargain. A third damns his attorney, and a fourth curses as heartily his wife. *That rogue of a lawyer*, says one of these irreligious recluses, raging and almost mad with his misfortunes, *if he had not play'd fast and loose with me, I had never been brought to this.* Confound that villain of a creditor, continues he, *who brib'd the judge and jury; and the devil take the jury that sold my cause.* Here starts up another, and in an infinite passion demanded, what reason he had to use so many execrations? Pray, Sir, says the party that ask'd the question, *if you have so good a hand at cursing, do me the favour to curse my wife: My wife, a plague confound her, brought me hither: To my wife I owe this fantastical misery, this horrid air, and this ridiculous habit. She brought me nothing*, adds he, *before consummation, but pride, poverty, and lewdness, and that was a portion with a vengeance; but since the fatal moment of taking for better for worse* — He would have run on a brace of hours upon this nuptial panegyrick, but we decently left him to make his complaint among the listening herd of his fellow-sufferers, and turn'd ourselves about, in order to reflect with concern upon a figure lamentably wretched, the very picture of sadness itself: His air was dejected; despair and solid melancholy took up their residence upon his face, and interwove themselves in all his discourses and actions; yet his misfortunes had not absolutely robb'd him of every thing that was agreeable: His judgment remained very penetrating, and his good-manners and civility render'd him unworthy of the condition that the capriciousness of fortune had reduc'd him to. We address'd ourselves to him, and begg'd the knowledge of those ill accidents that had brought him to a station so different from what we imagin'd he was once in possession of. Whether to oblige our enquiries, or to indulge his grief by the repetition of his story, I am uncertain; but he gave us to understand in very pathetick

pathetick terms, that he was a person who had made a handsome appearance in the world : That he had been master of a very considerable estate ; and tho' he had not comply'd with his payments so exactly as Sir *F---- C---d*, yet he had more punctually perform'd his word than *Sweetapple* or *F-----s* : That he was in thriving circumstances, when his affairs oblig'd him to take a journey into the country ; where staying, by the means of sickness that detained him a little longer than was expected, a sober, religious Common-council-man, with whom he had dealt several years, took out a statute against him, seiz'd three times the value of what he ow'd, which was most of it spent at *Pontack's* or the *Rummer*, upon debating the weighty points of contribution and dividends ; then seiz'd upon his person, threw him into the *Compter*, and took care his family should be like the state of the Christian church, dispers'd and distress'd over the face of the whole earth. We pity'd the injustice he had met with, and return'd to my friend, with whom I could not help murmuring against the imprudence of some part of our legal constitution. We wonder'd that a thief should be hang'd for some sort of felonies, and by that means find an end of his torment, and for other actions of like nature have the *benefit of the clergy* ; when neither the law nor the gospel, found means to discharge an insolvent debtor : That, according to the unhappy severity of our laws, we might at a much easier rate offend heaven, than be indebted to man ; and that in all degrees of criminal cases the prisoner some way or other made his *exit* from a dungeon : A debtor is only prisoner for life, and his misfortune is hereditary to his family ; the innocent children share the punishment of their father, who were never accessory to his guilt ; and vengeance here is extended to the third and fourth generation. My *American*, tho he had been a witness to the several passages I have related, yet would needs impose upon me so far, as to affirm the inhabitants of these catacombs were persons guilty of a murder, and here expiated their crimes by the confinement of their persons. I told him indeed, that whoever had brought themselves thither, were a sort of self-murderers, and so (according to the opinion of the orthodox) suffer'd the

pain and penalty of damnation. But, truly speaking, these unfortunates rather suffer'd than avoided that crime; and, without dispute, of all persons whatsoever, are most worthy our compassion. For my part, says I, rising to be gone, after I had put an end to a few consolations which I gave my enchanted friend, this place is certainly *Purgatory*, and agrees very well with the character *Virgil* gave us of that infernal prison, some two thousand years ago: You shall see the description when I meet you on the other side of this castle; meantime I wish you all the satisfaction so uncomfortable a place can afford you.

The T H A M E S.

NOW (said I to my *Indian*) I have feasted your curiosity with such variety of *amusements* upon *terra firma*, I'll present you upon the *Water* with a surprising entertainment, that shall startle you much more than all the hair-brain'd confusions, or ridiculous adventures you have ever met with on this side the equinoctial. Then your river, says he, must afford something that is very extraordinary; for I think your streets and publick-houses abound with such an amazing medley of all manner of contrarieties, that if a man had the eyes of *Argus*, he might employ them all in this your christian *Babel* to his continual satisfaction: However, I shall be glad to wait on you, if for no other reason but the benefit of a little fresh air in this sultry weather.

Finding my *Antipodian* companion thus agreeable to my humour, I steer'd him down *Black Fryers* towards the *Thames* side, till coming near the stairs, where from their lousy benches up started such a noisy multitude of old grizly *Tritons*, in sweaty shirts, and short-skirted doublets, hallowing and hooting out, *Next Oars* and *Skullers*, shaking their cuckolds caps over their bald noddles, seeming over-joy'd to see us, as if we had been foreign princes come out of stark love and kindness to redeem them and their families from cruel popery and slavery. Ad's flesh, says my poor frightened *Indian*, let's not venture any farther, in the name of *Neptune*: What is

is this crowd of *Myrmidons*, who approach us so like *Cannibals*, as if they resolv'd to devour us, and were squabbling with one another at the sight of their prey, who should have the first bit? Never fear, said I, with one word I'll put you out of your pain; and with that I bawl'd out as loud as a speaking trumpet, *Next Oars!* and away ran captain *Charon* from the front of his wrangling fraternity, with a badge upon his arm, that the world might behold whose slave he was, and halloo'd to his man *Ben* to bring the boat near, whilst the rest withdrew to their seats, calling one another *Lousy rogue*, and *Sorry rascal*, giving us a clear passage without farther molestation. Upon my word, says my *Indian* friend, I am glad we are past them, for this is one of the most ill-looking rabble, and from whom I had more apprehensions of danger, than from any I have yet met with. 'Tis all, said I, but an *amusement*; step into the boat; sit down, waterman, and row us up to *Chelsea*. No sooner had we put off into the middle of the stream, but our *Charon* and his assistant (being jolly fellows) began to scatter the verbal wild-fire on every side of them, their first attack being on a couple of fine ladies, with a footman in the stern, as follows, *viz.* *How now, you two confederate brimstones, where are you swimming with your fine top-knots, to invite some Irish bully or Scotch Highlander to scour your cloven furbuloes for a petticoat pension? I'll warrant your poor cuckolds are hovering about Change to hear what news from Flanders, whilst you, like a couple of hollow-belly'd wh---s, are sailing up to Spring-Gardens to cram one end with roasted fowls, and the other with raw sausages.* One of the ladies taking courage, pluck'd up a female spirit of revenge, and facing us with the gallantry of an *Amazon*, made the following return, *viz.* *Get you home, you old cuckold, look under your wife's bed, and see what a lusty gardener has been planting, a son of a wh--e in your parsley-bed: O how fond the old fool will be of the fruits of another man's labour, when the midwife vouches the bastard to be the true picture of his daddy! Out, you old rogue, gray before you're good, and bald before you're mannerly; hold your bawling, you rusty old churl, whose dogged countenance makes you look as if you were begot by a tanner's*

tanner's mastiff; talk not to a woman, you surly whelp, for you are fit for nothing, but like the breed you came on, to crawl upon all-fours, and cry bow-wow at a Bear-garden.

No sooner had we saluted each other with these water-compliments as we pass'd by, but a western-boat, stow'd with a mixture of both sexes, began a fresh attack upon us in the manner following, *viz.* How now, old Dad, whither are you carrying that king of the Gypsies you have pick'd up for a fare? Why, he looks as if he had painted his face with a child's surreverence, to make his countenance shine like a turmerick pudding. Out, you nasty t---d-colour'd dog, born upon a dunghil without a bead, that your mother was forc'd to supply the defect with a yellow pumkin. Which unfavoury compliment was thus retorted by our foul-mouth'd prolocutor, *viz.* Stop your smock-hole, nincompoop; what laden for Puddle-dock with taylors, bailiffs, fat barwds, and chamber-maids? Shoot your rubbish, you rogue, at the next lay-stall, and carry back dung to the next gardner's house, that you may beg a bunch of carrots for the sow your bed-fellow, to stop her mouth from scolding. Who was it that caught the boat-builder's journeyman kissing his wife, and forgave him for half a dozen of mother Shepherd's beer, because he swore upon the old woman's bible 'twas the first time? O rare Tom Sanders; you lye like a cuckold: Get you gone, you old fumbler, to my dame Tosfield's daughter, and make a fool of the poor wench in the house of ease, and afterwards kiss the mother upon horn-fair day for nuts and ginger-bread.

This dialogue being thus ended, the next that we met was a jolly parson, skudding from Lambeth-house in a skuller, sitting at the upper end of the boat by himself, like a lady in a lobster-shell. Rare game, master, cries our navicular spokesman, and thus he accosted the man of scripture, as soon as within hearing, *viz.* Well met, holy father, I'll warrant in your time you have drawn as many tithe-pigs in at your mouth, and out at your fundament, as would have stock'd Bartholomew-fair for a whole season, or else you could never have shewn such a fat gut to your lean parishioners.

Ab,

Ab, doctor, 'tis a sign the church is at a low ebb, or else a long scarf and a rose-batband would never be so humble as to be seen lolling in a skuller, in such a pious age too, when every Wapping understrapper, that has but a congregation of old women to hold himself forth to, scorns to have no less than oars, tho' he crosses but the water to administer comfort to a holy sister.-----Thou art a wicked reprobate, I'll warrant thee, reply'd the priest: Prithee desire the minister of your parish to teach thee the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, that thou may'st not go out of this world in thy old age like a heathen, and be damn'd in the next for the sin of wilful ignorance. ——— Thank you, master, cries old Grizzel, for your good advice, but I believe 'tis the first that ever you bestowed so generously, without being paid for it: Ah, who is me, that ever the plentiful age of passive obedience and non-resistance should be changed into the mercenary times of moderation and virtue!

No sooner had we steer'd clear of divinity, but we fell foul (in words I mean) upon a nimble pair of oars, freighted with a couple of scarlet officers, and between them a lady furbulo'd with all the colours of a rainbow: No sooner were they come up a broad side of us, but our bold son of Neptune, seconded by his man, began a vigorous attack upon the sons of Mars, who sat hugging their *Venus*, as the two elders did *Susanna*, viz, 'Esaiah, noble captain, you lay close siege; I dare swear, at the very first assault, love's fortress will surrender upon your own terms; 'tho' I can tell you this for your comfort, as soon as your ammunition is spent, and your guns are dismounted, you'll be forc'd to quit the possession: But whatever you do, take care before you enter that the castle is not on fire; for if it should, you had better break up your siege, than go on any farther. Hold your tongue, you old swabber, replies one of the heroes, and pull off my lord-mayors jacket and louse yourself, or else, you rogue, we will have you whipt in Bridewell, for suffering his lordship's livery to be over-run with vermin, to the dishonour of the city. You are mistaken captain, cries Bullface, a louse is a soldier's companion, and not a waterman's; therefore pray look in your own collar, for a red-coat and a creeper are inseparable companions,

panions, as a dog and a flea, virginity and a c--b-louse. Out you nasty fellow, cries the lady, what, an old man and a beast! Why how now, Madam Rain-bow, cries our advocate, what so young a wench, and so notorious a strumpet, to have two soldiers at a time to relieve your concupiscence, when Venus herself, the damnedest whore in the heavens, was contented with but one, tho' she had fifty times your beauty.

The next we encounter'd was a Quaker and his handmaid, with whom our merry pilot thus began his drollery, viz. *Well done, holy ones. I see Aminadab will have his Abigail, as well as the wicked ones their harlots; in spite of the Holy Spirit, G--'s lambs will play, tho' they sin after a sanctified manner; by and by snap goes the cakes, and whizz cries the bottle-ale: Then, O Abigail, since the light of thy countenance hath moved the outward man to uncover thy nakedness, I say, stretch thou forth one leg towards Dan, the other towards Bersheba, and hold up thy fleshy idol, that I may raise seed unto thy husband Abraham, who at present is a weak friend, and cannot, as he ought, administer the comforts of wedlock unto thee his wife. Out upon thee, says the Quaker, for a foul fiend, thou art the seed of the serpent, and the light is not in thee: O generation of vipers! that this river Jordan should be so defil'd in the hearing of the saints, by thy abominable utterance. I say unto thee, Repent, repent, or that wicked member, thy unruly tongue, will at last bring thee to be buffeted by Satan. Thus our waterman's language so provok'd the Quaker, that the Spirit mov'd him to hold forth; but meeting each other, and rowing contrary ways, we had but a short benefit of his pious exhortations.*

Pray, says my *Mulotto* companion (pointing at the *Folly*) what noble structure is that floating on the water? I have often heard of castles in the air, and this seems to me to be a kind of an essay towards such a windy project. That whimsical piece of architecture, said I, was as a musical summer-house for the entertainment of quality, where they might meet, and ogle one another into a fit of those amorous vapours, that are not to be cured by any other means, than by the secret administration of a little mutual familiarity. But the ladies

ladies of the town, finding it as convenient a rendezvous for their purpose, overstock'd the place with such an inundation of harlotry, that dash'd the female quality out of countenance, and made them seek a more retir'd conveniency, where they might carry on their amorous intrigues with greater privacy.

*For secret whores, who sin to ease love's pain,
Cry job! at those, who do the like for gain.*

By these means the mercenaries of the town drove away their private enemies, (who hinder the trade of the publick, by dispensing their favours *gratis* in a corner) and entirely possess'd themselves of this moveable mansion, which they have occupy'd ever since, very much to their advantage. Therefore we'll step on board, where perhaps we may meet with some novelty or other that may oblige your curiosity: So accordingly we bid the waterman row us to the *Folly* where we no sooner enter'd, but we had as many ladies staring us in our faces as if we had been either handsome to admiration, or ugly to a miracle; so that we could scarce move without crippling the corns of an old bawd, or disoblighing the lac'd shoes of a young harlot; but with much ado we broke thro' the leading files of these *Amazonian* strumpets, and thrust ourselves into the body of the seraglio, where from fifteen to fifty we could have fitted ourselves with concubines of any age, stature or complexion; for we were so surrounded with a crowd of courtezans of all sorts and sizes, mix'd with those ignominious vermin their ruffianly protectors, that a man could not stir without jostling a tun-belly'd bawd, a furbulo'd whore, or a long-sworded bully; some dancing as they mov'd, to shew the airiness of their temper; some ogling their gallants, to shew their vicious inclinations; and others crowded into boxes, like passengers into a western wherry, sat smoking their noses, and drinking burnt brandy to defend their stomachs from the chill air upon the water; the young whores squirting about like rabbits in a warren; the old ones mumbling perfum'd almonds, to disguise the nauseous sourness of their stinking breaths: Beaus,
some

some tattling and cringing to a pack of twelve-penny strumpets, as if they were ladies of quality; others humming *chickens and sparagus*, now and then dancing as they walk'd to their own musick. In short, it was such a confused scene of folly, madness and debauchery, that we stept again into our boat without drinking, to avoid the inconveniences that attend mixing with such a swarm of caterpillars, who are always dangerous to the unwary, and destructive to the innocent. Now proceeding on our intended voyage;

The next diverting scene that the river afforded us, was a very warm engagement between a Western barge and a boat full of *Lambeth* gardeners, by whom *Billingsgate* was much outdone in stupendous obscenity, tonitrous verbosity, and malicious scurrility, as if one side had been *Daniel — f's —* party, and the other the *observer's*: And because the reader shall have a taste of their modest dialect, and incomparable breeding, I have ventured to stain the paper with some of their spiteful eloquence, *viz. B, a, a, sheep-stealers*, cry'd the gardeners to the bargemen, *what kin are you to Tom Collet of Staines, that beat his own father, stood pimp to his mother, lay with his sister, and b — d his brother, all in one night. He was a Western bargeman, you rogues, he was so. Fob, you nasty dogs*, reply'd the bargemen, *that get your bread by the drippings of other peoples fundaments; well may you pray for the dunghil, for if that should fail you, no t — d, no gardener. Who was that, you rogues, that dung'd in his own cap at Stocks-market, and carry'd home the old gold to enrich his radish-bed? Out upon you, for a pack of snail-picking Adamites! Who was it that took the old woman from weeding, and gave her a flurt under the burgamy pear-tree, and when he was caught by his prentice, gave the boy a holiday, because he should not tell his mistress?* With this sort of *Billingsgate* fecundity were we merrily entertain'd, till we had arrived at that port to which we had consign'd ourselves, where we quitted our boat, and offering old *Charon* three shillings, he swore he would have a crown; but having the printed rates in my pocket, I was forc'd to lug out my oracle before the fresh-water looby would be convinc'd of his error; and

and withal told him, had it been in *London*, I would have carry'd him before my Lord-mayor, and have had him punish'd, for making, contrary to law, so unreasonable a demand. With that he takes the money, and putting off his boat, gave us a notable farewell, after the following manner, *viz.* *You're a couple of niggardly sons of whores; I care not a fart for my Lord M——r; damn the rogue that printed that book; and pox take you for a book-learn'd blockhead; and a p——e confound him that learn't you to read; and so we parted; my friend and I, after a little refreshment, returning home by land, merrily reflecting on the comical passages we had met with on the water.*

The End of the SECOND PART.



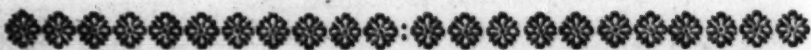
LET



LETTERS

SERIOUS and COMICAL.

Suited to the present AGE.



LETTERS to the LADIES.

To Madam de P-----,

Upon her refusing to marry her Daughter to a Cousin German.

WITH all due submission be it spoken, methinks your ladyship overstrains the point a little, in so positively refusing to marry your daughter to Monsieur de S——. You tell us you don't approve of a marriage betwixt two *Cousin Germans*; but surely, Madam, you can never believe this to be any unlawful *impediment* in *Hymen's* spiritual court.

Would you have Monsieur —— think Madam P---- to be less agreeable because he is her Cousin-German? This sort of reasoning may appear *strong* to you, but has not *beauty* much *stronger* arguments? Has a man his *genealogy* always before his eyes, and when he sees a charming young woman, is he oblig'd to call to mind that *he* and *she* came from the same grandfather, when the *granddaughter* is in the room, especially if she is beautiful? But, after all, what have you to say against Monsieur de S----? For my part, I think he has behaved

haved himself like a very good relation; for instead of *friendship*, he has shew'd his *love* to your family; and if he finds himself *disappointed*, the fault will lie at your consent. Your ladyship may be pleased to remember, that all the good folks in the *Old Testament* always married in their own *tribe*; and that one thousand seven hundred years ago Monsieur de S— had been obliged in conscience to love your ladyship's *pretty* daughter, and no one else. I own that things have been somewhat *chang'd* since that; but then I beg of you to give your *consent*, that the young people may send to *Rome*, to see if the old gentleman will grant them a *dispensation*. I need not inform you, Madam, that such *marriages* are permitted between relations, when their *estates* or *lands* are so *entangled* one with another, that there is no *dividing* 'em without endless *law-suits*: I confess that our young people have not *this* reason to alledge for themselves; but what is every jot as *forcible*, they may say, that the affairs of their *hearts* are so strangely *embroiled* together, that it is too late now to think of *parting* 'em. If your daughter were an heiress, in whom your name would *expire*, and who would carry all your *estate* into a *strange* family, I don't doubt, but that out of a just *concern* for your estate and family, you would employ all your interest to procure her a *dispensation* to marry a *kinsman* of the name. Now what ought to go much *farther* with your Ladyship, your daughter has *beauty* and *charms* that are infinitely more *valuable* than all the dirty *acres* and *lands* in the kingdom, which will assuredly *go out* of your family, and perhaps never come into it again, if your Ladyship should force her to marry any one else but Monsieur S—. As for me, that have the *honour* to be related to you, tho' at a great *distance*, I can't forbear to *concern* myself in the *beauty* of your family. For which reason I conjure you not to impoverish it, by *bestowing* your pretty daughter *elsewhere*, and by obliging Monsieur S— to make another choice. You see how the whole *family* of the L—'s are *deformed* and *ugly*, so that it will take up a hundred years, I warrant you, before they *recover* themselves. Let us take *fair warning* by this example; and since we have *beauty* in our *possession*, be so wise as to preserve it.

To

To Madam J----,

Upon her talking of him in her Sleep.

M A D A M,

I Receiv'd an account the other day of the great *favour* you have lately done me. 'Tis in vain for you to disown your passion: 'Tis certain you love me in your heart, and your *sleep* has betray'd your deepest secrets. See, Madam, what a *folly* it is to pretend to conceal one's *affections*, and hide them from those that occasion them. If you had frankly owned all to me, I assure you, I would have given you no reason to *find fault* with my *secrecy*; but you were resolv'd to trust it with no other *confident* but yourself; when, as it has happen'd, you have not been so *discreet* as 'twas expected. From hence, Madam, you may learn this useful *doctrine*, not to rely altogether upon yourself. You will tell me, perhaps, that you talk'd in your *dream* you know not what; but had you not done much better to have freely and honestly told me, what you afterwards *own'd* in your *sleep*, without knowing it? Had it not been much more *prudent* to acquaint me with your *passion* in a few words, than to speak of it thus in the *night*, like a person that was beside herself? *Love* loses no time, and therefore you ought to have communicated this *secret* to me, which, you see, will escape from you *women* sooner or later. If your *reason* enjoins you silence, yet your *reason* will take a *nap*, and then *love* will not be idle: If your *virtue* can answer for your *days*, yet what can answer for your *nights*? That interval belongs all to *love*; and accordingly you see that the *secret* of so many days was stole from you in one *night*. But, Madam, may I make so bold as to ask you under what *figure* I appear'd to you when you declar'd yourself in my *favour*? For an opportunity may offer itself, when I shall be very glad to re-assume the same shape. For my part, I am apt to believe that I was very *haughty* and *insolent*; for hitherto I have been able to obtain nothing of you, with all my *submission* and *respect*. Don't tell me that I ought to
draw

draw no *consequence* from what you said in the *night*; it was you that spoke then, and you alone: whereas in the *day* 'tis *constraint*, 'tis *ceremony*, 'tis *disimulation*, that speaks. By this you may find, that for the future I shall be *insensible* to all the *rigours* you shew me in the day-time; and let your *treatment* be then what it will, I shall tell you that you will unsay it again at *night*. In short, I shall take you for one of those cunning *hypocrites*, who never appear as they are, but in the *dark*: But whereas other *ladies* leave all their *ornaments* upon their *toilets* when they go to bed, you leave that troublesome load, your *severity*, upon yours. How happy must the man be, who can see your *Ladyship* and the rest of your sex, such as you are, in your primitive state, without any of those *arts* that *conceal* you from us at other times?

To the same L A D Y.

SINCE you did me the honour to talk of me in your dreams, I have not been able to sleep a minute, so strangely am I distracted between *joy* and *sorrow*. It is the greatest satisfaction in the world to me, to find myself so near your heart; but at the same time I tremble, as often as I think that our *secrets* are in such danger of being divulg'd. I am not at all *displeased* to see you so reserv'd in the day-time: But this *unaccountable* affection and eagerness at *night* alarms me; for, in short, Madam, I am afraid that you'll discover all our intrigues. What method then shall we take to manage our affairs with more *security*? For my part, I know but one, which I beg you to take into your consideration. Be not then if you please, altogether too *severe* in the day, and I give you leave to make it up a-nights, and dispense with you from thinking of me *then*. 'Tis a plain case, that *love* cannot always ride full speed: There is a certain time when the *tendrest* things *disgust*, and 'tis impossible to hold out twenty-four hours in the same *strain* of passion, and not to find some small *giving-back* of the *spring*. But by talking of me in your sleep, you have gain'd that *ascendant* over my heart, that for the future it will wholly
be

be devoted to your service. A favour so undeserved, and so unexpected, makes me *disregard* all the ladies I see : It effaces all their charms, spoils the lustre of their eyes, and ruins all their shapes. What is more, I am not at all moved with the conversation of the *wittiest women* : For what can the happiest of her whole sex, with all her pains and application too, say, that is comparable to what you speak at random in your dreams, even when you don't think on't? This kindness of yours has entirely banish'd my *Flemish* mistress from my thoughts, and has done her a prejudice which all her other good qualities will never be able to *retrieve*. I am inform'd she sleeps very *profoundly*, and that her imagination, which is not over-active in the day, enjoys a more profound *repose* at night. Now this is a fault which I can never pardon the finest woman upon earth. I cannot apprehend how 'tis possible for a man to *love* a woman who does not *have* now and then, and talk of him when the fit seizes her. May I be hated by the whole sex, if I would not refuse *Venus*, if she had not this *qualification* ! Therefore, Madam, take good advice from your humble servant, and continue these affectionate fits. *Love* itself is a sort of *distracti*on, but so *pleasing* and *delightful*, that the wisdom of *philosophers* is not to be brought in *competition* with it.



LETTERS to the MEN.

To Monsieur de O-----,

Upon asking his advice, whether he should marry a young gentlewoman that was very beautiful, but had no fortune.

Dear Cousin,

YOU little imagine what a severe task you impos'd upon me, when you desir'd me to advise you in the present posture of your affairs. On one hand, you are up to the ears in love with a pretty young lady ; on the other,

other, your father sends you word, that he will certainly *disinherit* you if you marry her. To be plain with you, I don't know what advice to give you. There are but two ways for you to take; the *heroick*, which is to prefer your *passion* to every thing on this side heaven; and the *prudent*, which is not to lose *fifteen hundred pounds* a year for a *mistress*, tho' she was as beautiful as an *angel*. Now you need only consult yourself, to be able to determine this point. I make no question but your *inclination* leads you to act the *hero*; but the *difficulty* is, not what you are at *present*, but what you may be *hereafter*. I would advise you to follow your *greatness* of soul, if you could be certain that it would never leave you: But the mischief on't is, there is no *relying* upon it; for perhaps it may take it's farewells of you, even before the *honey-moon* is over. In short, a man soon grows weary of playing the *hero*, but the devil is in him that grows weary of a *good-estate*. You never yet saw fifteen hundred pounds a year make people forget their vows, tho' *beauty*, to its mortification, has often seen it. I know full well, that these arguments will appear very *gross* to you; and that they are decry'd in all the *metaphysick* systems of *love*: Yet it vexes me, that the *experience* I have of this wicked world will not permit me to recommend these ideas to you, which I own to be much more *noble* and *delicate* than those that are built upon *ordid interest*. 'Tis not my fault, If I don't believe that *love* is sufficient to make a man *happy*: I should be glad to believe it with all my heart: But why has *love* deceiv'd so many thousands of his votaries before my face, whom he promised to provide so plentifully for, that they should want nothing? If he deceives us when he has his arms at *liberty*, I have much stronger reason to believe he'll do it when he's *manacled* with a family. You may flatter yourself, perhaps, that you will find a thousand *charms*, and all the *obsequious* respect that can be imagin'd, in the person you are going to marry, because she *owes* all to the man that *sacrific'd* his fortune to her. Take care that this be not the very *rock* on which your marriage splits. As the world goes at present, a woman's gratitude may easily fall short of the *obligation* she has receiv'd, and yet it ought not to pass for a *prodigy*. I should

should be very loth to marry a woman whom I might have as just a pretence to quarrel with, as you will have with yours. In my opinion, that man is an unhappy wretch indeed, who has other matters of *complaint*, besides those that *matrimony* naturally furnishes of itself. A woman, take her in the best circumstances you can, has but too many *obligations* to her husband; why then should you involve her *deeper* in your debt? Consider that this will make her much *more* your wife than any other woman could have been, and consequently make you less happy with her: Besides, you can't imagine what a cruel punishment it will be to you, that you dare never open your lips to complain of her, but must carry on with *honour* what you began in a foolish *freak*. Thus you must always seem to be charmed with her behaviour, even at the very time when you are angry with her in your soul. For my part, I make no scruple to own to you, that I would not for all the world *deprive* myself of the *liberty* of railing a little at my wife, whenever I should have a fancy that way. Bestow a little consideration upon these reasons; but before you wholly determine yourself, abstain from reading *romances*, and books of that nature, that will rather serve to feed than extinguish the *flame*. Thus, Sir, I have sent you my thoughts freely upon this head, without persecuting you with a long *sermon*, after the manner of a cholerick *father*, or an ill-natur'd *uncle*. I am not *wise* or *morose* enough to pretend to speak to you in that language. However, I fancy I have in a very little compass told you all that needs to be said to you upon this occasion by people that are more wise or *morose* than,

S I R,

Your most Humble, &c.

To Monsieur de B-----.

How he had brought a quarrel upon his hands, for standing up for lean women, against the fat.

I AM going to surprize you with an *odd* adventure. Although I have lived so many yerrs in the army without a quarrel upon my hands, I am now engag'd
in

in a very strange one; and what d'ye think was the occasion of it? You must know, I dined very *peaceably* at my own lodgings; and after dinner was over, I took a walk with four or five gentlemen in the garden. We had *exhausted* all the publick news at dinner: We had drain'd the *Gazettes* and the *Mercuries*, talk'd over all the disorders of *Poland*, and the troubles of *Hungary*; and what should our discourse run upon now but women? You cannot expect that the conversation of soldiers should turn upon matters of *gallantry* in so fine and delicate a strain as the conversations in *Chelia*. Thus we did not amuse ourselves about the difference between *love* and *friendship*, or assign the precise limits between *esteem* and *inclination*. The question in debate was, who were the handsomest of the two, the *lean* woman, or the *fat*? Since I was obliged to chuse one of these two *extremes*, I resolv'd to declare myself in favour of the *lean*. There happen'd to be a broken captain in the company, who began to maintain the opposite side, but with as much *fury* and *eagerness*, as if he had been going to engage an *enemy*; so that I was forc'd to raise the pitch of my voice to keep up with him. He pretended that there was *grace* and *majesty* in a fat woman, which commanded respect and adoration from all that saw her: All this I turn'd into *ridicule*, and perform'd my part so *happily*, that I had all the *laughers* on my side. When it came to my *military* man's turn to jeer the *lean*, not a man of us seconded his raillery. This went to the very *heart* and *soul* of him. As for me, I express'd myself in the language of a conqueror; and I must own to you, that my vanity was not a little puff'd up with having gain'd so important a *victory* for the *lean*. My spark enrag'd at his *defeat* began at last to be *scurrilous*, and address'd himself personally to me; but the company thought it became them, in point of prudence, to put a stop to the controversy. They told me, that the captain was a passionate admirer of a *fat lady*, which made him espouse the *interest* of all that were in her circumstances; but this they ought to have inform'd me of before, by some sign or other: And as I was not in love with any *lean* woman, I should not have contested the point with him. 'Tis about fifteen

days ago since this dispute happened ; since which time I have made several advances to my furious antagonist, to make him forget this affair, but he does not seem dispos'd to hear of any terms of accommodation. I suppose by this means he hopes to ingratiate himself with his mistress, and that among other protestations he has sworn to her, by all that is *good* and *sacred*, never to forgive the presumptuous wretch that should think *irreverently* of a double-chin and a tun-belly. Yesterday I had engaged to wait upon a pretty young lady, at a certain hour, when I knew I should have an *opportunity* of finding her all alone. The time was just approaching, and my chairmen being out of the way, I was forc'd to trudge it on foot as hard as I could drive. Passing through a narrow lane, I came full butt upon my captain, who cried out in an angry tone to me, *'Slife, Sir, I have not forgot your late sawcy language :* But not having a minute then to lose, I answer'd him with the same bluntness, and without so much as looking at him, that I was not at leisure to fight, and so on I march'd, having something else to do. He would have been raviſh'd to have had an opportunity to tilt with me ; but to deal plainly with you, I did not think it worth the while at that time to go to loggerheads with him. The Lord knows what will become of this matter ; but it would be a very pleasant thing, if our merry dispute about *fat* and *lean* ladies should bring us two before those *worthy* gentlemen the *marshals* of *France*. I am inform'd that my *adversary* goes about from house to house, stirring and prepossessing all *fat* people against me : and indeed I have observ'd of late, that they look upon me with a very evil eye. Now what shall I do, dear friend of mine, in so pressing a danger ? I think I have no other card left me to play, but to arm all the *lean* ones in my own defence.

S I R,

Yours, &c.

To

To Monsieur B—,

*About a nice fantastical Widow, that was very difficult
in her Choice of a Husband.*

I Have sent you an account of all that has happen'd here at my lady L----'s since she has been a widow. To be plain with you then, she is fully resolv'd to have another husband: But what sort of a husband do you think will content her? Why she will have one that is *truly, really, and sincerely* in love with her, but is afraid the world has *wicked* designs upon her estate rather than her person; which is a very nice and reasonable distinction, I must own, but such a one as her ladyship ought by no means to remember at this time of day. She is observed all along in her discourse to lessen her estate as much as she can, to hinder her humble servants from loving her for the sake of her unrighteous *mammon*, and at the same time she makes her age less than it is: But 'tis not in her ladyship's power to prejudice either her *estate* or her *age*, for all the world knows to an acre and a month how far each of them does extend. I could wish with all my heart you were here to see with what contempt she talks of her daughter's fine *complexion*, whenever she has the least occasion to speak of it: *Child, it is not the lillies and roses in your cheeks that you must trust to, those trifles are but of a short continuance; but what will make you longest beloved, is your air and shape, Child.* Now, what makes her trump up this distinction? Why, I must inform you, the *old lady* has still a very noble air, and a very handsome shape; but, as for her *complexion*, it has given her the slip many a year ago. On the other hand, the daughter endeavours all she can to hinder her mother from marrying again, because it nearly concerns her in point of interest to do so; and this is the reason why she uses all her address to prevent it. If any *pretender* happens to take the right way to gain the old lady's heart, the daughter throws herself in his way, and to make him leave off the pursuit of that game, she employs those never-failing charms that always

attend *youth* and *beauty*. This makes her mother wonderfully jealous, and that is plague enough in all conscience: For when she is once possess'd with that devil, she makes as great a hurricane, and is as difficult to be reconcil'd as a bilk'd girl of fifteen. This *young lady*, after all, might perhaps find herself mistaken in her politicks, if a man of good sense made his court to her mother, who without stopping short by the way would go and attack her *regularly*, and resolve not to raise the siege till he carried the town; but it falls out luckily for her, that the old lady admits none but young fellows to make their addresses to her; and young fellows, you know, will always be cullied by a young face. I made her uneasy for some time, for I pretended to be mightily in love with her mother, who gave me no unkind reception; and immediately the daughter employed all her wheedling tricks to make a diversion. As I had no other design than to alarm her for a while, I took care not to fall into the trap she had laid for me; but at last I put her out of her pain a few days ago, by a letter which I wrote to her. I have sent you a copy of it inclos'd in this, because it may serve to give you some light into the history of the widowhood of my lady L----, which you are so desirous to know. I am,

S I R,

Your, &c.

To Monsieur de S-----,

Upon his being in Love with a Lady, whom he was to marry after her Husband's Decease.

S I R,

ACcording to the last advices, I find you pretend to succeed Monsieur de R----- in his wife: I mean, you have engag'd to marry Madam de R-----, so soon as providence is so kind to her as to make her a widow. Let me tell you, this is a bold engagement; not but that her good man is sixty years old: But what will you say, if the fancy should take him to live till *Ninety*? Or how do you know but he may prove such a cross dog as to make it up a full hundred, when his hand is in?

'Tis

"Tis now *ten* years compleat since Madam *de R-----* married him, by the same token she was then but *ffteen*; and I'am afraid she is resolv'd to give him half a score years out of her own stock, and make herself amends out of his estate; which was the only reason for which she married him. Not that, properly speaking, she is a miser in her temper, or cares much to heap up wealth for herself; she only did it for a certain gentleman that shall be nameless, for whom, it seems, she had no *aversion*, and whom she reckon'd to marry every day in the week; for it was agreed on all hands, that the old gentleman would soon take his leave of this transitory world. But, to see how *ineffectual* and *dark-sighted* human prudence is! The superannuated husband still *lives*; he surviv'd the above-mention'd lover's *passion* and *constancy*, who foreseeing there was no good to be done, was e'en forced to marry elsewhere in his own defence. Another worthy gentleman succeeded him, who, after some years spent in the same expectations, was glad to throw up his pretensions to a woman, whose husband was so *obstinately* resolved to live. And now, worthy friend, you are coming into his *post*; but I'm afraid the old man will serve you exactly as he has done your predecessors of unlucky memory, and that you will not be a farthing the better either for the *money* or *charms* of his widow. As you have a peculiar ascendant over her, I don't doubt but this virtuous lady makes use of all the *ways* and *means* which a young woman may lawfully employ to dispatch an old fumbling fellow; but finding him look as brisk as ever, I am of opinion he is not to be murder'd between a pair of sheets; and that he laughs in his sleeve, when the spouse of his bosom would oblige him by her caresses to do that which would soon make a man of his years a *bankrupt* in love. I don't question but that 'tis the best *cordial* and *elixir* in the world to him, to see that he enjoys more health than all his wife's humble servants can boast of *perseverance*. He has already seen her court chang'd twice or thrice, and yet he is still in the land of the living. He is so far from being jealous at all these obsequious *services* that are paid his lady, that he enjoys a perfect *tranquillity* of mind upon it, which would make me stark mad, if I went upon the

same design as you do; for I am sure I should take it for one of the greatest affronts in the world. This one may gather by him, that he looks upon himself sure to live long enough to *wear out* your expectations, nay, to do the same by your successor. The *autumn* now approaches; and I know both you and his wife flatter yourselves, more than ever, to do his business for him. For this reason you never let him sup till *twelve*, ply him hard with bumpers, look over the *weekly bills* to see what distemper is likely to have the honour to send him to his long home, and at last conclude it must be a defluxion upon his lungs, or an *apoplexy*. However, I dare lay you what wager you please, that he will weather this season: and that the fall of the leaf will bring you no good tidings. 'Tis an old positive, ill-natur'd *bunks*, that will not die till his wife's beauty is expir'd, and her face has gone the way of all mortal faces. If he should be so wonderfully complaisant as to kick up his heels before you, he will take care that his wife's charms shan't survive him, and will end his days with satisfaction, after so pleasant a piece of revenge. As for me, were I in your place, I would not engage in this *passion*, nor fill my head with such *chimera's* as you do, unless a whole *College of Physicians* would give it me under their hands and seals, that the old fellow would not live above a month, or at least promise me to give him a *civil list* out of the world by a time appointed. Unless a man could propose something like this to himself, he might perhaps make some people think well of his affection, but none of his judgment.

To Monsieur B-----,

Giving an account of an old Gentlewoman that was caned by her Lover, and how vain she grew upon't.

I AM going to send you the most surprizing news you ever heard. Madam D----, whom you are so angry with for talking of *love* and *gallantry*, and sprucing up her *decay'd* person, flourishes and triumphs in spite of her age, which the malicious say exceeds *fifty*, and lately had the most glorious adventure befallen her that ever she could have hop'd for. In short, she receiv'd.

ceiv'd a few days ago some hearty drubs with a good oaken cudgel from her lover, for some suspicion of *Infidelity*, as she pretends; nay, the spark was so strangely transported, that going out of her chamber, he thrash'd the lanthorn on the stair-case all to pieces. *Old Puss* is grown so unsupportably proud, upon receiving such *visible* tokens of her gallant's affection, that there's no enduring of her. She maintains in all companies, that 'tis the womens *fault* if they don't make themselves as much belov'd as they please; and that if they had but the wit to make a right use of their advantages, there is ne'er a man in the world whom they might not easily *manage* with a single thread. She mightily commends the kind gentleman, before those persons whom she honours with any share of her confidence. She says he has *charming* transports, and *bewitching* extravagances; and that whoever is concerned with him, ought to know when his different sallies of *passion* and tenderness come in; and that he is the *easiest* man in the world, if but rightly *humour'd*. Imagine you heard this discourse deliver'd in a *trembling broken* voice, and coming from a mouth, where not a tooth, or the least remainder of one is to be seen: She thinks that this cudgelling has set the clock of her life twenty years backward, and mercilessly *insults* the rest of her own age, that have not merit enough to deserve a drubbing; this, I find, has made some of them as jealous as furies. So they take all the pains in the world to *undervalue* the merit of the favours which she has so lately receiv'd. One of her neighbours, who is a contemporary, and what is more, one that envies her from the bottom of her heart, told me, when her gallant thrash'd her, he was just come from the *Chocolate-house*, where he had lost all his money; and that in the heat of this ill humour he had laid his cane upon this *charming* person: That as for the lanthorn, it was not he, but an ill-contriv'd rogue of a *lacquey* that broke it. Thus you may see, Sir, what strange things envy will make some people talk; and with what artifice and subtlety it endeavours to *lessen* every thing that makes for the honour of its neighbour: Nay, even the men are angry with our poor spark for employing his cudgel so *unworthily*, as if a man were

not allow'd to use it where and when he saw fit; but was obliged to give the *publick* an account of every woman's age whom he vouchsafed to chastize. So that according to this doctrine, if in one of your amorous transports you should happen to *fall foul* upon some amiable *old gentlewoman*, the world has a right to censure those favours as *ill-bestow'd*, and blame you for not making them light upon a younger back. Now, in truth, this is very hard dealing; but the people of this age are so *ill-condition'd*, that there's no *pleasing* them. Farewell, Sir: Make a right use of this example; use your cane *discreetly*, and be sure to remember, that when a woman has once seen twenty-five, she does not deserve to be saluted with it.

To Monsieur de C——

Upon a friend's resolving to marry an Old Woman.

THIS comes to acquaint you, that our friend S— notwithstanding all the *advice* of his friends to the contrary, is resolv'd to marry Madam D**. All the *reason* that he can give for so doing, is, that he is *poor*, and the *lady* has a thousand pounds a year. Well then, do you think this is a sufficient *reason*? I presume you don't; for there is ne'er a single *feature* about her that does not want the abovementioned sum to keep it in repair. If want of *beauty* implies want of *fortune*, she is the *poorest* woman upon the face of the earth. I would willingly know what method he takes to delude her. In the first place, I take it for granted, that his design upon her must be wicked: and tho' such a resolution in my opinion, is not easy to take, yet since he has fallen upon it, I long to know what success he has had in his pretensions. I have heard this *venerable person* often say, That Heaven knew her *heart*, she had no design to marry again: But that if she was *predestinated* to commit such a *folly* the second time (and widows, by the bye, are mighty sticklers for *predestination*) she would at least take care not to chuse that man for her husband, who should propose nothing else to himself but to

to make himself master of her estate; but one that had a real and sincere *consideration* for her *person*. I own this word *consideration* was a modest word; but in the lady's *dictionary* it signified *love*: And since *Satan* has put it into her ladyship's head to make a distinction between her *estate* and *person*, I can't imagine what method a man can take to satisfy her that he has a *fancy* to the *former*, and not at all to the *latter*. Can so *superannuated* a piece of *mortality* believe, that she has any merit to boast of, exclusive of her thousand pounds a year; or is she so *vain* as to think that the world looks upon her *acres* to be nothing but an *appendix* to her other perfections? What, has she ne'er a *looking-glass* in her house, to convince her of her *mistake*? Have her *gentlewoman* and her *dress-maid*, her *chaplain*, *steward* and her *butler*, her *cook-maid* and her *gardener*, her *coachman* and her *groom*, have they all conspired to *abuse* her and keep her in *ignorance*? It almost makes me *mad* to think on't. For heaven's sake what can be the meaning of so *strange* an infatuation? But, to return to our friend; whatever *sins* he may have to answer for, I am sure he ought not to be taxed with *cowardice*. Bless me! to have the impudence to throw himself at an old painted *Dowdy's* feet, and there to tell her in a scoundrel whining *tone*, that the divine *lustre* of her *eyes*, forsooth, has burnt his heart to a coal: That her company is heaven to him, and her *absence* the greatest hell; in short, that his life, his happiness, his all, depends upon the sentence of her *celestial* lips: To say all these *sottish* flatteries, and do all these *wicked* things, is certainly above any man's attempting, but one that has the courage of *Hercules*. For my part, I could sooner run up to the mouth of a *cannon*, leap down a precipice, or, what is *worse*, tie up my right leg behind me, and beg upon a bridge, than reconcile myself to such little practices. Instead of loading my tender conscience with so many horrid lyes, I wou'd *honestly* tell her ladyship, that I was most wonderfully in love with her *bags* and her *acres*; and that if she would be pleas'd to make me *master* of them, she shou'd find me a *complaisant*, grateful *drudge* to the end of the chapter; but the devil a *syllable* wou'd I tell her of her *beauty*. I

wou'd moreover take occasion to inform her, that she was *bound* in honour, and all that, to *marry* me, because I did not go about to banter her as the rest of her *bumble* whining rascals did, who pretended to be smitten with her irresistible *charms*. A woman of good *sense* and *discretion*, if such a monster as that is to be found above ground, wou'd be better pleas'd, one would think, with so frank an *acknowledgment*, than with all those fulsom compliments, of which the common herd of lovers are so *profuse*. You will tell me perhaps, that above three parts in four of the women are fools. Why, so they may be: However, I am such a good natured *fool* to believe they are not altogether so *foolish* as we make them. Besides, to open myself farther to you, there are *some* people in the world, whom, as *wicked* as I am, I shou'd make a conscience to *cheat*. 'Tis some pleasure to put *false* dice upon a cautious solemn *coxcomb*, that stands eternally upon his *guard*; but what kind of satisfaction can it be to angle for *gudgeons* that will swallow a *hook* without a *bait*?

When you write to me next, pray send me word whether the abovementioned lady be not a down-right natural: For if she is not, I am resolv'd to *renounce* all manner of *acquaintance* with our friend: For if he has cunning enough to persuade her that he is in love with her person, he must certainly be the most dangerous impostor in the world; and an Impostor, as I take it, is none of the fittest men to make a companion.

The end of Letters Serious and Comical.



Diverting Letters and BILLET-DOUX,
(both Originals and Translations) to
GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

Diverting LETTERS to Gentlemen, in imi-
tation of *Monsieur de Pays*.

To Monsieur de P——

*That Women have sold their Favours in all ages of the
World, confirm'd by the famous Story of Lais and
Demosthenes.*

TAKE my word for it, Sir, you were exceed-
ingly in the right on't, to refuse *buying* of plea-
sure at so dear a rate. When a man is so *honest* as
to bestow his heart upon *Phillis*, she ought to be sent
to the devil for a *mercenary* strumpet, if, not content
with that *present*, she demands the *fingering* of his
purse: For, as love's *casuists* have long ago regula-
ted the matter in case of *services* rendered, the *work-*
man ought to be paid, and not the *master* that employs
him. I always told you, if you remember, that this
wheedling young *gypsy* loved you for the *inside* of your
pockets, and not for your *outward* merits. And since
you have found it by experience to be true, I hope
you'll *take* my word for the future. However, don't
be dejected at the matter, for you are not the *first* man
by a million that has suffered this misfortune. The ge-
nerality of the sex in all ages of the world, have set a
greater value on wicked *mammon* than integrity. Half
a crown, a silver thimble, a brass ring double gilt, a
pair of *Jersey* stockings and the like, will *purchase* you

a chamber-maid, or one of her rank at any time : Bribe but *higher*, and you may get an arm-full of *quality*, of what complexion or age you please : For, after long observation, I find it to hold truer *no Money, no Mistress*, than *no Money, no Swiss*. 'Tis a most wicked custom, I confess, and ought to be banish'd out of all civiliz'd nations ; but the *disease*, I am afraid, has taken too deep rooting to be removed. To convince you that this is *true*, as likewise to give *consolation* all under one, I resolv'd to send you the following story, which seems to be calculated for the meridian of your case.

You remember, my dear friend, or at least you ought to remember, that silver-tongu'd orator of *Greece*, who could perform miracles by his eloquence, I mean the celebrated *Demosthenes*, who led the nobility and people of *Athens* just as he pleas'd, and who was a greater thorn in the king of *Macedon's* foot, by the single power of his *rhétorick*, than all the captains of his republic by their bravery. At the same time that this notable *baranguer* flourish'd at *Athens*, a certain lady of pleasure, whose name was *Lais*, flourish'd at *Corinth*, who was as famous for the *lilies* and *roses* in her cheeks, as our *Athenian* for the tropes and metaphors in his speeches. No mortal heart whatever could withstand the irresistible charms of *Lais*, and no mortal ears could defend themselves against the bewitching tongue of *Demosthenes*. In short, they agreed in this particular, that both of them promoted the *publick good*, with the sweat of their brows, though after a different manner. History now here informs us what fees *Demosthenes* us'd to demand, but 'tis agreed on all hands, that *Lais* would be paid exorbitantly for her attendance : She was not one of those *generous* damsels, that think they are sufficient *gainers* by *exchanging* love for love ; neither tho' she *sought* for pay, did she *list* herself to the next comer for a *small* matter : No, all her favours were *taxed*, and at so *high* a rate too, that she occasion'd the famous *proverb* you have heard so often mention'd, that *every one could not afford to go to Corinth*. *Demosthenes*, who had been inform'd by common report, of the *beauty* and attractive *graces* of this charming *Corinthian*, flatter'd himself that this pro-
verb

verb did not affect him, and that 'twas impossible for *Lais* to withstand the all-conquering *Harmony* of his periods. Thus being satisfy'd that he should gain his point, he took pen in hand, and sent a cart-load of love-letters to *Lais*; She, like a well-bred lady, civilly answered him, in order to lure him on, being one that lov'd to bring these matters from contemplation to practice. Upon this, our orator gets ready his equipage, leaves *Athens*, and sets out for *Corinth*. I cannot positively affirm at this distance of time, whether a dead or living vehicle carried him thither, that is to say, whether he went on horseback or in a coach, the old philosophers being wholly silent as to this point; but considering how deeply smitten he was, 'twas probable that he rode post, if they had any such convenience in his age. He was no sooner arrived there, but plucking off his boots, immediately (for I still keep to my hypothesis, that he took post) he repaired to the next barber's shop, where being most nicely powder'd and perfum'd by *Taxsor*, he put on his best linen, brush'd his hat, and now imagining himself as great a beau as *Adonis*, prepared to beat up the quarters of his new mistress, whom he fancy'd more beautiful than *Venus*. Coming into her apartment, he found her infinitely more charming than he had imagined; he seated himself over-against her, he ogled her, he exhausted all his common places, he squandered away the whole stock of his eloquence, he said a hundred pretty things to her, he made her a goddess, and what not! All this while *Lais* patiently heard our *Athenian* tongue-pad, still expecting when he would open to the purpose, I mean when he would present her with a purse of gold. After the usual forms were over, he had assurance enough to ask her the important question, and she had the conscience to ask ten thousand drachmæ, that make up in our money—let me see—as I hope to be saved, I can't tell you exactly; but I dare venture to affirm, it was a very considerable sum. This confounded proposition put poor *Demosthenes* so to the dumps, that for a quarter of an hour he stood like one thunderstruck, without sense or motion: At last recovering his speech, Madam, cry'd he, your humble servant: I am not in the humour at present, to buy

by repentance at so dear a rate; and so good night. The *Grammarians* and *Antiquaries* have entered into a furious dispute about the meaning of this word *repentance*, and the most learned are agreed, that *Demosthenes* understood that which we call the *Neapolitan Disease*, and, in his time, went under the name of the *Corinthian Itch*. Be it as it will, our *love-sick* orator got home, ashamed and confounded at the ill success of this journey: And from that time forward he bellow'd very strenuously against the *extortion* of the women, but did not make one single *convert* in the whole sex. And now, Sir, I hope I have somewhat qualify'd your uneasiness, by laying before you this adventure of *Demosthenes*. This *scandalous* traffick of *selling* favours is no *modern* invention of the ladies, but as old as the creation. As for those *noisy coxcombs* that pretend to carry the whole *female* world before them, by their *rhetorick*, and have the *impudence* to lay wagers, that they'll bring the greatest *coquette* to their terms in *three* days, only laugh at them for *fops*, for they are not worth your answering. Let them pretend what they please, I'll engage that ten *pistoles* will go farther than ten thousand of the finest *stanza's* and *letters* in the world; for *merit* is a sort of an antiquated *coin*, which not one woman in a million will take for ready *money*. I am

Yours, &c.

To Monsieur de B——

In the beginning of this letter he rallies his friend for not writing to him; and afterwards gives him an account of a merry intrigue he had with a Huguenot parson's wife.

UPON my word, Sir, I am exceedingly obliged to you, for the extraordinary opinion you seem to have of my *friendship*, since you believe it can thrive and prosper like the fruits of *paradise* without *cultivating* or looking after. To be plain with you, can you expect I should *entertain* you from time to time with my letters, while you refuse to put yourself to the

the expence of one single line? But you are the *pleasanteſt* gentleman in nature, I ſwear, when you tell me, I have *wit* enough to *gueſs* at all you can ſay in an answer, and therefore *forbear* to write to me. What! are you ſo unreaſonable to expect I ſhould do like fryar *Martin*, that is, *ſing* and make the *reſponſes* myſelf? Had you the leaſt regard to my reputation, you would never ſerve me ſo, for none but *fools* uſe to talk to themſelves; and for my part, I begin to be weary of it. Beſides, to diſarm you of all excuſes, your *miſtreſs* can never be ſo *jealous* of you, but you may venture a few lines to a *friend*, without incurring her diſpleaſure. With all due ſubmiſſion to the lady be it ſaid, *friendſhip* does not interfere with the intereſt of *love*, ſo that I may very well be allow'd to find a *friend* at the ſame time that the charming *Urania* finds a lover in you. Having made mention of *love*, I have trumped up a new *miſtreſs* lately; but thou art ſo *unpardonable* a wretch, that I hardly think it worth my while to *communicate* this affair to thee. In ſhort, I am ſo concern'd at thy negligence, that by my good will, I could deny thee this ſmall ſatisfaction; but *friendſhip* combats furiously within me, and I perceive will get the better of my *reſentment*. Know then, thou *wicked* reprobate, that for this laſt month I have paid my *devotion* to a *Calviniſt* parſon's wife, who is wonderful pretty and *good-natur'd*; which *laſt* quality, you know, is ſeldom to be found in the females of that *ſour* perſuaſion. I *daily* make my viſits to her, and ſhe ſuffers them; ſuffers them, I ſay, without *reluctance*, and perhaps not without *pleaſure*. When I firſt made her a tender of my affection, the pretty creature *pelted* me moſt unmercifully with texts of *ſcripture*: But I ſoon turned her *artillery* upon herſelf, and convinc'd her, that all the *orthodox* commentators were on my ſide. Perhaps you laugh at this gallantry, tho' at the ſame time you approve my *pious* reſolution to careſs none but *Huguenots*: For let the cenſorious world make the *worſt* on't it can, people can *only* charge me with *tempting* a woman to ſin that was above *half-damn'd* to my hands. But let them talk as they pleaſe, 'tis a deſign I am reſolved to put in execution this *Lent*, for the repoſe of my conſcience. I intend, for the fu-
ture.

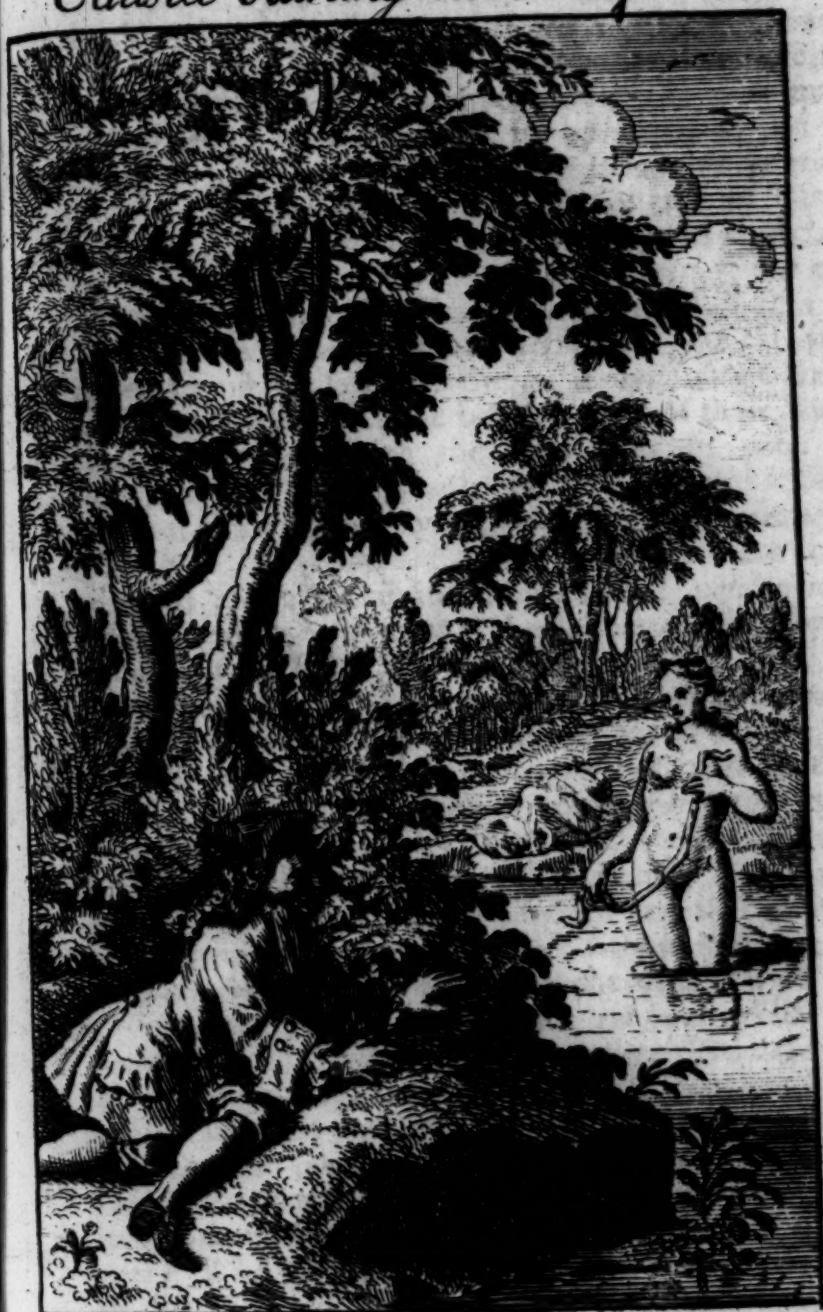
ture, to *hunt* no where but in the territories of *Geneva*, where I shall be without the jurisdiction of the church; so that my confessor will have nothing to do with any *game* I spring there; and indeed if he pretends to forbid me this sport, I shall appeal from him to some more competent judge. By this time I hope you are satisfy'd, that I have taken the surest method of succeeding, and that a young fellow cannot better employ his time, than in making love to women, that never go to confession. That confounded church stratagem, call'd *confession*, is a mortal enemy to all gallantry; by the same token a man shall have an apostle's day now and then pop in unluckily upon him, when he has almost brought an intrigue to bear, and so make him lose in one minute all the ground he had been struggling for so many weeks before. But the Lord be praised, there are no such misfortunes to be fear'd among the *Huguenots*: The good people of that persuasion never trouble their heads with keeping a catalogue of their sins, but let them lye at *fixes* and *sevens*; whereas we discreeter catholicks pay off our scores once a month at least, and then begin a fresh tick. The best jest of all is, our husband, according to the common fate of most *cuckolds*, is the kindest, civilest fellow in the world to me, and imagines the only motive of my coming so often to see him, is to be settled in some points of religion. To countenance this belief in him, I seem to be wonderfully surprized at his discourse, nay sometimes allow him the better of the argument; and, indeed, 'tis merry enough to consider how *harmoniously* the business of sin and religion goes forward in his house; for while old orthodox thinks to make a *convert* of me, I'm endeavouring by way of *retaliation*, to make a *whore* of his wife.

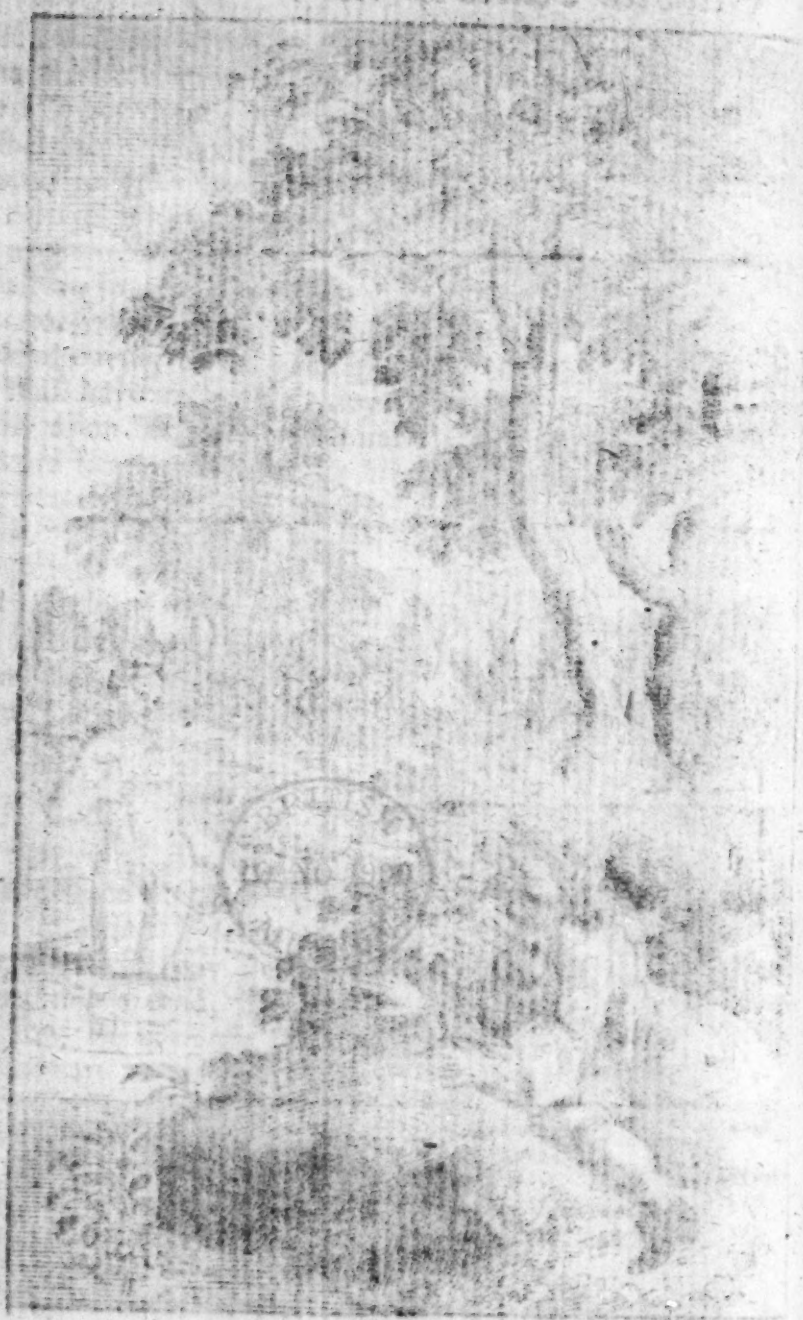
To Monsieur de S—

Our author endeavours to comfort his friend for having lost his mistress.

I Commend you for making me the confident both of your love and affliction; for though you had not been oblig'd in point of friendship, to have done it, yet the

Calista bathing her Self





the conformity of our misfortunes seems to have challeng'd it from you. I am concern'd at your ill luck, and resent it with as *lively* a concern, as if it were my own. Were you to be comforted after the usual manner of people in distress, that is, by citing to you the examples of other persons as *unfortunate* as yourself. I cou'd easily produce *myself* as an instance of human infelicity, who have all my life-time been persecuted by *love*, as well as a constant ill *fortune*. If the perfidious *Melissa* has despis'd you, my cruel *Calista* has bestow'd the same treatment upon me. At the same time, I must confess that *Calista* is not altogether so unjust as *Melissa*, since she beholds none of those *shining* qualities in me, which the other sees in you; for which reason I ought only to *condole* your hardships without thinking of myself, who am too *worthless* a wretch to be comforted. But since you have commanded me to administer to you some *consolation* out of my own store, I cannot begin better, than by reminding you of the ancient *proverb*, which says, that *fortune* and *love* don't always *favour* the most *deserving*. One would think that a *handsome* young fellow, like yourself, was only made to be *beloved*, and that the ladies ought to prefer such as come *nearest* to them in point of beauty, to those that are farthest *remote* from it: However, we find the quite contrary usually happens: women are the most *fantastic* animals in nature as to their affections; they love without knowing *why* or *wherefore*, and *blindly* follow the direction of their *passions*, that never advise with *reason*. What finer gentleman did *Italy* ever produce than *Jocundus*, witty, generous, gay, and beautiful; yet does not history inform us, that the dear wife of his bosom lov'd the embraces of her coachman much better than his; a rascal that was as ugly as the *devil*, and *stunk* worse in his own single person, than a convention of *polecats*? Who has not heard of *Adolphus*, the famous king of the *Lombards*, whose *beauty* made him *admir'd* by all the world, yet his *virtuous* queen left him, to solace herself in the arms of a little diminutive crumpled brute, whose very sight was enough to put *Messalina* herself out of conceit with the whole sex? And now, Sir,

do

do you think it strange that she has abandon'd you for that walking tun of guts and garbidge, your *rival*? Tell me not, that your misfortune is without *example*: Were I not afraid to overwhelm you with variety of *citations*, I could easily refresh your memory with the ancient, but true story of the celebrated *Penelope*, whose *virtue* and *chastity* have been recommended to all succeeding women, as *patterns* to follow. Don't you know, that during the absence of *Ulysses*, she was court-ed by abundance of young *lords* and *noblemen*, who omitted nothing that cou'd contribute to gain her affection! There was nothing but musick and feasting, and magnificence; yet the devil of any progress did these young *lords* and *noblemen* make in *Penelope's* heart with all their musick, feasting, and magnificence. At last, a crotchet took *Mercury* in the pate, to undertake that which all these fine *princes* had attempted in vain. He flatter'd himself, that being a *god*, he might easily surmount those difficulties which frail *mortals* had found invincible; and that *Penelope* must be a statue or something worse, if she cou'd maintain her heart against his fine *shape*, his *eloquence* and *address*. But notwithstanding all this, *Mercury* succeeded not a jot better than the rest of his rivals. Finding that neither his fine *shape* or his *eloquence* made any impression upon the lady, he had recourse to *address*, having had the honour more than once, to serve his father *Jupiter* in the painful and laborious character of a *pimp*. But he display'd all his *dexterity* to no purpose; therefore, to bring matters sooner to an issue, he metamorphos'd himself into a goat, and under that agreeable form, caress'd this irreconcilable enemy to love, the chaste and virtuous *Penelope*. Now, what will you be able to reply me, dear friend of mine, when I shall desire you to remember, that a pauntry stinking creature, with *hoofs* and *horns*, obtain'd those favours, which so many whining coxcombs, and even *Mercury* himself had solicited in vain? *Penelope*, who, had stood buff to all the charms and courtship of *gods* and *men*, surrenders up her person to a vile, nasty animal; and what was the effect of this *unnatural* commerce, but a cloven-footed puppy, I mean *Pan*, the illustrious prince of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*? Let me desire you,

you, Sir, to chew the cud a little upon this *instructive* story; and when you have done so, tell me, whether you and I have not shewn ourselves a *brace* of idle coxcombs, to languish and die for two insignificant, ungrateful *coquettes*? Were we *wise* we should leave off this *game*, and start a *better*. As for you, 'tis in your power to chuse a hundred mistresses that will think themselves *honour'd* with the leavings of the insensible *Melissa*, and will be much more capable to comfort you upon the score of your loss, than I can *pretend* to. Deliver yourself therefore from a *slavery* which will be dishonourable to you, since your mistress has made so vile a choice. Constancy is often a *vice* as well as a *virtue*, and all the world will laugh at you, to shew it upon this occasion. For my part, I advise you nothing but what I am resolved to put in *practice* myself: Whenever the cruel *Calista*, who has not as yet thought fit to declare herself, shall bestow her affection upon any other than myself, that very moment I will throw off her *chains*, and not drag them about me to set off the *triumph* of my rival. I will see him *crucify'd* a hundred times over, before he shall have the satisfaction to see me drop one single tear for those favours which he enjoys at pleasure. No, I will drown all my cares in a glass of generous *red*, put the ill-natur'd jilt in the front of some *glorious* lampoon, break her windows, murder her lap-dog, and wish her and her spark at the *devil*. This is the *remedy* I would prescribe to you in your present distemper, and not to let it grow upon you, by humouring it; which would make me as great a *sufferer* as yourself, since I feel all your afflictions in as sensible a manner as I do my own. Forget a *worthless* creature, that has forgotten you; nay, remember that *Melissa* has oblig'd you by resigning you up for another, since 'twas impossible for you to have pass'd one easy moment with a woman of so *wretched* a taste. I am

Yours, &c.

A Letter to Monsieur H——

Giving an account how he surprized a famous Miss of the Town, dining at her Lodgings in an Undress, with two of her female Companions.

WELL, I have the most comical adventure in the World to recount to thee, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha! I shall kill myself, I think, with laughing at it, 'tis so ridiculous: Give me leave to recover a little out of this fit, and then, dear rogue, thou shalt hear all.

Know then — but this wicked fit again interrupts me — Well then, to be serious — Know that between the hours of twelve and one to day, having gone through my whole circle of morning visits, I bolted unawares into the divine *Belinda's* chamber, where I saw a sight enough to — Pardon me, dear *Toney*, I am so tickled with the idea of it, that I must take t'other dose of laughter before I can stir a step farther — to have made the morosest *Cynick* in the world forfeit all his gravity.

A plague on her, you know the divine *Belinda* well enough, that ill-natur'd saucy *barlot*, that comes every night so spruced up and prim to the play-house: She that has been the subject of so many *Sonnets*, and deify'd by so many confounded *Poets*; she that is never without a train of marquisses, lords, and knights, and a numberless litter of subaltern puppies to hunt her from the pit to the side-box, and back again from the side-box to the pit. Well, and what of her, you'll cry? Why, as I told you before, I bolted unawares into her chamber, and surpriz'd her with two of the sisterhood at a small collation.

The devil of a napkin or table-cloth was to be seen before them. No *Pagan* ragoust, nor high-flown kickshaw, but a platter of humble *sprats*, attended by six boil'd eggs in a crack'd earthen pipkin, a dab of salt butter stuck upon the corner of the table, and a handful of salt wrapp'd up in the greasy fragments of a *Sessions-Paper*. Their commodes and smocks were washing

washing below by the landlady of the house; judge then what a rueful figure they made in this *disphabilla*, with their hair about their shoulders, and their udders swagging down to their navels. The furniture of the room was every way answerable to the entertainment; for, let me see — there stood that necessary utensil, call'd a *piſs-pot*, brim full in the chimney; a batter'd *bam-box* upon a broken-back'd chair; the skeleton of a *fan*, with a *tooth-bruſh*, a *powder-puff*, and a box of *pomatum* in the closet; a row of pins, with the *Academy of Compliments*, and one of *Durſey's* ſong-books in the window, and laſtly, two or three little deal-boxes upon the mantle-tree, which I hope in the lord had *Turpentine* pills in them. The ladies bluſh'd, and ſo did I; then down ſtairs they flew without ſpeaking a word, and I after them, but loſt them in ſome of their ſubterranean *catcombs*.

No ſooner was I got into the ſtreet, but I made abundance of moral reflections upon what I had ſeen: Theſe impudent devils, ſaid I to myſelf, that look ſo charming by candle-light, bleſs me! what ſorry dowdies they are in their undreſs, and how ſcurvily do they fare at home; who are ſo nice forſooth, and ſo ſqueamiſh at the tavern! Well, I am reſolv'd to undeceive all mankind, and communicate my diſcoveries to them. With this virtuous reſolution I went to all the Chocolate-houſes I knew, to find out any of my acquaintance, and unbeſom myſelf to them; but meeting not a ſingle ſoul there, I repair'd to my lodgings, and could not reſt till I had imparted this bleſſed news to thee. I can't foretell how this letter will edify with you; tho' if you make a right uſe on't, it may prove a better antidote againſt whoring, than a month's penance in love's powdering tub——. But as for the divine *Bellinda*, the next time I ſee her ladyſhip in the ſide-box, if ſhe's not as civil and bumble as one of her own calling before a ſurly juſtice, take my word for't, I'll proclaim the nakedneſs of her land to all her adorers.

Farewell.

To

To Monsieur de C—— Captain in the Regiment of ——

Upon the Conclusion of the War between France and Spain, in the Year 1660, by the Treaty of the Pyrenees.

THIS comes to tell you, tho' I know you'll curse me for my news, that you must now resolve to *live*, whether you will or no. In short, the *peace* was yesterday concluded, and in a few days will be proclaim'd all over the kingdom. I'll allow a gentleman of your gallantry to be angry at it; but 'tis no little consolation to us worthless fellows, that we are going to enjoy the fruits of *peace* and *tranquillity*, which the confounded noise of *drums* and *trumpets* has so long interrupted. With the rest of his majesty's good subjects, I have my part in the publick joy; yet at the same time feel one that is particular to myself, when I consider that I have nothing more to fear from your bravery, and that your life is no longer a *ward* to your *courage*. The devil take the *guardian*, say I, that shews so small a concern for the preservation of his *ward*. Well, I would not for a greater sum than I am willing to mention here, have ventur'd my life upon the same bottom with yours, in any of the late engagements. A man that had seen how you expos'd yourself upon every occasion, would have sworn your life was a burden to you, and that it cost your father and mother *no pains* to beget you. Had the musket-balls been nothing but so many *pastiles* or *perfum'd-eggs*, you could not have march'd with more alacrity into the trenches. 'Twas to no purpose I remonstrated to you, that your life was worth the preserving, that there was no great litchery in having one's brains examin'd by a cannon-ball; and that your father, as able and experienc'd a *workman* as he is, might *belabour* the matrimonial *anvil* a dozen and a dozen times to that, before he cou'd *hammer* out such another *chopping* youth as yourself; for, in short, all advice of this nature was thrown away upon you; misled by that *ignis fatuus* call'd *gallantry*, you believed me to be an enemy

to your glory, and thought a son of *Mars* ought to despise the counsel that came from so cowardly a principle as *discretion*. I own indeed you took the *direct* road to get a marshal's *baton*; but alas, where one man arrives to his journey's *end*, how many thousand drop short by the way! In my opinion now, a man that sets honour always *before* his eyes, ought now and then to look *behind* him and reflect upon the dangers that attend it. You gentlemen in *red* think a man is only born to be knock'd on the head; but we, of a more peaceable *cloth*, are well enough content to be disappointed of those honours. Now, as I humbly take it, this fantastick idol of yours, this spoiler of fine shapes, this lover of blood-shed, *valour*, I mean, is the greatest curse that a man can bring with him into the world; for which reason I thank my maker duly every morning, for not bestowing this *fatal talent* upon me. To deal plainly with you, I was never any great admirer either of *Alexander's* or *Cæsar's* glory, which was purchased by the desolation of so many flourishing provinces, and the slaughter of so many innocent wretches. These, and the like calamities, have too long over-run all *France*; but now their reign is over, the Lord be praised, and we shall see no more of them; for I must once more tell you, tho' I displease you never so much, that the *peace* is concluded, and that I have no other *war* now to apprehend for you, but that which your mistress is resolv'd to declare against you at your return.

Yesterday, I and four of my friends, enter'd *Fontarabia*, where the late prince of *Conde* cou'd not get entrance at the head of ten thousand men. Mistake me not, Sir, as if I told you this with an intention to magnify my *bravery*: No, 'tis one of the blessed effects of the *peace*. And to convince you, that 'tis so with us, I must inform you, that we live in the strictest amity imaginable with those worthy gentlemen the *Spaniards*, who are not such ill-favoured devils as we us'd to paint them, but treat us with *rosa solis*, wine, and chocolate, as lovingly as if we had tumbled in the same belly with them, and not a soldier of their nation been killed in any of the late actions. They are a civil, well-bred people, as I hope to be *sav'd*; and the duce take me if

I don't

I don't love them heartily, because they carry no *gall* or rancour about them: Not but that you may hear them complain now and then, one of having lost a son, another a brother, and a third a relation, either in *Flanders*, *Catalonia*, or *Italy*. But this is nothing, the complaining fit is soon over with them; and to repair the losses they have sustain'd, would be content with all their hearts, that a sufficient number of our *ablest* troops were sent into *Spain* to beget as many children upon their women, as they lost soldiers in the war. All our politicians here are of opinion, that this is one of the principal articles of the treaty; and that, for this purpose, abundance of the ablest Mathematicians in *Europe* will be employed to compute how many men the *Spaniards* have lost, to a single centinel, since the falling out of the two nations. As for me, I think it the most reasonable proposal in the world; and since I have not had the honour to be employ'd by his majesty in his wars, am very willing to serve him upon this occasion, for which reason I will use all my interest at court to procure me a company in one of these regiments.

Well, certainly this is the merriest country in the universe. The children here can dance before they can speak, and cry for a *guitarre* more impatiently than they do for the *sucking-bottle*. Their mirth begins with their life, and never concludes but with it: Nay, their very priests have their share of it; as well as the rest of their flock; and I have observed, that at all their weddings and merry-makings, the *Parson* is the man who constantly leads up the dance. But of all their commendable customs, that which I must love them for, and all the world in my opinion ought to imitate, is, that there is a *probationship* here in chusing a wife, as well as in taking the *monastick state* upon one. After they have *consummated* for a twelvemonth together, if *Joan* doth not like *John's abilities*, or *John* is scandaliz'd at *Joan's capacity*, they are at liberty to part; and a young wench that has had half a dozen such husbands one after another, carries her head as high as the modestest she in the parish, and no body dare say *black* is her eye. Well! how happy a place would *France* be, were this righteous fashion observed in all its provinces.

Befere

Before I conclude this letter, give me leave to acquaint you with an odd accident that has happened upon these coasts, and which perhaps may not be improper to recount to you. Not many days ago a poor whale, having heard without question, that the peace was concluded between the two crowns, and possess'd with a laudable curiosity to see two nations *united*, which had so miserably infested one another in the late war, imagin'd he might come into these seas, without any detriment or molestation to his princely person; for which reason he left his native shores of *Norway* or *Greenland*, to assist at so illustrious a reconciliation, and carry the happy news throughout *Neptune's* dominions: But the unworthy tars of this place, who understand neither *rhime* nor *reason*, having no regard to the articles of peace, nor yet to the rules of hospitality, that are every where sacred, no sooner saw this high and mighty potentate appear upon their coasts, but like a parcel of rascals, without any formal *declaration* of war, or the least affront from his *northern* highness, they attack'd him with all the *posse* of the river, not considering that two to one is every where odds, as well by water as land, mann'd out a hundred boats against him, and brought him in a *triumphant* manner into the harbour. You know how corrupt the courts of *Admiralty* are over all Christendom, and what little respect is paid to the *law* of *nations*, where the longest sword puts in its pretensions. In short, they declar'd him *good prize*, and made a present of him to cardinal *Mazarine*, who either out of good husbandry, because he knew it would require so many tuns of butter to fry him in, or for some other reason best known to himself, would not keep him, but sent him to *Don Louis de Haro*, who out of revenge, sends his excellence every week two mules laden with ice. — But I have trespass'd too much upon your patience. Send me word in your next, when we may expect you in these parts; and be assur'd that none of your friends wishes your coming with more impatience, than

Your most humble, &c.

St. John de Luz.



Diverting Billets to LADIES.

A Billet from a Lady to the Author.

Wherein she desires him to carry her to see the Lion and Tiger.

IF what you have swore to me a hundred times, be true, that is to say, if you are so much my *humble* servant as you pretend, so soon as you have din'd, you'll come to our house, and carry me and my sister to see the *Lion* and the *Tiger*, and some other odd curiosities that are lately come to town. How great your stock of *courage* is, I cannot tell; but if you are not a rank *coward* indeed, you'll be glad of the opportunity to be master of the *cere-mo-nies* to us, and conduct us into the presence of the afore-said outlandish gentlemen. Thus I have given you a fair occasion of *diverting* me, without putting you to any great expence. Judge then, whether I am not the kindest woman upon earth, since I am willing to be *oblig'd* to you for so *small* a trifle.

The A N S W E R.

'TIS but reasonable, Madam, you should go and pay a visit to two such near relations as those you mention'd in your billet; and God forbid that I should hinder you from discharging your conscience in so *ne-cessary* a point. Yes, Madam, I will certainly wait on you after dinner, and not lose the satisfaction of attending you to an interview, where, no doubt on't, there will be a world of caresses and tender things on both sides. If *sympathy* is the mother of *friendship*, I am confident the *Tiger* and your *Ladyship* will be hand and glove, and strike up the strictest alliance that ever was known. I fancy 'twill be a most pleasant fight to

See those two savage creatures *bumble* themselves before you, lick your hands and feet, give you a gentle squeeze by the arm, and tell you in their *language*, that since you are a hundred times more a *lioness* and *tiger* than they, 'tis but reasonable they should own you for their lawful and rightful *queen*: so that Madam, though both these animals are let *loose* about the room, I shall have nothing to fear from them while you are there: Or if they have never so much a mind to make a meal of my carcase, yet you may easily conjure them by the *friendship* that is between you; or, to express myself more properly, you may command them by the authority you have over them, not to deprive you of the *glory* of my death: for in short, Madam, it will be a most horrid shame, if their *teeth* and *paws* pretend to invade the office of your *eyes*. Therefore, be assured, my *cowardice* will not hinder me from seeing this show, since I shall have your company thither.

A Billet from the same Lady.

She desires him to write her a few Lines in Answer to a Copy of Verses she had received from a Lover.

I Here unsay all the angry things I said to you last evening. You are good for something, I must own; nay, now and then I cannot be without so necessary a gentleman as yourself. If I lose you for good and all, I shall lose the better part of my diversions; and as chearful as I am in my temper, I believe sincerely in my conscience, that I should at least lament you three hours by the clock. I dare lay any wager with you, that you are not conjurer enough to divine why I sweeten and colloque with you so furiously this morning. Know therefore, that I want your assistance to answer four of the finest, prettiest stanza's I ever saw, sent me this morning by a worthy gentleman, who swears and vows he loves me better than his eyes. Let me die if any thing can be tenderer. Therefore invoke me the aid of that *familiar* your *muse*, and employ all your wit to answer them, so that both the gentleman and I may be satisfied: other-

wife, I revoke all the *obliging* things I bestowed upon you in the beginning of this epistle.

The A N S W E R.

MADAM,

YOU fancy, I perceive, that you have said abundance of complaisant things to me in your letters; but the duce take me if either I do or will believe a syllable of the matter. Set your hand now to your *heart*, and tell me in sober *sadness*, whether you made me a mighty compliment in treating me like your *confident*, when you ought to have treated me like your *lover*. A wonderful favour indeed, to desire me to write a copy of verses, and all to please a *rival* whom I wish at the devil. Well, for this once, Madam, I am resolv'd to disobey your orders. My muse is too young at present to set up for a *goer-between*; and without vanity, deserves a better employment than what you would recommend to her. I keep her in my service only to assist me in my *amours*; and should I ask her to do any thing else, I am sure she would deny me. Therefore, Madam, you must e'en answer your gallant yourself; and the next time you want a *confident*, pray employ any one else but,

Yours, &c.

A Billet from the same Lady.

She rallies him for playing the whining Lover, and sends him his Heart again.

I Begin to be dog-weary of hearing you complain of your ill *destiny* so often. Your letters as well as your conversation run eternally upon this nauseous strain, though I have told you a hundred times, that this is not the way to *win* me. However, you chuse rather to *displease* me, than leave off this unfashionable way of courtship. If you are resolv'd to play the *milk-sop* still, let me intreat you to shew it elsewhere, and not before me. In short, if restoring the *insignificant* trifle your *heart* to you,

will

will secure me from all farther persecutions of this nature, take it again in God's name, for I no longer pretend to it, since 'tis not fit for my purpose.

The A N S W E R.

MADAM,

YOU shew your good-nature with a witness, to send me my heart back, after you have us'd it so scurvily above six weeks. Is this then your way of *requiting* those that serve you? Who do you think will receive it in the blessed condition you have brought it to? No, Madam, e'en keep it to yourself, 'tis your own proper *chat-tel*, and no body but you has a title to it. Once more let me tell you, 'twas not *handsomely* done of you to send it home in so wretched a pickle. *Mangled* as it is, *burnt* to tinder, what woman alive will entertain it in her service? If you did not like it, you ought in conscience, Madam, to have sent it me back long ago. At the time when it was whole and chearful, (and such a one it was when I first made you a present of it) I could have found mistresses enough that would have been glad to receive it: but since you have so disfigur'd it, that I myself hardly know it, you are bound in honour to look after it, and suffer its *infirmities*, since you have been the *occasion* of them. Let it complain and *bemoan* itself ever so much, you ought to bear with its lamentations; but if they offend you and break your repose, is it not in your power to make them cease when you please? And have I not told you a thousand times which way you may silence them? Come, Madam, put my *recipe* in practice, and I give you free leave to send my heart back again, if after you have try'd that experiment upon it, you don't find it as full of *joy* and *gaiety*, as at present 'tis of *grief* and *affliction*.

To CALISTA.

To acquaint her that he's troubled with an Ague.

I Am up to the ears in love, Madam, as you know but too well. I have a confounded *quarrel* upon my hands, which I suppose is no news to you neither.

Thirdly and lastly, I have a damn'd *law-suit* to manage, which you cannot be ignorant of, since I have told you of it so often. To compleat my misfortunes, I wanted nothing but a *tertian ague*, or some such blessing to visit me, which, thanks to my ill *destiny*, is come at last to increase the number of my other *persecutors*. Considering with what formality and circumspection it began to attack me, one may lay a hundred pounds to a penny that it will keep me company till next spring. My *hand* still trembles with the extremity of my last *cold fit*, and my *heart* is almost burnt up with the violence of my passion; and what more proper secretary can there be, than a *freezing hand* to a *flaming heart*? As I am naturally of a gay, merry temper, and according to the common opinion, an ague always proceeds from *melancholy*, I can't imagine how it came to single me out of the herd: for hitherto, whether 'twas owing to my *insensibility* or *courage*, I have not been much disturb'd either about my *law-suit* or my *quarrel*. 'Tis a plain case then, that my *love* has betray'd me to this troublesome companion. For this reason, to deal plainly with you, I begin to *suspect* you, and fancy that there is a secret intelligence between you and my disease, and that the flames you kindled in my *heart*, prepar'd the way for those that now scorch up my *body*. And will the queen of my heart then, to whose laws it so chearfully submits, lose the conquests she has made? Interest, one would think, would dictate better advice to her, and persuade her not to let a barbarous enemy *burn up* and *destroy* a place that belongs to her empire. Revenge yourself, then, Madam, and when your hand is in, revenge me, and turn this impudent aggressor out of your *dominions*. I need not inform you, that this cursed aggressor I complain of, is my *ague*, that ill-look'd, ill-natur'd, ill-contriv'd *devil*, that loves to make every one he *possesses* look as villainously as himself, that profess'd foe to cherry-cheeks, that demolisher of jolly constitutions, that leveller of faces, and destroyer of all mirth. Judge then what will become of my poor *fortress* in a few days, if this malicious *engineer* batters it with his great *artillery* from above, and at the same time undermines it from below. 'Tis true, he lies idle every other day; but a curse light on him, he does me more mischief in three

three hours, than I am able to repair in threescore. In short, I expect to have this *wicked siege* rais'd by none but you; and this 'tis so easy for you to perform, that unless my *relief* comes immediately, I shall conclude you don't think the town worth saving.

To the same Lady.

He tells her after what manner he will receive her, when she comes to visit him.

YOU send me word that you intend me a *visit* this afternoon; but does your ladyship well consider what may be the effect on't? Do you think 'tis possible to see so doleful an object as I am, without paying some little tribute to pity? Or suppose your heart is insensible to all my sufferings, do you know after what manner I shall *receive* you, and whether you'll be *pleas'd* with your entertainment? Well, Madam, that you may not be surpriz'd, I will acquaint you before-hand what sort of a reception you are to expect from me.

In the first place, Madam, when you come into the room, I cannot advance one step to meet you, that's positive, but keep my chair, like the Great *Mogul*, or the Great *Turk*, which you please; and the same ceremony I shall observe at your going away. Then when you have seated yourself, instead of complimenting you upon your *beauty* and *wit*, those two beloved topicks, which you women are so pleas'd to hear your *adorers* expatiate upon, I shall only entertain you with the cruel usage of my distemper; and though you look'd ten times prettier than ever I knew you, yet I shall fancy you as pale and yellow as myself. Perhaps I shall not speak a syllable to you in an hour, or if I open my mouth, it will be only to ask your ladyship what is good for a man in my condition, to complain of my want of appetite, to tell how many hatsful of *Jesuits* powder I have taken to no purpose, or relate to you what odd whimsies come into my head when I am in the height of my pain. I shall

think I entertain you with a very *notable* discourse indeed, when I acquaint you that my disease, by a strange unaccountable magick, carries me in the compass of twelve hours, from the extreamest part of *Lapland* to *Guinea*; that for the first six hours I am so cold, that a cloy'd lover's appetite cannot be more; and the six next that follow I am so hot, that all the water in the *Volga* would not cool me: that I am the emblem of *Mount Gihel*, as they say, that is of *hell*, carrying two contrary extremes about me: that when I tremble, I make all the glasse windows for two miles about me clatter; and when I burn, one had better cross the *line* than touch the least part of me. Thus you see, Madam, what a *diverting* scene you are like to find in my quarters. As for my *looks*, you never saw any thing so ghastly and terrible. My very *figt* is enough to make a sexton tremble, that has made it his constant trade to rifle the graves of the dead; nay, fright an unbelieving priest into an ague-fit of devotion. My physician, that was as rank an atheist as *Vannius* the other day, believes the existence of *spirits* already, by the same token he owes his *conversion* to me. You may count all the *teeth* in my head through my cheeks, and the surgeons of the town bespoke me this morning, to do them the honour to represent a skeleton at their theatre, and suffer one of their fraternity to read an anatomical lecture upon me. So you must not be surpriz'd, Madam, if I make you a few *scurvy* faces at your coming in; 'tis no more than what I do to all the world; nay, even to my dear beloved *self*, when I behold my phyze in the looking-glass. All the good you are like to find by me, is, that my *hands*, of which you have so often complain'd, are grown the civilest, quietest hands in the universe, and will not give you the least occasion to complain of them. Before *George*, in the humour I am at present, I would hardly draw them from under my morning-gown, to play with *Helen's* delicious bobbies, which undoubtedly were very *commendable* bobbies; since, in conjunction with her face, they made the *Greeks* and *Trojans* deal their handy-blows so liberally to one another. So now, Madam, I leave you to guess, whether you have any thing to apprehend from me; and whether you will not part peaceably from me, without calling me saucy,

rude

rude fellow, as you us'd to do. This I must tell you too for your comfort, that I shall be highly offended with you, if you presume to *laugh*, according to your laudable custom: Therefore resolve to disguise the *gaiety* of your humour for a few moments, or at least pretend a little compassion for me. Thus I have not only inform'd you what you must expect from me, but how you are to regulate your *behaviour*; so that if you have any desire after all this ghostly counsel, to *visit* your dying wretch, you are fully instructed how to manage yourself. After all, if you continue your resolution, I would advise you to come to-morrow, for 'tis one of my days of *reprieve*.

To Madam the Abbess of—

He gives her an account of his Indisposition, and how uneasily he passes his Nights.

THE clock has struck *twelve*, and it is now just *six* hours, *seven* minutes and a *quarter* precisely, since I have been rolling and tossing in my bed, like a poor vessel in the bay of *Biscay*. All the family is fast asleep, and that young rascal my footman snores as heartily as a drunkard after a debauch. But all this while that *epitome* of human *misery*, your humble servant, is *awake*, and has nothing else to accompany him but his pains and his despair. 'Tis to no purpose that I make vows to *Morpheus*, promise him sacrifice, and invoke his relief; the ill-natur'd god is either too fast asleep to hear my invocations, or too tardy to answer them. Not knowing how to entertain myself better, I built a thousand castles in * *Spain*; but then again, when I soberly consider'd that this was building castles in a prince's country, that perhaps won't thank me for my pains, I immediately got up, quitted my *chimæra's* and *castles*, to write you this letter, and assure you, that I value you more than all the princes and emperors in the world. But, under the rose, Madam, what emperor deserves to be mention'd the same

I 5 month

* A French proverb, equivalent to ours of building castles in the air.

month with you? *Augustus*, who was the honestest of the whole pack, had only one daughter, yet was not able to keep her in good order; for several grave historians affirm, that she would carry a stone in her ear, whether her father would or no. But, Madam, you have at least *forty* daughters to look after, yet you keep them all in due *decorum*; and as for your own conduct, envy itself cannot find the least flaw in it. Now tell me fairly and squarely, whether ever you could have foreseen that you should be compar'd and preferr'd to *Augustus*? and of all the *panegyrist*s you have known in your time, whether any of them ever made you so topping a compliment? But, Madam, these extravagant thoughts and high flights are excusable enough in a sick man, whose brains are addled with the vilest of distempers. This curst ague has thrown me into a thousand other follies, that would make you burst your sides with laughing, should I undertake to send you the compleat history of them. What will you say then, when I assure you that I am grown a wonderful *admirer* of that venerable piece of antiquity, your *aunt*? Could you ever have imagined that a sick man would have long'd for so *dainty* a morsel? And won't you now agree with me, that an *ague* gives a man a very strange appetite? However, what I tell you, is as true as that I am now writing to you. I have had the honour to receive only two visits from her; but in that short time have discover'd a thousand *charms* in her, found her more witty than yourself, and more beautiful than *Calista*. In short, I have felt a certain *emotion*, which I should christen by the name of *love*, were I in health. You would hardly believe how many *fine, tender* things I promise myself to say to her, and how *assiduous* I design to be about her *ancient* person, so soon as I am recovered. And yet perhaps *Thirsis*, when he is *well*, will not follow the inclinations of *Thirsis* the *sick*, but forgive *Calista* all the *cruel* railleries she has made, both upon his crutches and other misfortunes. Since I have mention'd her name, I may venture to tell you, that you are bound in honour to possess that *inhuman* creature with a little of your own goodness. The *compassion* you have been pleas'd to express for me, gives me infinite satisfaction: But alas! what a *refreshing* cordial would it be to me, if my and your *Calista*

listra (for so I must call her, since you bestow'd her upon me) would shew me a little of that obliging *pity*, which you vouchsafe me daily? At the very moment when I am writing this, I dare engage she sleeps as profoundly as if she had nothing to answer for; and that if she dreams, her imagination is making merry at my expence, either playing with my crutches, or drolling upon my paleness. What is more, I dare engage that she'll be ready to die with laughing, when she knows I writ this letter at *midnight*, and that too when I had so little temptation to write. But let her make herself as merry with it as she pleases, I am content, if you will but take this occasion to let her know how *uneasily* I pass my nights. Above all, lay your *commands* upon her not to speak a word of it, since it highly *concerns* you, in point of *reputation*, to have it kept private. 'Tis a *censorious* world, you know, and who can tell what *strange* stories malicious people may raise of us, when they come to understand that a man of my *amorous* complexion got up at *midnight*, with no other design but to give himself the pleasure of *entertaining* you? *Adieu.*

To Madam de H——,

Occasion'd by sending a Bed to her in the Country.

I AM not *prophet* enough, Madam, to foretel whether I have executed my commission to your satisfaction, though no care has been wanting on my side, I can assure you: For I employ'd an experienc'd *woman* of my acquaintance to direct me in this affair, knowing that we *bachelors* are not so proper judges of all the good *qualities* requir'd in a *bed*, as those that have learnt them by long *practice*. All our neighbours that have seen it, like it exceedingly. One said, it was the prettiest *altar* in the world for a young maidenhead to be *sacrific'd* upon: Another, that it was one of love's little *cabarets*, where a brace of *hungry* lovers might refresh themselves with a bit from the *spit*, when they could not tarry till the whole joint was *matrimonially* served up to them. Al-
though

though I very well know that it is not designed for any such *wicked* purposes, yet I cannot forbear to envy the pleasures it will be *conscious* to, and reflect what a delicious scene of *happiness* you and I might act upon it, if you would but give your *consent*. But these are thoughts you are never *troubled* with, all your *concern*, at present, being to know how much it *cost*. If I took as much pleasure to make others *uneasy* as you do, I should leave you in suspense a month or two longer, and not clear it to you till I came down into the country: But as I am not *revengeful* in my temper, be pleas'd to know, that for all it appears so *magnificent* and *stately*, I bought it with the *money* you gave me; and as for the *overplus*, I fairly laid it out upon a very fine counterpane, for which I pretend that you are very much oblig'd to me. Consider then, Madam, that if I have been so trusty a manager of your *purse*, how much better manager should I be of a more precious *cabinet*, if you thought fit to trust me with it? Besides, I must take the freedom to tell you, that I am in some sort a *benefactor* to your repose; and I may without vanity affirm, that by my means a certain person *sleeps* at her ease, that disturbs the quiet of so many people. But I am afraid that this *vanity*, and a small *compliment* from you, will be all the reward I shall receive for the pains I have taken. Not but that if you were inclin'd to do me justice, this bed might easily enable you to pay the debt you owe both to my love, and the trouble I have undergone in this affair. Could I have found ever a *conjuror* in this part of the world, before I had sent down the *bed* to you, I would have brib'd him to *inchant* it in so strange a manner, that I might have *revell'd* in your arms, yet your husband have known nothing of the business, and you not slept a wink in it, till I came to prescribe love's opiate to you. How glad would I have been to have purchas'd so *valuable* a charm as this, at any rate! And how would I have hugg'd the *bonest* magician, that could have help'd me to it! But no such *conjuror* was I able to find, after all my *inquiry*; so that I was forc'd to send you the *bed* in its true *primitive* state, without any other charms than what all other beds in the world may as well pretend to: I mean the faculty of making people *sleep comfortably*, when nature calls upon them. Take
your

your belly-full of it there, Madam; you have my free leave for it: But when that *domestick* animal that lies by your side *wakes* you to perform love's *mattins*, in that *critical* moment *think*, ('tis the *smallest* favour you can grant me) oh! *think* upon

The languishing THIRISIS.

To four Ladies, with whom the Author was in Love at the same Time.

I Think I have given you a plain proof that I am as much in *love* with you, as it is possible for a man to be, since I can afford to write to you at a time when I *suffer* as much as ever poor fellow suffer'd. Upon mentioning my *pain*, I fancy you will at first suspect it to be *another* sort of distemper than really it is. In the next place, I am afraid you will think my letter *contagious*, and for that reason refuse to read it: But, Ladies, as I hope to be happy in the embraces of you all four, there is no danger in it. My distemper, in short, is nothing but the *tooth ach*; and as for that slight indisposition, which you charged me to have gotten in *Spain*, and I so often denied, suppose it were true, it would have been so effectually cur'd by this time, that it ought not to hinder you from keeping a correspondence with me upon that score. No, Ladies, you need not fear any infection by reading my letter. If it were possible for you to catch my *disease* that way, since *love* and the *tooth-ach* generally go together, you might perhaps catch part of my *love*: Mind me, Ladies, I say, *part* of my love; for should you catch it all, it would *scorch* you to death; for I swear to you, I have the most *ardent* affection for you all *four*, which I ever felt. And now methinks I hear you cry out, that a *divided* heart is not worth a farthing; and that a man that loves *more* women than *one*, loves *none* at all. This, perhaps, may be *justly* enough said of your *puny* gallants, that have not heart-

room enough to lodge more than one *Phillis* at a time : But, Ladies, my heart is of a prodigious capacity, and will contain you all *four* with the greatest ease in the world, and that so *commodiously*, that you need not jostle or elbow one another. In short, without being guilty of infidelity to any one of you. I will love you all *four*, both in *general* and in *particular*. Did you but know what strange emotions and wambling of bowels, I feel within me, as often as I think on the tears, feigned or real, which you were pleased to shed at my departure, you would be satisfied that I interpret them to my advantage. As often as I reflect upon that *melancholy* farewell, so full of *tenderness* and *concern*, I am coxcomb enough to flatter myself, that I am seriously and heartily beloved by you all four : And while I am possess'd with this contemplation, I am ready to run mad, that I was so unhappy a dog as not to know this *good fortune* of mine before I parted from you, that I might have made my advantage of it while I was at——But since I have receiv'd no pleasure by it as yet, I am resolv'd to make myself some amends by boasting of it ; for you may swear I will not be silent of the honour I had of seeing four pair of the finest eyes in *Christendom* weep, when I took my leave of them. In short, I relate this history to all I meet, men, women and children, that will give me the hearing ; in which number you may safely include a world of pretty ladies, who already begin to lend me their ear. If hereafter they shall think fit to lend me any thing else, I will make all you four my *confidants*, and send you a punctual account of it. At the same time, Ladies, I must intreat you to send me the news of your parts, as likewise to love me a little, or, at least, to make me believe you do. For a proof of this, I expect you should all four kiss the bottom of this letter, where my *name* is writ. Though I am so many miles distant from you, yet I see, as plain as my hand, Mrs. *Mary* and Mrs. *Betty* going to do it ; but as for Mrs. *Lætitia* and Mrs. *Honour*, they scruple at the business, and make wry faces ; however, I know they will come to it at last, to oblige a friend.——So, so, now *all* of you have done it. But ladies, a *word* before parting : For God's sake, not a syllable of this to
your

your husbands, or any one else; for we must expect a terrible noise indeed, should it be known that you *kiss'd*,

LADIES,

*Your most Humble and
Obedient Servant.*

To the Fair——

A Letter of Gallantry.

Although my *love* parted from you last night in a great passion, yet as for myself, Madam, I swear to you I went away very well satisfied. 'Tis a peevish, froward child, that is certain, and has strong humours with him. When you have granted him one favour, the young son of a whore demands another, and another after that, and so on to the end of the chapter, that is to say, till you have granted him the *last favour* of all. But I preach'd all night to the squaling puppy, that he had reason enough to be satisfied, representing to him how that languishing softness he saw in your eyes, those tender words interrupted by so many sighs, that feeble resistance attended with so much transport and emotion, were sufficient proofs that you were not angry with him, but would content his longing one of these days. Then, to refresh the young rascal's memory, I reminded him what an agreeable disorder you were in all the while, by the same token you hardly knew what you did, or what was done to you. Lastly, I gave him reasons to hope, that at our next favourable meeting he should have no occasion to complain. In short, to appease the child, I pass'd my word for you; so he *quietly* took a nap, and still continues very *orderly*. Therefore, Madam, I must conjure you to be assisting to me, that I may keep my promise to him; for this *little god*, in case he's disappointed, will lay about him like a *devil*, and prove a greater *thorn* in your side than

Your most importunate Lover.

To

To Madame de B——.

The Author excuses himself for not writing a Love-letter for her, as she desir'd him.

THE last time I had the honour of your company, you were pleas'd to enjoin me two different things. The former I now acquit myself of, in sending you the gloves you desir'd me to buy for you; but as for the love-letter you commanded me to write, let me die, Madam, if it's in my power to obey you. Not but that I have used all imaginable endeavours to bring it about. Upon my word now I have harass'd and teaz'd my poor head beyond expression, and all to dictate me a few fine compliments, in order to give you this small satisfaction; but this head of mine is the most perverse, fantastical head in nature; and when I have most need of his assistance, is then sure to play me the scurviest tricks. In short, 'tis a giddy, hair-brain'd rambler, and so great an enemy to all constraint whatever, that when my heart honestly advis'd him t'other morning to obey your orders, *I must*, replies he, *be as implicit a slave as thou art, to do every thing that is order'd me; but thanks to heaven, and my own good conduct, I am free, and will obey no body but myself.* Hark you me, Friend, cries my heart to him, *you are a blockhead for calling me slave; I will maintain it before all the world, that it is an honour to obey Calista, and little less than rebellion to dispute the meanest of her orders.* What! an honour to be a slave, says my heart in a fury: *You may preach up the merit of passive obedience as long as you please, but 'tis a doctrine I shall never swallow; for know, I am a republican in my nature, and declare against all tyranny whatever.* And how darest thou call Calista a tyrant, says my heart, *she whose goodness is equal to her beauty, and who, if she delighted in making conquests, might drag all mankind after her triumphant chariot? If she tramples upon the liberties of a freeborn people, replies my head; if she sees her subjects suffer, without endeavouring to save them; if she keeps up a standing army of little Cupids*
in

in her eyes, contrary to Nature's Magna Charta, all which is undeniably true; why then I positively affirm, that she's a tyrant, and ought not to be obey'd in her arbitrary injunctions.

You'll be surpriz'd, Madam, without question, to hear that I am plagu'd with such intestine war within me; and perhaps, having never heard till now, that the *head* and *heart* can be of two different factions, you may question the sincerity of this relation. But, Madam, I once more assure you 'tis true; and what will more amaze you, this heart of mine became your slave chiefly through the wicked insinuations and counsels of my head, which was eternally telling it how gentle and good-condition'd a mistress you were, and by that means engag'd it to part with its liberty. But after it had once prevail'd with my poor heart to surrender up its freedom to you, like a malicious *traitor* as it is, it refus'd to follow its directions, pretending that it would always continue free, lest it might believe it ow'd you any manner of service; and to give you a proof of it, positively refus'd to write the *Love-Letter* you demanded of me. Pardon, me therefore, Madam, if I cannot obey you upon this occasion; and be assur'd that my heart utterly disproves this obstinacy of my head, condemns its rebellion, and will dispute the glory of being intirely yours, with the *proudest heart* in the universe.

And now, Madam, may I be so bold as to ask you your opinion of this letter? Is it not a *nonparelle* in its kind? And is it possible to write any thing more extravagant? I dare not pretend to determine beforehand how you will relish it; but if 'tis so happy as to contribute the least to your diversion, I shall be infinitely pleas'd with my performance, since to satisfy you is the greatest satisfaction that can be to,

Your most Faithful

and Obedient Servant.

To Madam de L——.

*A Billet written one Morning when the Author had taken
Phyſick.*

I Know you are in town, and am impatient to ſee you ; and yet, as my ill ſtars will have it, cannot ſatisfy this impatience. What vexes me moſt is, that I am aſham'd to acquaint you with the reaſon. All I dare tell you at preſent is, that it is an abſolute, incontrollable *reaſon*, which I am forc'd to ſubmit to in ſpite of my teeth ; and if I went about to *contradiſt* it, I ſhould find myſelf in the wickedest *diſorder* imaginable. Thus I am conſtrain'd to obey this *haughty* tyrant, who, to be free with you, ſo *imperiouſly* ſummons me to dance *attendance* after him, that he has made me lay down my pen half a ſcore times at leaſt, while I have been writing this ſhort epiſtle. But I hope his reign will not laſt above two hours longer, that ſo ſoon as I have din'd, I may do myſelf the honour to wait upon you, and tell you in perſon with what zeal I am

Yours, &c.

TO CALISTA.

Upon ſeeing her bathe herſelf in a River.

WELL, Madam, all your tricks and artifices are to no purpoſe. Laſt night my good fortune led me to the happy place where you were bathing yourſelf ; and though I ſaw a ſight infinitely finer than that of *Diana* naked as ſhe was born, yet *Alceon's* cruel deſtiny did not attend me. But, Madam, if I might aſk you a civil queſtion, why ſhould you take ſo much pains to conceal your beauties ? Upon my word now, I ſaw nothing like a ſhameful part about you ; or if I did, it was only the thighs, and *ſomething* elſe of your ſiſter and couſin, which ought to be aſhamed to appear in
your

your presence. The first doctrine I rais'd from my text was, that those very members you gave yourself so much trouble to hide, are not a jot inferior to what you expose to common sight; from whence I drew this inference, that there are a thousand pretty women in the world that have more reason to hide their faces, than you have to hide your——— Had you lived in that happy time, when the good folks of *Syracuse* dedicated a temple to the fair-buttock'd *Venus*, your ladyship had certainly been *Goddeſs* of the place, every one would have brought his offering to you, and saluted your plump *posteriors*, according to the ceremony there observ'd. Pardon me, Madam, this quotation is too just and natural to deserve your censure. As I never beheld any thing in all my life so *charming* as I beheld you last evening, I want expressions to tell you how much I am enslaved by your beauty. If I were now in my poetick vein, I should proclaim to all the world, that the *red-hair'd chariotter* of the day, meaning the *Sun*, quitted the ocean last evening, where he uses to solace himself in the arms of his beloved *Tbetis*, to sport away the night in that fortunate river where *Calista* was bathing herself. Heavens! how often was it in my thoughts to plunge head foremost into the water after you, and try the adventure of the nymph *Salmacis*! But, Madam, as these were the first emotions of my passions, so they are excusable, because the wisest philosopher upon earth is not *master* of them. The next moment I made some sober reflections upon this design, and must own, I was terribly afraid of you, although you were naked and disarm'd, and carried not that unmerciful fly-flap about you, with which you us'd to correct the insolences of my hand, when it presumes to touch your bubbies, or examine the fringe of your petticoat. After all, Madam, 'tis more for your advantage than you are aware of, that I saw you last evening; for whenever you act the *reserved*, I must own you carry treasures about you that deserve to be well-look'd after, and not exposed to unsanctified eyes. Having seen the beauties of your body, I cannot but approve the severity of your soul; therefore you need not quarrel with me for presuming to see you, since it turns so much to your advantage.

A Billet

A Billet from CALISTA to the Author.

She is angry with him for not knowing her at a Masquerade.

YOU are a man of the least gallantry that ever was known. I am inform'd, that a lady in a *masque*, and who, notwithstanding her disguise, seem'd to be well shaped enough, took you aside yesterday from your company, and said a hundred obliging things to you, to all which you reply'd so coldly and dully, that she went away very *ill-satisfied* with you. This lady had an indifferent *good opinion* of your *wit* before, and had the charity to think you might act your part tolerably well in a frolick of this nature; but you have most effectually undeceiv'd her. As this lady's sentiments are always the same with mine, don't come to tell me any more stories of your *proverbs*, for I shall certainly send you back to the lady in the *masque*.

The Author's ANSWER.

BEFORE I received your billet, I was told that you were at the fine *masquerade* last night; nay, that you were the very person with whom I discoursed so long. But why should you think it strange that I did not know you, you that never spoke *four* kind words to me in all your life, and then entertain'd me with so much seeming *tenderness*? In short, your *soul* was infinitely more disguis'd than your *face*, so that had your *masque* been off, I should never have been able to know you through so much fondness and good-nature. I should have sworn that my very eyes deceived me, and that it was not *Calista* that talk'd with me. Since I was taken up with these thoughts, judge ye whether all the soft expressions and caresses of a stranger were like to operate with me, and whether I was in a humour to begin an amour with a person who seem'd to have some wicked designs upon your property.

property. Thus you could not but observe with what indifference I entertained you ; so that, my dear *Calista*, instead of complaining of me, I think you ought to commend my fidelity, and from thence conclude, that you have no *rival* to apprehend.



Letters to GENTLEMEN and LADIES.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Handy, my Lady——'s
Gentlewoman.

SINCE you have promised me to *consider* me for drawing your picture, and to be juster than your mistress, who has not as yet paid me a farthing for drawing hers, and a thousand other services I have done her in my time ; I am willing to gratify your desire, and paint you with all the little art I am master of. At the same time I may without vanity affirm, that your picture will be a truer and more finished piece than hers, since you don't expect I should flatter you ; for which reason you must not take it ill of me, if I tell you without farther ceremony, that you are not handsome. Should I use this freedom with your mistress, though I have the truth never so much on my side, she would call me all the vile names under the sun ; but I know I am talking to you, whom I fear *less* than her, by the same token I love you a great deal *better*.

Once more then I must tell thee, my dearest *Betty*, that thou art not *handsome* ; but then, I defy the devil himself to say, thou art *deform'd*. No, no, my dear child, thou hast a smiling, roguish air, and a certain *Je ne sçay quoy*, which our finest ladies are often without, and sets all the *springs* of nature in *motion* as often as I think on't. Thy *complexion* is brown, and none of the clearest. Thy *eye-brows* are as black as a coal, and by the assistance of art, wonderfully becoming. Thy *nose* is a little turned
up,

up, which is an infallible sign, dear rogue, that thou art a lover of the *Mathematicks*. Thy mouth is somewhat of the largest; but then to make thee amends, it is so much more proper for a man's tongue to wanton in. Thy *teeth* are as regular as the palisade before thy lady's parlour, and as white as ivory. Thou hast the daintiest smacking *lips* in the universe, that would invite a hermit to sign and seal upon them. Thy *hair*, which reaches down to the *waste*, and is of a lovely black, gives no little addition to thy other charms. As for thy bubbles, dear child, they are none of the whitest, but they are plump and fleshy, and rise and fall so prettily, that I am *stark mad* to have the pressing of them. Were bubbles to be bought and sold for ungodly pelf, thou mightest safely boast, that thou art *richer* than thy lady. As for thy *shape*, I may venture to say without flattery, it is fine and delicate. Thy *legs* are so straight and well-proportion'd, and thy *feet* *steal* in and out so prettily under thy petticoats, that I long to be better acquainted with them. If thou hadst design'd I should have painted thy other parts, thou oughtest to have *shown* them me; for between friends, thou shouldst conceal nothing from us painters; and I don't question but that thy picture would have been ten times more compleat, had I drawn thee *stark naked*. However, I have seen enough to convince me, that thou art a most *delicious* morsel of iniquity; and unless the planets deceive me, I dare swear thy inclinations are not averse to the *flesh*. Thus, my dear child, I have *drawn* part of thy picture, by which a man, that has but once had a sight of thee, may easily know thee again: But now I am preparing to shew thee some of my master-strokes, to satisfy thee I am no bungler at my trade, but can tell how to draw people after the life. Not to make thee vain, nature has been wonderfully indulgent to thee; thou canst set off thy person with a little expence, and appear in an ordinary stuff more advantageously, than any of our stiff-rump'd countesses in their silks and sattins. In the point of dressing, thy fancy is the most *orthodox* in the world: Envy itself could never charge thee with putting one pin out of its due place; nay, even thy very negligence has charms, and becomes thee. As for thy
pretty

pretty little *fingers*, nothing in nature comes amiss to them, they are perfectly skill'd in all the mysteries of embroidery, they can stitch and sew, cut birds and beasts, and the whole history of the creation in paper, raise fortifications in paste, and a thousand other curiosities. Thou hast more wit than would set up a dozen waiting-gentlewomen, and canst see as far into a mill-stone, as the oldest match-maker in town: Thou canst discover a hundred things, which no body else would have taken notice of; nay, I have observ'd more than once, that thou knowest the intention of people, let them take never so much care to conceal it. I'll defy all the waiting-women in the universe to shew so much meekness of spirit as thou dost, or so virtuous a disposition to bring an intrigue to a happy conclusion. It is true indeed, that in relation to thy wicked lady, this talent of thine has hitherto been *unsuccessful*; but if thou continuest much longer about her person, I don't doubt but some of thy stratagems will take effect. Thou hast an amorous inclination, as I hinted to thee above; and I am damnably mistaken, if thou canst live a day, without engaging in some new amour: But then, Child, thy love is *noble*, 'tis built upon no *sordid* principles of *lucre*; it proposes nothing to itself, but the *ease* and *relief* of mankind, and always soars above thy condition. But let thy lovers be of what *quality* they will, thou knowest how to make them observe their due distance, and govern them like a true mistress. Thou hast dexterity enough to manage a laudable commerce with five or six gallants at once; for, to thy eternal praise be it said, ne'er a woman in the world is deeper read in all the refinements of gallantry than thyself. Thou knowest how to bestow thy favours with discretion, to employ sometimes *compassion*, and sometimes *disdain*; to act the fond and the indifferent, according as the various disposition of the scene requires it; in short, to make a proper use of thy looks and sighs. Thou canst dart a favourable glance at one, whilst thou squeezeest the other by the hand; and talk tenderly to a third, while thou tread'st upon the toes of the fourth; and manage affairs so discreetly, as to make none of them *despair*: Not that thou art so willing a *tit* neither, as to let

let every blockhead get up and ride for asking: Faith, child, I'll say that for thee, thou wast always a respec-ter of merit, and would'st vouchsafe thy *friendship* to none but those that deserv'd it. If any young fellow falls roughly upon thee, in one of his amorous fits, thou knowest how to humble his insolence, without tearing his ruffles, or playing the fury with his hair. Should thy mistress surprize thee conferring notes with a friend in a corner, or in a posture that would give offence in another, thou art not a jot discomposed for the matter; but knowest so well how to personate the innocent, that it is impossible to find the least cause of quarrelling with thee. Upon all such occasions, thou hast a thousand excuses ready cut and dry'd for the purpose; and thy wit never displays itself so signally, as in these rencounters, which would utterly *dumfound* a person of less assurance. Besides, *Betty*, to give thee thy due, thy soul is neither infected with jealousy nor envy; thou art no enemy to the divertisements of others, but takest as much delight to *procure* as to receive them thyself, and art never in thy kingdom, but when thou art holding the door. When thou seest two lovers under any unhappy circumstances, thou knowest how to insinuate thyself into their confidence with address, and art ravished to find any opportunity to contribute to their pleasures. After all, thou art generous to a miracle, and not at all influenced by interest; thou preferrest an honest fellow's hearty affection to the purse of a wealthy coxcomb; and didst never in all thy life *stoop* so low, as to value that glittering trash, call'd money. Nay, child, I dare engage for thee, that did thy abilities come up to thy will, thou would'st *give* instead of taking the pence, and allow those that had a share in thy affections, a noble share of thy fortune. And, *Betty*, 'tis this virtuous principle, that makes thy lovers stick so close to thee: As thou art infinitely more generous and witty, than all the servant-maids in *Christendom* put together, so one may justly conclude, that thou hast none of their vices or imperfections. Thou dost not trouble thy head to find out, and afterwards proclaim the faults of thy mistress; thou raisest no idle *squabbles* about the wages or gettings of thy fellow-servants; and

and as 'tis thy chief desire to converse with people *face to face*, thou can'st not endure to speak ill of them behind their backs : So much for thy *morals*. Now to give some specimen of thy *intellectual* parts; thou can'st nicely distinguish between fulsome love, and love dress'd up in clean metaphors, and hast inform'd thy judgment, by reading *Romances* and other *good* books, that talk feelingly and judiciously of these affairs : 'Tis true, that so many shining qualities make thee as much envy'd by the maids and footmen, as thou art admir'd by the masters and mistresses. In short, my dear child, thou art the heroine of waiting-women, and glory of thy function; and I make not the least question, but that one of these days we shall all of us see some notable adventure befall thee, that will convince the world, that thou wast descended of illustrious parentage.

Thus, my charming *Betty*, I have endeavour'd to draw your picture, which, I hope, will give you such satisfaction, that you won't grudge to pay me for't in the same coin that you promis'd me, who am,

Your most humble admirer.

Upon a Harlot in St. James's, that hanged herself for an Irish Captain, and was unluckily cut down by her Maid.

AN old acquaintance of mine came to my lodgings this morning, and accosted me after this manner. *Harry*, cries he, there's the strangest accident has happened yonder, near *Covent-Garden*, that ever you heard, and prithee, try if you can guess it. Why, says I to him, I have no extraordinary hand at this sport; but if 'tis so very strange, and the scene near *Covent-Garden*, as you say, let me see: Has the talking parrot in *Russel-street* foretold the down-fall of the *French* king? No. Now I talk of a parrot; when doctor *Burges* preach'd last, did he make no body laugh? No. A whore profer'd a retaining fee at *Rouse's*, and deny'd it? No. A city-reformer surpriz'd between a pair of red-

hair'd strumpets at the *Horse-shoe*? *No*. A new play talk'd of at *Will's*, and no exception made to it? *No, Sir*. Thus *No* was the word still. At last, says my friend, in his old leering way, to put you out of your pain, a certain harlot in *St. James's* ——— has run away from her lodgings, carry'd off all her effects in her pocket handkerchief, I suppose, and ——— Why, is that so strange? *No, no*, but hear me with reverence and attention, ——— decently suspended herself yesterday morning between the hours of twelve and one, *precisely*, ——— the true comical hour for hanging, says I to him, as I hope to be sav'd, but prithee *Jack*, for what ——— Why, what should she hang herself for but *Love*, said he very gravely ——— The devil she did, says I again: Thou may'st as well tell me, a foot-soldier would dye a martyr for small beer, a true statesman for his country's interest, or a city-apprentice for *Suffolk* cheese ——— Why, truly, *Sir*, you may make merry as long as you please, says he, but 'tis even so as I tell you, and her name ——— Why, that is what I long to know ——— Don't interrupt me then, 'tis the famous *Mrs. C* ——— Well peace light on her soul, 'twas *gloriously* done ——— But you have not heard all, says he, she had not hung a full minute, when alas, to see the great uncertainty of human affairs! Her maid, the duce take me, if my heart did not leap up to my very mouth at the bare mention of her name, hearing a noise above, run up stairs, and unluckily cut her down: and a chirurgion, with a *pox* to him, made a shift to bring her to herself, and recover'd her. And thus, continued he, shaking his head in a sorrowful manner, they have between 'em spoil'd one of the best jests in *Christendom*.

This is the exact relation my friend gave me of this affair. Now to do thee *justice*, thou art the only harlot since the creation, I believe, that ever had it put into her head by the devil, to fall a sacrifice to *love*. Who cou'd have imagin'd that a woman of thy free *communicative* spirit, shou'd fix her affection, which was distributed before to all mankind in *common*, to *Jews* as well as *Gentiles*, upon one transitory mortal? nay, love him to that degree, as to *venture* fire

and

and brimstone for his sake. This is so monstrous and surprizing, that I much doubt me, my dear child, it portends some unlucky revolution to *Europe*, the downfall of the protestant religion in the *Palatinate*, the universal monarchy of *France*, the unkinging of his *papist* majesty, or the beating of prince *Eugene* out of *Italy*. Had'st thou administred a little *Neapolitan* consolation to thy *Hybernian* for his infidelity, thou had'st reveng'd thyself upon him in thy own way and profession; but to hang thyself for a faithless wretch, was so wrong a step in *politicks*, that I can't imagine how thou cou'dst fall upon it! Alas, thy business is living, and not dying; or, if thou must needs resolve upon the latter, thou oughtest to die in thy own *element*, I mean, of love's active distemper, and even of that, no where under a garret. *Money* is a whore's religion, *love* is downright superstition: Now, why should one of thy function, in this *atheistical* age too, die for an *error*, when our very parsons won't do it for the *Truth*?

But, my dear, I only say this by way of raillery; for between friends, I so heartily approve of thy virtuous resolution, that I am almost ready to hang myself for its miscarriage.

Bless me! what wou'd I have given to have been in thy chamber, when this glorious scene was transacting there; but, heaven be prais'd, I have a tolerable good fancy of my own, with whose assistance I can make a shift to guess pretty well how it was. I imagine then, I see thee taking some half a score melancholy turns about thy room, with a noble distraction, and heroick wildness in thy looks, like queen *Dido* a little before she ascended the funeral pile. Methinks I hear thee pouring out a volly of hearty ejaculations against thy false gallant — then down with thy looking-glass, — then out with the cords — then fasten them to the staple, — then mount the fatal *Joint-stool*, — then take the fatal leap, ha, ha, ha, it makes me ready to dye with the conceit, — and then swing,

*With an air and a face,
And a shape and a grace,*

as the song has it, like a school-boy in a bell-rope, but so prettily and decently, that I must needs say for thee, with the knot so nicely plac'd under thy right ear, thy mouth so merrily distorted, and the humidity of thy nature so plenteously streaming down upon the floor, that, for my part, I would rather have beheld this sight, than any of the *Roman* triumphs, and sooner seen thee dangling under the rope, than a thousand *Lady Mary's* shewing their agility upon it.

Faith, my dear child, to be serious with thee, I wou'd not have had thee cut down for a million, and a million, thou knowest, is a pretty round sum, as times go. In the first place, had thy noble design taken effect, thou wou'dst have been immortaliz'd in all the *news-papers* about town, and thy phiz most curiously engrav'd in wood, by honest *John Overton*, to adorn the walls of every coffee-house in *Drury-lane*. The poor sifter-hood of *Wild-street* would have quoted thy name with as much veneration, as the boys in *Cheap-side* talk of the *London* apprentice, that kill'd his brace of lions, and kept the anniversary of thy suspension more religiously than the good people of *White-friers* do that of their martyr, Captain *Winter*. Then there would have been half a score mournful odes made upon thee, that's certain, sung most harmoniously at *Holborn-bars* and *Fleet-ditch*: The ballad-women wou'd have cry'd, *Here's a new and true ballad of a miss of the town, that hanged herself in Great Queen-street*. Then some of the standers-by wou'd have ask'd, *For what?* For what? Why, because she had, perhaps, cries one of them, been overwork'd in *Bridewell*; or because she had fall'n into the hands of justice *Perry*, cries another; or was stript of her only petticoat, by an unmerciful drawer, says a third; or an unkind spark gave her a small token of his affection, cries a fourth, and left her not a farthing to get rid on't. Thus the mob would have bandied their opinions about thee, and at last the ballad-woman clear'd all, by telling them, *In truth, you are mistaken, she hang'd herself for Love*. Upon this, there wou'd have been such shouting and clapping of hands, such hollowing and huzzaing, that the whole town wou'd have rung with the noise. Nay, who knows, but the city-

city-poet, in a few years, would have brought thee into *Smithfield*, where thou wouldest soon have overtopped *Jephtha's* daughter and *Bacchan's* ghost? or lastly, who can tell, but thou mightest have been preferred to the almanack, and a new *æra* commenced from thy glorious *suspension*? Well, it makes me stark mad, my dear creature, to think that thou hast lost all these advantages and honours, these trophies and epitaphs, through the over officious *folly* of thy maid. Pristhee, let me conjure thee to turn her away for my sake, or rather for thy own; for why shouldst thou keep a silly flut in thy service, that has robbed thee of *immortality*?

To Mr. *Briscoe* in *Covent-Garden*.

An Account of a Journey to Exon.

April 8, 1700.

AS we have one *good-quality* in our *sex* beyond what yours can boast of, that is, seldom to make a promise, but with a design to keep it; I have therefore been careful to let you see I cannot easily forget any thing, which so great an obligation as my word hath engaged me to remember: And as there was nothing needful but a bare remembrance of my promise to induce me to preserve it; so I hope on your part there will be nothing more required to render what I have sent you acceptable, than a willingness to receive it. I confess I have given you but a rude account of my journey, every part just scribbled over with as much freedom as 'twas acted, wanting leisure to put it in any other than a loose morning-dress; not questioning but it may please you as well without the formalities of style, as a *pretty woman* without stays may some of your acquaintance.

In the first place, I shall give you a rough draught of those discording mortals our company was compos'd of in the stage-coach, viz. a *barrister at law*, an *attorney's clerk*, a *Cornish justice*, a *taylor*, and a *valet* to a *parliament-man* that would be; but some dispute

arising in the election, prevents me fixing his title : That had I been travelling in a *Dutch-scout*, or a *Gravef-end Tilt-boat*, I could not have been treated with less manners, or teaz'd with more impertinence.

The *justice*, notwithstanding the government's care for the reformation of vice, was as drunk as a *Dutch* captain before he engages, and for the first day talked of nothing but *fox-hounds*, *March-beer*, *warrants*, *whipping-posts*, and *vagabonds*, hollowing as laudably in every interval of his nonsense, as if he had been riding three-quarter speed at the very heels of his beagles, larding his other qualifications now and then with a scrap of an old hunting-song, with a *Hey down, ho down, &c.* which gave me good reason to suspect he had been much more conversant with *Robin Hood's* ballads, than with *Keeble's Statutes*, understanding the latter, I believe, as much as a *German* jugler does *necromancy*, or a *lord-mayor* *state-policy*.

The *limbs* of the *law* were much disturb'd at his bawling, for I conceive they love no body's noise but their own. They desir'd him to sleep ; but he cry'd, *Zounds, I win't jsep, I din't care a f——t for your anger, I'm a justice of peace, and worth thirty thousand pounds, and am the head-man where I live ; and, by G—d, if you come to Lancthon, I'll give you a glass of the best March beer you ever drank in your life : But I will make a noise if I please.* I was in hopes of seeing *law* and *justice* fall together by the ears ; but at last *justice* slept, and the *law* got the better by surviving it.

The *taylor*, had you seen him, you would have sworn he had been broke by the *Jubilee Beaus*, for he had the lines of faith in his face, and his clothes bore the marks of poverty ; he complained very much of his *trusting* : I find 'tis a common calamity, and ruins more families than the *Royal-oak Lottery*.

The *valet* personated his master to a tittle, and was as arrogant and noisy as e'er a *Country Squire* in *England*.

Now, if I were to be hang'd, I can't tell who had most manners of all these : The *Lawyer* slept dogs-sleep
most

most part of the way, I suppose the better to ruminate on the causes he had in hand. The *Clerk* was as impertinent as a *midwife at a gossiping*, and I as dull as an *old woman at a funeral*. They fail'd not to eat and drink heartily upon the road, nor to make me club to the reckoning: *Justice* and *Law* were both of a side in that particular; and the *Court of Equity* being very chargeable, I chose to submit upon any terms, rather than seek for remedy.

After the fatigue of four days, which might serve for a reasonable penance for all the sins I ever committed in my life, I arriv'd at *Exon*, where we met the *Judges* entering the town in as much triumph as ever *Cæsar* did *Rome* after a victory; the *high-sheriff* rode in as much state as a *colonel* of the *City Train'd-Bands*, and much in the same order, only the *sheriff* march'd in the rear of his army, and the other in the front. The next day being *Sunday*, call'd by the natives of this country *Maze-Sunday*, (and indeed not without some reason, for the people look'd as if they were gallied) I was wak'd by the tremendous sound of a *horse-trumpet*: I imagin'd some *monster* was to be seen, and looking out at my window, I saw several forts; the first were *Mrs. Sheriff* and her *Husband*, (for women rule in this climate, and therefore I give her the preheminance) in a triumphant chariot, (erected on purpose for that occasion) with *Dick* and *Doll* crowding to see their *Worships*, as if it had been his *Czarish Majesty*. The custom, it seems, is to conduct them in this manner to the most magnificent church of the place, where we will leave them to their several ejaculations. I am

Your obliged Servant,

You know Who.

The ANSWER. By Mr. BROWN.

MADAM,

April 12, 1700.

I Received your letter, and am glad to find by it that you have got that by making a small journey to *Exeter*, for which other people are forc'd to cross the *Alps*, and beat the *hoof* to *Rome*, I mean the remission of your sins, which you think you have made a reasonable atonement for, by suffering so much from the impertinence of the *Cornish justice*, and the two limbs of the *law*.

But, Madam, don't flatter yourself, or think that your chalk will be so easily wiped out. You have been a great sinner in your time, and four days penance in a stage-coach will hardly atone for the sins you have committed: And because we are too apt to be over-favourable to ourselves, give me leave, Madam, to awaken your conscience out of this dangerous state of security, by laying before you some of the *many sins* you are accountable for.

Imprimis, Here are people in town that charge you with *murders* numberless; and unless you heartily repent of them, and promise to commit no more, I find but little hopes of you. Yes, Madam, you are charged with *murder*, with this horrid aggravation too on your side, that whereas other assassins only murder their enemies, or such as they suspect to be so, you make no scruple to kill your lovers, that throw themselves at your feet, and would purchase a single smile from you at a seven years service.

In the next place, you are accus'd of *theft*. Set your hand to your heart, Madam, and do but consider how many of those valuable commodities you have stolen in your time, yet never had the conscience to restore them to their right owners. What makes the crime worse in you, you have added *sacrilege* to *theft*, and stole away peoples hearts at church in the time of divine service, and in the sight of *Moses* and *Aaron*.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that this is no *theft*; and that if men will put their hearts upon you, how can you help it?

it? But, Madam, some people gave them you who had no right to dispose of them, as I could instance in a thousand married men that sigh'd for you; and, according to the *ancient proverb*, the *receiver* is as bad as the *thief*, for they stole 'em from their *wives*, to bestow 'em upon you.

Thirdly and lastly, Madam, you have not only your own *sins*, but those of other people to answer for. How many *women* have you made guilty of the *horrid sin* of *detraction*, and tell a thousand *malicious stories* of you, only because you were handsomer than they? How many *men* have you made guilty of *perjury*, and tempted them to forsake their *former vows*, to sacrifice 'em to you?

Thus, Madam, I have made bold to lay some of your *sins* before you. Should I undertake to send you a full catalogue of them, I should have as fine a time on't as the *commissioners* that are to inspect publick accounts: Therefore never think that your *Exeter-journey* has compounded for them. I would advise you, this *holy year of Jubilee*, to turn your face towards *Rome*: but, alas! you'd spoil the devotion of all the pilgrims there, that, according to our last advices, are above a *hundred thousand strong*. In short, Madam, I don't know what course to advise you to; only don't stay long in the country, for that would be to trespass against a positive text, and to put your *candle under a bushel*. Come to town as soon as you can, and begin to make restitution in the place where you have done the most mischief.

You desire in my answer I should transmit you some news. I assure you, Madam, there is not enough stirring about town to fill the last half-column of the *weekly papers*, without a tedious repetition of the same fulsome stuff: That the *City News-bounds* sit as hush over their *Coffee* as so many *Englishmen* in a *tavern*, when the drawer has brought the reckoning. But however, for once, I will strain a point to oblige you.

Notwithstanding the late war in *Flanders*, and the present year of *Jubilee*, have rid the nation of abundance of *fools*, yet *knaves* are every term as thick in *Westminster-hall*, and *cuckolds* every day as numerous upon 'Change, as if they had still without loss preserved their ancient number.

Poetafters are grown as numerous in this town as *Quack-doctors* or *Stock-jobbers*; and every one fo applies himfelf to the *ftage*, that the *White-Friers* printers are quite beggar'd for want of ballads: Yet *wit*, I obferve, is as fcarce as 'twas in the time of *Jeffrey Chaucer*, when a diftich of verfes were worth a page of profe, and a fong with a *fa-la-la* chorus was much more liften'd to than a fermon.

Discretion in married women is here grown as fcarce as *modesty* in maids: They fo forward their daughters by their own foolifh talk and example, that the pretty *miſs* at *feven*, inftead of a *rattle*, talks of nothing but a *huf-band*; and the young lady at *eleven* is as ripe in her thoughts, and as pert in her behaviour, as if her education had been at the famous Mrs. C——'s near *Red-lion Square*, inftead of a *Dancing-school*.

I know, Madam, fome of this news muſt feem ſtrange to a woman of your virtue; but the more furprizing, generally the more acceptable, eſpecially if it be true; for which reaſon I ſent it to you, to ſupply the ſcarcity of ſuch as might have been more welcome, and therefore beg your acceptance of it in the room of better, from,

M A D A M,

Your Humble Servant.

To his Miſtreſs.

Upon ſeeing his Rival go into her Lodgings.

I Was drefs'd, and juſt going to make you a ſmall viſit laſt evening, when I unluckily ſaw a coach ſtop at your door, a gallant bolt into the houſe, the ſaihes drawn down by truſty *Rachel*, and all appearances of buſineſs going forward. This made me immediately drop my deſign; for as I would not willingly be hinder'd in one of my own intrigues, ſo I am too good a Chriſtian to interrupt any friend of yours in his. Could I but expreſs to you how uneaſy I paſs'd the evening, and what racking thoughts poſſeſſed me all night, as hard-

hard-hearted as you are, I dare swear you would pity me. All the while I tofs'd and tumbled in my bed, I fanfy'd my happier *rival* revell'd in your arms, surfeited on your lips, lay expiring upon your breasts, and—— but I dare trust myself no longer with such stabbing ideas. In short, I am upon the brink of despair, and you have no other way left to cure my jealousy, but by imposing upon my understanding, and telling me that all I saw was a perfect illusion; persuade me the *gallant* was the fellow that furnishes you with small-coal; that the *coach* was a bandbox with your linen in't; the two *horses* a brace of elephants, just marching for *May-Fair*: Tell me trusty *Rachel* was drinking burnt brandy with a couple of tinder-box criers, at the next *Red-lattice*, tho' I saw her draw down the parlour shades about six. To conclude, invent any thing, say any thing, swear any thing, tho' it be never so absurd: So you give it me but under your hand, 'twill be the best of cordials to

The despairing

AMINTAS.

To his Mistress.

He desires her to steal him a kind Glance out of a Window.

M A D A M,

W H A T have I done to disoblige you, that you should keep me so long in darkness? In plain *English*, why have I not seen you shine out of the shade this morning, since you know I compute the day not from the sun's rising, but your appearing at the window? 'Tis now exactly *ten*, yet 'tis as dark in my hemisphere, meaning my room, as if 'twere midnight; and all for want of your divine eyes to enlighten it. You'll hardly believe me, upon my faith 'tis true, I am forc'd to use a candle to write these few lines to you: Therefore, tho' it were only to save me the expence of candles, which the maid with tears in her eyes told me are risen a full penny in the pound, since the declaring of the war, peep out of the *window*, and give light and comfort to

T. B.

To his Mistress.

Upon calling her a Hypocrite.

M A D A M,

YO U quarrell'd with me last night for calling you a *hypocrite*; by the same token I promised to retract my words the next time I did myself the honour to write to you. I would willingly oblige you all I can; but having consider'd the matter seriously on my pillow, my conscience tells me you are a downright *hypocrite*: And, Madam, I find there's no going against one's conscience.

To be a *hypocrite*, is to be one thing in reality, and another in appearance: Now, Madam, let us examine, whether you will not come within the pale of this definition? To see the charming *innocence* of your looks, one would be apt to swear you never intended or executed any mischief with them; and yet you have more bloodshed, they say, to answer for, than the *French king*. Then your eyes are the greatest *hypocrites* in nature; he that observes the languishing softness of them, would conclude they only warm'd us by their beams, whereas the sun in *Africa* does not scorch more violently. Your cheeks are adorn'd with so delicious a red, that half the world imagines you are painted, whereas you wholly owe it to the indulgence of nature. And lastly, as for your conversation, nothing is so easy and free, yet nothing seems so artificial and studied.

On the other hand, Madam, your *humble Servant* is perfectly the reverse of what he appears to be. You'd take him for a wavering, inconstant fellow, and so does the generality of your sex, that regulate their judgment of him by appearances; but to my certain knowledge, he's the *sincere*st lover upon earth. 'Tis true, he seems to proffer his heart to a thousand other women; yet take my word for't, he only designs it for you. If sometimes he acts the *indifferent*, and tells you he cares not a farthing for you, don't believe him; for then his passion is at the highest, and he could readily die for you.

Thus,

Thus, Madam, 'tis plain we are both of us *hypocrites*, tho' of a different species. What will you say to my *proposal* then, of bringing both our noble qualifications into one common stock? for perhaps something very sincere may be the result of it.

To Madam de B-----.

Upon her being angry with him for telling her that his soul had left him to go and inhabit with her.

FOR heaven's sake, Madam, what have I done to you, to put you into so cruel a passion? Was it then so unpardonable a crime in me, to tell your ladyship that my soul had quitted its old tenement, to take up its quarters with you? For my part, I cannot see wherein it should so mightily displease you. If you believe nothing of the matter, why then should you be so offended at it? And if 'tis true, that this vagabond of a soul has left me for you, take it to yourself in God's name, and don't send it back to its old master, that has now no title to it; for ever since the frolick has taken it to loiter about you, it comes so seldom home, that I have no time to punish it for deserting me. Perhaps you may think this adventure without example: But, I can assure you, 'tis not so new as your ladyship imagines. If ever you had read *Pliny*, he would have informed you that the soul of one *Hermotimus* us'd to abdicate his body as often as the whimsey took it, in order to divert itself more agreeably elsewhere, as it saw occasion; and then when the frolick was spent, would come home civilly to its old habitation, and tell *Hermotimus* what fine things it had observ'd abroad. This was a wonderful pretty way of travelling, for one to run over the lord knows how many leagues, without the least fatigue, or being expos'd to any of those inconveniences that use to incommode other travellers. But, Madam, there's a sensible difference in the case between *Hermotimus* and me; for that worthy gentleman's body, all the while his soul was absent from it, lay as cold and immoveable as a stone; but, for my part, I eat and drink, and dance
and

and laugh, while my soul is taken up near your person. By this, Madam, you may see that you have wrought a miracle upon me much more considerable than any in *Pliny*; though, under the rose, that ingenious *Roman* was no niggard of his prodigies, when once his hand was in. I am

Yours, &c.

To Madam ———

To acquaint her that he had the good fortune to escape a double Scowring, viz. Death and Marriage.

SINCE I have been deprived of the happiness of seeing you, I had like to have done two of the foolishhest things, which a man in his sober senses can possibly be guilty of, if 'tis in his power to avoid them; I mean, Madam, I had like to have gone the way of all flesh, in a mortal and matrimonial sense; or, in plainer *English*, either to have been interr'd in a church-yard, or undone at the church-altar. To set me right in your good opinion, 'tis but convenient I should inform you, Madam, that neither of these was of my own seeking; but that a burning fever threatned to send me, *volens volens*, to the grave, and my good-natur'd parents to condemn me to a wife. However, heaven be prais'd, I have made a shift to avoid both these blessings; and since you have been always pleas'd to express some concern for my welfare, I am vain enough to believe 'twill be some satisfaction to you to learn how I escap'd them.

My fever had brought me to a very low condition, so that I expected every moment when I should take a leap in the dark; for which reason I was willing to clear my debts before I parted, and if I had stolen any thing from any of my neighbours, honestly to restore it, that I might not be imbarass'd in my journey to the other world. Immediately I remember'd that I had read in some of our *Casuits* (perhaps it was *St. Austin*, but I won't be positive) that to steal, was nothing else but to take away something that belong'd to our neighbour, without his consent: Upon which account remembering that I had stolen certain valuable goods from your pretty cousin

cousin *Belinda*, without her leave, my poor conscience flew in my face, and acted the part of a *fury*. This consideration, in short, so terribly alarm'd me, that 'tis impossible to tell you what agonies I lay under; so that being fully resolv'd to make restitution of all that very moment, I ask'd my confessor, a grave ancient pillar of the church, whether he would give himself the trouble to take into his custody a few things I had stolen from a certain person, and deliver them to their proper owner? The old gentleman, overjoy'd to find so pious a disposition in me, made answer that he would do it with all his heart. Upon this I gave him a little purse, which I wore about my neck in nature of a *relick-case*, wherein he found a lady's picture in miniature, three red ribbons, and a locket of hair. When my venerable spark saw this, *Come, come*, cries he, *if you have been guilty of no other theft, ne'er trouble yourself about the matter: This is a peccadillo, a mere trifle, and, my life for yours, will never rise in judgment against you. Ay, but father*, said I to him, *this is nothing to what follows, for I have stole something of a thousand times greater value than this. How, my dear child*, said he, twirling up his whiskers most judiciously, *and what can that be? 'Tis*, answer'd I, *what both the Indies cannot purchase; 'tis what would pay the greatest monarch's ransom upon earth, and I must beg you to restore it with the other things. That you may be sure of, young man*, reply'd our *Scruple-drawer*; *for what says one of the brightest luminaries of the Latin church?*

Non tollitur peccatum, nisi restituatur ablatum.

Which, for your Ladyship's edification, I thus translate:

*If you restore not what you stole,
Old Nick will burn you to a coal.*

With that, in spite of my weakness, I jump'd out of bed, took old *Ecclesiasticus* by the beard, and gave him ten or a dozen hearty buffes, and desir'd him to restore them to your cousin *Belinda*. Altho' my relations, that stood round my bed, were in tears to see me so near my last exit, yet they could not forbear laughing at so ridiculous

culous a scene; nay, even the good father himself lost all his gravity, to find me troubled with so merry a remorse of conscience. However, to compose my afflicted spirit, he promis'd, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that both the purse and the kisses should be faithfully restor'd to their right owner. When they had given me satisfaction in this important point, I gave one of my brothers a *will* I had made a little before, and intreated him, that if he had any kindness for me, he would take care to see two articles of it perform'd: The first was, to bury the box wherein I preserve your letters in the same coffin with myself; and the second, to go to *Æmia*, ask her for my heart, and deliver it to Madam —, to whom it rightfully belongs. I likewise bethought myself of some small matters I had stolen from *Calista*, and accordingly communicated these scruples to my honest confessor. But after I had given him a full account of the whole affair, he fairly told me, that since I had made so many fruitless journies for her sake, danc'd so many hours attendance after her, thrown away so many sighs, and been at the expence of so many tears upon her account, I had honestly deserved a better reward than a patch-box, a tooth-picker, and a small ear-ring amounted to, and therefore need not disquiet myself upon that score. Thus you see, Madam, what a world of care I took to discharge my conscience, that I might troop off like a good Christian. But as it happened, I might have sav'd myself the trouble of making all this preparation, for heaven contented itself to see me put all in readiness for this unwelcome voyage, without carrying matters any farther. In short, my fever abated, and I began to perceive some small glimpse of a recovery. 'Twas at this critical juncture when my relations, intending, I suppose, to take their advantage of my weakness, which had not as yet wholly left me, propos'd a match to me; and I, to convince you that I was not yet fully recover'd, in some manner consented to their proposal: But no sooner did I find myself in *statu quo*, that is, re-established in perfect health of mind and body, but I took care to escape the *Ecclesiastical trap* they had laid for me, and made the best of my way to *Paris*, where I am at present, but cannot tell you to what place

place I shall remove next. However, this I know, Madam, that let my destiny carry me to what part of the world it pleases, I shall inviolably preserve that friendship which I have sworn to you; and that nothing can give me greater satisfaction, than to find by your letters that you maintain the same for me, who am,

M A D A M,
Paris.

Your most obliged,

Most obedient Servant.

TO CALISTA :

*To tell her what cruel Designs his despair had thrown
him upon.*

WHEN I parted from you yesterday, I left you with a full resolution to murder myself, that I might have the honour of pleasing you once in my life, and free you, as you are pleas'd to express yourself, from a troublesome persecutor. But hitherto I have not put my design in execution, as having not been able to determine what sort of death to pitch upon. At first I had an inclination to imitate the late *Celadon*, of amorous memory, and plunge headlong into the river; but then I was afraid lest the water would carry me to the banks as well as him, and the compassionate nymphs save me in spite of my teeth. Then the fancy took me in the head to go and decently hang myself before your door, and copy the example of *Iphis*, who is the first lover upon record that brought a halter into reputation: But I consider'd upon second thoughts that it would eternally reflect upon your family, should I make a gallows of your door; and besides, *hanging* is a scurvy sort of death, to which I have had an aversion from my cradle. In the next place, I thought of *poisoning* myself, but soon laid it aside, believing that poison was no more able to dispatch me than *Mithridates* in the days of yore, since I had made it in a manner familiar to me, by being
so

so long accustom'd to it ; for mind me, Madam, having fed so many years upon fear, despair, and melancholy, which are the rankest and most violent poisons in nature, and all this without any prejudice to my person, I think I may safely conclude, that I may venture now to take a small dose of *arsenick* or *antimony*, and yet do myself no harm. After this, I bethought myself, that to pierce my heart with a dagger, was as pretty an expedient as a man in my circumstances could wish ; but when I reflected that *Lucretia* had ended her days with a piece of cold iron, I soon abandon'd my design ; for why the plague should I pitch upon that sort of death which a foolish woman formerly chose, who died out of madness for having committed that very action which it makes me stark mad that I have never been so fortunate as to commit ? And therefore since my despair proceeded not from the same motive as that of the indiscreet *Lucretia*, what reason had I to chuse the same destiny ? In short, I spent the whole night in considering of this affair, but could come to no final resolution. Now, Madam, I would not have you think that the fear of dying has hinder'd me all this while ; no, 'tis the manner of doing it, which has given me all my uneasiness ; for to unload my conscience to you all at once, since I have found so many plagues and crosses in my life, I would, by my good-will, taste a little pleasure at my death. And this, Madam, I might expect to find, could I put a certain thought that has suddenly come into my head in execution ; which is, my fairest creature, to die between thy arms, to expire upon thy bosom, to be stifled with thy kisses, and smother'd with thy embraces. I am very well satisfy'd, before I have made the experiment, that there is nothing of that horror in that sort of death as there is in drowning, hanging, and the like. Oblige me therefore so far, as to let me die in this manner ; for since you are resolv'd upon my death, what signifies it whether it be given me with pain or pleasure ?

A Billet from a Lady.

Wherein she desires him to help her to a Song she had forgotten.

I Remember, that yesterday towards the evening, I heard a sonnet or madrigal, I cannot tell you which of the two it was, repeated to me by I don't know who, or where; but this I remember full well, that it was one of the prettiest fancies I ever heard in all my life. This treacherous memory of mine has unhappily lost it; by the same token, I have puzzled my brain to no purpose all this morning, in hopes to recover it. Prithee favour me so far, as to try whether you can retrieve it in yours, for I shall have occasion to shew it in a certain company to night, where it will be very acceptable. I can give you no other marks to know it by, but that it talks of *Cupid's* having been of several trades; but what those trades were, the lord of *Oxford* knows for me, and concludes with this line, or something like it,

Where he stops one hole, he leaves a score in the room.

If your memory can't help you to it, I expect your muse should supply the defect of it, and send me before evening either the song I have forgotten, or one of your own upon the same subject, full as good as the other. *Farewel.*

The A N S W E R.

M A D A M,

I Have not the least idea of the madrigal or sonnet you write to me for, and indeed how should I? My memory can't help me to't; for to the best of my remembrance, it was never intrusted with it. As for my *muse*, I have taken a great deal of pains with her to put her in a good humour, and persuade her to comply with your commands: Besides that, she hates nothing so much

much as to write with compulsion; she told me very bluntly, that she lay under no obligation to pay the debts of your memory, or to gratify a lady's demands, that could forget a fine piece of poetry so easily. You must own, Madam, that she had some reason for what she said; for since you have lost so charming a song, as this last appears to have been by your concern for it, how can it be imagined, that you should take any care to preserve such foolish words as mine? At first indeed I was of her opinion; but upon second thoughts both alter'd my own mind and hers also, by representing to her, that you cou'd not oblige her more effectually than by forgetting her verses, since, at the same time, you wou'd forget her blind side.

Before I part with your ladyship, I cannot but remind you of your accusing me in your last, with being the most *faithless* lover upon earth. A hideous charge were it true; but heaven be praised, 'twill give me no great trouble to justify myself, tho' in making this justification, I shall be forc'd to advance a certain doctrine, which is not commonly receiv'd: I am perswaded, Madam, that there can be no greater *fidelity* in the world, than to shew it to several people at the *same time*. When a man has promis'd it but to one mistress, he needs no mighty stock of it to keep his word with her. But when he vows fidelity to some ten or twelve *Bona Roba's* at once, he ought, in my opinion, to be plentifully furnish'd with this precious commodity, to enable him to acquit himself of his promise. As for myself, Madam, I can honestly boast, that I am possessed of this happy talent, and am the *faithfullest* man living to half a dozen mistresses at this present writing.

*In all love's dominions I challenge the boy
To shew such a forward frank lover as I:
So faithful and true where my promise is past,
At the first so sincere, and so warm at the last.
Imprimis, I've sworn true allegiance to Phillis;
And the same I have done to divine Amarillis:
Then to Cælia the fair I my heart did resign;
Next I laid down the trifle at Iris's shrine.*

Calista

Calista then gently put in for the prize,
Nor did the coy Sylvia my off'ring despise.
But now you'll enquire, can they all quarter there?
Why, Madam, my Heart's large enough, never fear.

There's room for my Phillis,

And soft Amarillis :

And Cælia the fair,

Who need not despair

Of a good lodging there :

With Iris, Calista, and Sylvia beside,

Yes, Madam, this oft by experience I've try'd.

So large is the place, and so plenteous my store,

I with ease can provide for six mistresses more ;

Nay, if you distrust me, e'en send me a score.

I don't know what your ladyship will say to these heretical principles ; but you may be satisfy'd I firmly believe them, having made this confession to you, not only in verse, but in the sincerity of prose, in which I beg leave to assure you, that I am with the utmost respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient, &c.

To the Lady S — le,

Who desired him to draw the character of his rival.

M A D A M,

YOU are certainly the most ingenious woman in the world at tormenting of your humble servants, so that 'tis really a great deal of pity you had not been daughter or wife to one of those emperors who took so much delight in inventing new punishments to persecute the poor christians. How nobly had you succeeded in that glorious employment, and what pleasure would it have been to your good-natur'd daddy, or husband, to see the fruitfulness of your invention ? All the tortures, the gibbets and racks of those famous tyrants had been nothing but downright sport and pastime, if compar'd to the torments which your fertile genius would have found out. Have I not sufficient reason, Madam, to entertain
this

this opinion of your cruelty, since I have found to my cost, how dexterous you are in persecuting your subjects? Is it possible to devise a more emphatical punishment, than to oblige a man to write the panegyrick of his rival? And yet you have impos'd this cruel necessity upon me. Since *Adonis* has the good fortune, I won't say the merit, to appear lovely in your eyes, you must e'en lay your commands upon me to draw him as such, and charge me not to let envy or jealousy have the least hand in his picture: Nay, what is more, you expect I should flatter his defects, and set off his good qualities. This, as I take it, is what you require me to do, in order to please you; but, Madam, is it possible I should please you and myself at the same time? I need not inform you sure, what a mortification it is to praise one's rival even for his perfections? What must it be then, to be forc'd to tell lies in his favour? Do you believe, that because you are charm'd with his merits, I must be so too? Or, because you have been pleas'd to make him your idol, that I must fall down and worship him in my turn? I appeal now to your ladyship, whether you did not give me a just provocation to compare you to those ancient tyrants that persecuted the poor christians, because they would not adore false deities; for don't you exercise the same injustice against me? But this is nothing, you are my sovereign; and tho' it goes never so much against the grain, I must obey; neither shall I scruple to sacrifice my own pleasures, that I may promote yours. For this reason, I will immediately take my pencil in hand, to draw the picture of your beloved *Adonis*, and use all imaginable precaution, that neither envy nor jealousy shall be concerned in tempering the colours.

Adonis is well shap'd, and of a reasonable stature. 'Tis true, some people think him somewhat of the lowest; but what of all that? 'Tis rather an *advantage* than any *prejudice* to him, since no man can call him a great coxcomb, without giving himself the lie. His *hair* is of a fine flaxen colour, and curls most deliciously, so that he may boast without vanity, of having a *fine head*. 'Tis a downright calumny to say his head is none of his own; for I am intimately acquainted with the barber that sold him his perriwig, who has told me a hundred times, that
like

like a noble gentleman, he gave him five guineas more than it was worth. His *head* stands between his two shoulders, exactly like that of other mortals upon a *pedestal*, which in truth, is somewhat of the shortest; but then to make him amends, nature has supply'd in thickness what it wants in length. His complexion is as fair as a lily, and indeed 'twere next to a miracle were it otherwise; for to my certain knowledge he owes the devil and all for cosmeticks and washes; scrubs and lathers his phyze most unmercifully, and bestows some half a dozen of washballs upon it every morning. His *eyes* are blue and rolling; 'tis true they are somewhat heavy and dull; but then 'tis to be consider'd they are only so in your presence; and what wonder is it, Madam, if when the *sun* shines in its meridian brightness, the lesser *stars* disappear? His *eye-brows* are fair, but over large and somewhat *Saracen* like; I mean when the tweezers have not play'd their part; for which reason, I wonder at the impudence of his enemies, who pretend that he has an *effeminate* face. Whether nature was in a liberal vein, when she bestow'd a head of hair upon him, I cannot resolve you, as not being able to judge of it through his perriwig; but this I am assur'd of, that she shew'd herself extremely frugal when she gave him a *beard*; I say, Madam, extremely frugal; for had she given him one hair less, she had ruin'd his beard to all intents and purposes. But blessed be the fashion, which extends its empire over our beards, as well as our habits; *Adonis* has just enough for his present occasion. His nose is not to be played upon, because 'tis somewhat of the shortest, which may be the physical reason, perhaps, why he does not smell things at a distance. His cheeks are rudly and sanguine, and indeed well they may blush to be placed so near a *mouth* that speaks nothing but *absurdities*. In short, the turn of his face seems to promise no mighty stock of intellectuals; but who knows but his soul is an arrant hypocrite, and conceals itself on purpose to surprize all the world, when it makes its *first* appearance? As for the qualities of his *body*, 'tis certain he possesses them to advantage: He is a profound critick in his cloaths; and tho' he duly employs half a score *hours* every morning before his toilet and looking-

glafs, yet it cannot be pretended that he beftows them to no purpofe. He dances to perfection, fo that one may with juftice fay of him, that if he has no mercury in his *brains*, he has enough in his *heels*. He makes a good figure on horfeback, I cannot deny it, who the laft time I had the *honour* of your company, receiv'd an unlucky fall from my horfe, which he afterwards mounted before you, and managed with an extraordinary good grace. I remember it full as well as if it were but yesterday, how plentifully you laugh'd at my misfortune, and what mighty commendations you beftowed upon his horfemanfhip. But, *Califta*, the miracle is not fo great as you imagine ; for there is always a ftrange fort of fymphony between *beafts*, and that, perhaps, might occafion the good intelligence between the *horfe* and *Adonis*. As for his *courage*, I have nothing to except againft it ; he is not afraid of fhewing his face in the *field*, and I believe wou'd not fcruple to hazard his life for a trifle, becaufe he knows very well, that in doing fo, he hazards a thing of no very great importance. He is liberal even to profufion, and flings away his money like dirt ; but 'tis among his fongfters and fiddlers ; becaufe they compliment him with the title of *his excellence*. He is free in his difcourfe, and has nothing of the difsembler in him ; but, *Califta*, thofe that always *ſpeak* what they *think*, don't always *think* what they *ſpeak*. He is no *liar*, and all that know him will do him the juftice to clear him from that imputation ; for there wants a great deal of *wit* and *memory* to qualify a man for that *calling*. As for *wit*, his adverfaries give out, that he has little or none ; but I am ready to take up the cudgels in his defence, for I think he has given a convincing, and indeed an undeniable proof of his wit in *loving* you. But to this, the others reply, that he loves you meerly becaufe he was *told* you were amiable, and only fuffers himfelf to be carried down the fream with your other admirers. 'Tis true, his *judgment* was never poliſh'd by education ; he has no more relifh for learning than a horfe, and is a perfect ſtranger to all the ſciences : But, what is equally happy for him, he imagines he knows them all, and ſomething more : And as happinefs conſiſts in one's *thinking* himfelf happy, fo
perhaps

perhaps *wit* and good *sense* may consist in one's thinking himself *witty*. If this inference holds good, no man ever possess'd it in so eminent a degree as *Adonis*, since no man ever had a better opinion of his own merit. At the same time, *Calista*, we must own that you have principally contributed to fix this error in him, by heaping your favours so profusely upon him; and that 'tis pardonable in a man to deceive himself, after he has deceived a woman of your wit. As for his devotion, 'tis agreed on all hands that it must needs be very great; for he never fails of shewing his fine person at church when you are there, which is as much as to say, he goes thither very often. He is as *discreet* as a man in his condition well can be, and to be sure, *boasts* not of favours he never received from you. In his ordinary conversation he pleases not one in a million; but what signifies that, since he is so happy as to please you, and you alone are all the world to him. One cannot say, without grossly flattering him, that he rallies agreeably; but the reason is, because all raillery is downright slander; and slander surely is below a gentleman of his extraordinary worth. He tells his stories with a very ill grace, and teazes all those people to death whom he designs to divert with them; but tell me, after all, what mighty honour is it for a man to be a good story-teller, in plain *English*, a good *buffoon*?

And now, *Calista*, I have finished the picture of your dear *Adonis*, as well as I was able. I'm afraid you'll not think it altogether so charming as the original; but I find myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that *love* is a most deceitful painter, upon which account 'tis not safe always to believe the representations of so known a flatterer. Perhaps too my *jealousy*, whatever care I took to hinder it from having any hand in this affair, has not seconded your intention. Well, be it so then: However, I dare assure you, *Calista*, that my *jealousy* is much more just than your *love*, and better knows how to draw pictures after the life. I am,

Madam, Your most obedient vassal, &c.

Æneas Sylvius's Letters: And his Satire
on the WOMEN of the TOWN.

*A Letter of ÆNEAS SYLVIUS, who
was afterwards Pope Pius II. to his Father,
about a Bastard Son whom he sent to him.*

Æn. Sylv. Oper. p. 513. edit. Basil.

YOU sent me word in your last, that you could not tell whether you were to rejoice or grieve at the late *present* that *Providence* made me of a son. For my part, I see reason enough for the former, but not the least pretence for the latter: For tell me, what prettier sport is there, than for a man to beget his own likeness? Or what more refreshing sight can there be on this side of heaven, than to see one's table well stock'd with olive-branches? As for myself, without blushing I own to you, that 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to me, to find that I have not bestowed my pains in a barren soil, and I daily return my thanks to heaven for sending me no *cloven present*, no whimpering silly girl, but a fine chopping lusty boy, who will help to divert you and my mother with his innocent prattle. Now, Sir, if you took any satisfaction at my birth, why should not the cockles of your old heart dance upon this occasion? Or why should you not be as well pleased to behold my picture in a grandson? But perhaps you'll tell me, that your conscience is somewhat uneasy, because the poor child was begotten in sin, and out of the pale of matrimony. If the shoe pinches you there, I must ask you a few civil questions before we part. Pray, Sir, what materials was I compos'd of? As I take it, I am not made of stone or iron, or any such
unrelent-

unrelenting ingredients. You begot me true flesh and blood; and if I have committed any crime in making use of my parts, I'll e'en place it to your score; for I'll swear I had all the peccant utensils from you. In the next place, do but consider how it was with yourself at my years. You know well enough, without my refreshing your memory for you, that you never lay under the scandal of a fumbler. I am your own lawful son; no blot to your family I hope: No *eunuch*, or any thing like it. Neither am I hypocrite enough to pretend to more sanctity than the rest of my neighbours. I frankly own I have been a trespasser, a vile abominable trespasser in my time; but to my great comfort *David* and *Solomon* went the same road before me: And as I am modest in my own nature, a curse light on me if ever I desire to be thought holier than king *David*, or wiser than his son. If 'tis a sin, it can say abundance of shrewd things for itself: It can plead antiquity and universality, and quote the lord knows how many texts out of the New and Old Testament; and, to deal plainly with you, I don't believe there's one man between the two poles, unless he has a very scurvy confounded body indeed, that has not at one time or other been guilty of it in thought or deed. This corruption, if it may be call'd a corruption of a man to employ his natural talent, is of all countries and regions: But under the rose, Sir, why should *copulation* be treated with such ill language as generally 'tis? Or why should our *casuists* so furiously condemn it, since nature, that never does any thing in vain, has interwoven this appetite with our very constitutions, and inspired the whole creation with an eternal desire to continue their own species? But I suppose you'll reply, that there are certain limits within which 'tis lawful, and that this action ought never to be done without the church's consent. Well, for once, let us take it for granted that a man ought never to get up and ride without the priest's benediction: But how does this mend the matter? Was there never any sin, do you think, committed within the matrimonial sheets? I hope, old gentleman, you'll not advance such false doctrine as that is. There are

fix'd rules too for our eating and drinking; but what man in a thousand is such a slavish coxcomb as to be confin'd to them? Some whining grave rascals may tell you they were never guilty of sin, and demurely wipe their mouths after they have said it, but I hate all liars; and since I carry human infirmities about me, scorn to conceal or deny them: So much for this point. But because you seem to distrust that other people have had a finger in the pye, and would fain be satisfied whether the child really belongs to me or no, pray Sir, be pleas'd to take this short history of the whole affair. I had been envoy at *Strasburg* some two years; and, as it happened, had no great business upon my hands, when a woman newly arrived from *England*, who had youth and beauty enough to please a nicer palate than mine, chanced to come to the same inn where I lodged: She spoke the *Italian* tongue perfectly well, and I had a long conversation with her in that language, which was so much the more entertaining to me, because I so little expected to meet one that understood *Italian* in those parts of the world. In short, what with her wit and beauty, she gain'd an absolute ascendant over my heart; so that as often as I beheld her, I could not help thinking on the famous *Cleopatra*, who, chiefly with the gaiety and charms of her discourse, made such a pair of asses of *Julius Cæsar* and *Mark Anthony*. Thought I to myself, who can blame such an inconsiderable diminutive fellow as I am for doing what the most illustrious heroes of antiquity have justified by their own examples? Sometimes I supported myself by the precedent of *Moses*, sometimes of *Aristotle*, and sometimes by famous instances in the christian church. To make short of my story, I was passionately in love with this *Belle Tromantane*, and attempted her with all the rhetoric I was master of. But she, deaf to my vows and passion, slighted protestations; so that for three live long days (an age in the chronicles of *Love*) I found I had made little or no progress in her affections. Whether this was the effect of her *virtue*, her *fear*, or *discretion*, I won't be positive, but am inclin'd to the latter: For as it appeared, she stood in some awe of the

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the house, from whom she expected certain kindnesses.

The fatal night now approached, and next morning early she was to pursue her journey. What fears, what apprehensions reached my soul, lest the quarry should escape me? I threw myself down at her feet, embrac'd her knees, and conjur'd her not to bolt her door; adding, that in the silence of the night I would steal to her chamber, and give her the last convictions that I was her most devoted vassal. She refused to comply with my desires, stood much upon her *virtue*, and gave me not the least hopes of succeeding. I still importun'd her upon the same chapter, but she still made me the same answer, and insisted upon her *virtue*. Well, when all the family was gone to bed, said I to myself, shall I see whether the lady has done as I desir'd her, or no? All women are riddles; perhaps she has since thought better of the matter; and after all, 'tis no great trouble to try the experiment. Finding all was hush'd, I grop'd my way to her chamber in the dark: The door was shut, but not bolted; so in I came, rush'd into bed, and after a little foolish struggling, got possession of her body, the fruit of which night's work was this hopeful boy. This merry scene befell me about the beginning of *February*; and nine months after my dear lovely bedfellow, whose name was *Betty*, dropped in two, and was delivered of the abovementioned babe. This account I had from her own mouth at *Basil*, where it was my good fortune to meet with her again. At first I thought she had invented this story on purpose to wheedle a sum of money out of me, and gave no great heed to it: But then considering that the enjoyment of her at *Strasburg* had not cost me a farthing, but only put me to the expence of a few foolish oaths, and so forth, which are easily coin'd in a lover's mint, I began to alter my opinion. She acted before upon a generous principle of love, and no indirect or mercenary ends; therefore, why should I now suspect her integrity? Besides, the time and all other circumstances agreed so well, that I could no longer doubt of what she told me, especially it being a juncture when she could expect no great matters from me.

These reasons induc'd me to believe that the child was begot by the sweat of my brows : Therefore, pray Sir, take him into your family, bestow some little *Greek* and *Latin* upon the young rogue, breed him up in the fear of his maker, and afford him shelter in a garret, 'till he is big enough to find the way to his daddy. *Farewell.*



A Satire on the WOMEN of the TOWN.

In a Letter from Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II. to Nicolaus of Waterburg.

I Remember the other night you were complaining to me, that you were engaged in the pursuit of an amour, and that your mind was so taken up, and bound with those amorous bands, that it was no longer in your power to set it at liberty. You owned to me, that the object of your passion was neither maid, wife, nor widow, but a woman, who, as she must be confess'd extremely beautiful, was yet a mercenary whore, that for her price would expose herself to every chapman. This you told me was that which troubled you, assuring me that you would willingly cast off this fatal engagement, but that you were ignorant what measures to take to regain your liberty, and dethrone so infamous a passion. You told me, that though you had applied yourself to several priests upon this head, yet none of them had discover'd such remedies for the evil, as promised you any hopes of success. For this reason you sought of me, and with the most earnest solicitations press'd me to furnish some medicine for your disease ; and that I would point you out the path by which you might surely make your escape from so terrible a conflagration.

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I will now comply with your desires, and will offer you such wholesome remedies as must effect the cure, if you will but observe my prescription. Nor shall I be under any apprehension of the physician's foible, provided you will act the obedient patient with sincerity; altho' I am apt to believe that the medicines which were prescribed by the priests did by no means want their efficacy, if you could but have observed their directions; but the course perhaps seemed to you too violent and severe; for when they bid you fly her, exchange not a word with her, nor suffer your ears to hear a word spoken of her, you imagined these new precepts too hard for mortal man to obey. With the same reluctance, a wretch in a fever hears his cool draughts forbid; yet if he designs to recover, he must keep to his physician's directions. Thus, my dear *Nicolaus*, if you will make your escape from love, and regain your wish'd-for freedom, prepare yourself to listen to, and know the precepts I shall give you.

Know then, that you are now infected with a most dangerous distemper, and that there is no way of recovering your health, but by undergoing many fevers and difficult operations. For, my dear friend, every man who is in love, is sick; nay, not only sick, but in slavery, and possess'd with a perfect madness. I speak of *unlawful love*; for it is a virtue, not a vice, to love God, our parents, country, wife and children: This is the full state of health, not that of sickness. Your case is very different, for you are in the pursuit of *unlawful love*. But tell me, what do you believe this *unlawful love*, of which we speak, is? The Ancients held him to be a little naked, blind boy, born of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, with wings at his back, and arrows in his hands, with which pricking and wounding the bosoms and hearts of men and women, he infus'd into the wounds the ardour of love. Thus *Virgil*:

Now do I know what 'tis that LOVE we name,
Born among rocks, from Rhodope he came,
Or Thracian Ismarus, or Garamant extream;
Not from our race has sprung the fatal boy,
Who only does our happiness destroy, &c.

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But this was the vain day-dream of mortal wights, who wandering in the mist of ignorance could not arrive at the truth. Love, as *Seneca* has it in his tragedies, *is nothing else but a certain force and great energy of mind; a kindly heat of youth, begot by luxury and idleness, and is nurs'd and foster'd up by the ease and plenty of a flowing fortune.* This robs a man of his understanding, perverts his whole judgment, stupifies the senses, and extinguishes the soul: For when you love a woman, your life, your soul dwells in her, and not in yourself. What therefore can be a more wretched state, than not to live while you are alive; or to have the mere functions of life, without the benefit? Than to have the senses without sensibility? Than to have eyes and see not; and ears, and yet not be able to hear? A lover is transformed by an unhappy metamorphosis into another man; he neither speaks nor acts as he was wont to do. From hence that of *Parmeno* in *Terence* ——— *Ye Gods! says he, what sort of distemper is this I have got? Are men used to be so changed by love, that no one can know them to be the same persons?* The comick poet, you find, thinks love a disease; nor is his sentiment without reason: for *Hippocrates* in *Macrobius* calls *luxury* (either the mother or daughter of *Love*) a part of the most desperate malady. This distemper is generally the companion of youth; but it likewise vexes men of middle and old age. And by so much is the disease both the more virulent, dangerous and ridiculous, by how much the party affected is the more eminent in knowledge or years.

Since therefore you are taken captive by love, and are his vassal confess'd, know that you are sick. But if you are sick, make it your endeavour to get a cure: For where is there any man who is afflicted with a disease, who would not be cured? Certainly the greater, more virulent, and dangerous the disease is, by so much the more earnest is the care and desire of the patient for a remedy. Your sickness is great, let your care of your recovery be as great. Think, my dear friend, think in what a condition you are. You value not yourself at all; you are not at all concerned about whatever may befall you; your whole mind is fixed on your mistress; her it is you love; she is the object of your
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nightly slumbers: Of her is your discourse; and she it is that swells up all your languishing sighs; and every thing you do, serves only to renew your memory of her. Behold the most pestiferous folly, madness and disease in the world? Do you yet think that there is no need of seeking after a cure? Who, in such a distemper as this, would not desire the return of his health?

But, my dear friend, these are the medicines necessary for your health; which if you make use of, you shall again be a sound man; but if you neglect them, your disease will accompany you to your grave, nor is there any one that can help you. The first and most necessary ingredient is the reflection, how far you have receded from the precepts of God, whom, when you ought to love with your whole heart, and your whole strength, you have devoted your passion to a creature, and in her have you plac'd all your delight: and thus you are fallen into the worship of idols; for he that prefers a creature to the Creator, is an idolater. You will, perhaps, deny your being an idolater, as not preferring the created to the Creator; but if you could be brought to speak the truth, you would fairly confess, that you love your mistress more than God himself, as indeed the effect will demonstrate. For you are negligent of what God commands, that you postpone and contemn; but you take care to execute the commands of your mistress with the utmost diligence; and this very thing is to prefer a woman to God. Alas! how great an evil is it, how dangerous, how detestable, to love a creature to that excess, that in the balance with her, you value not the God that made you at all! God, when you were *nothing*, gave you a being, made you capable of knowing the divine sacraments, and the path to heaven; but your mistress has perverted you from that noble rational animal that God had made you, to the brute, and leads you through the mysteries of iniquity to the ready path to hell. This same good God, when you and the rest of mankind had, by the transgression of your first parents, lost paradise, vouchsafed to be born for you, to be made man, to be taken into custody, to be scourg'd, disgrac'd, and at last crucify'd, and died to redeem you with his precious blood. Consider what a monstrous ingratitude it is,

what iniquity, what inhumanity, what barbarity, to relinquish and desert him who has done all this for you, for a *vile, worthless* woman! This is, or ought to be sufficient to move you, and all other christians, to quit *unlawful* loves, and to serve God alone.

But, my friend, let me entreat you to consider farther what it is you do. You say your mistress is beautiful, is charming in your eye, nay, in reality: Do you believe she will always be thus beautiful and charming? *Beauty*, as the tragick poet says, *is a fleeting good*; and the woman that to day is so enchanting, to-morrow may fright you; her charms in a moment are chang'd into deformity, and she passes insensibly from an angel to a devil. Why are you so very ill a husband? Why of so weak and foolish a conduct, to barter your lasting, your permanent, perpetual goods, for such perishable commodities?

But let us grant what you say, and allow that her form, her beauty, is admirable and surprizing; that is but a trifling advantage, a good of no value, a mere tinsel bauble, that glares, and is without any intrinsic worth. A woman's beauty, unless adorn'd with chastity, is of no price; for that is the true praise of a woman, not her form or beauty. But you pursue her not for her *chastity*; you are not enamour'd of her *virtue*, but her *looks*: And those, alas! have but a fading, short-liv'd glory, a *flower*, that like a rose blushes with crimson in the morning, and languishes and dies with the evening-sun. There is nothing more beautiful, or has greater charms, than *virtue* and *honour*; if you could with a serious view look wisely on them with the eye of your mind, you would confess them infinitely more transporting than your mistress. Not *Lucifer* in his morning-beams, nor *Hesperus* in his evening glory, has half the beauty that is in *virtue* or *honour*; which, whoever forsakes for a *woman*, I beg you reflect, how mad and distracted he must be!

But, my dear friend, that I may not multiply words with you, the woman you doat on is not yours alone, but several more are admitted into her arms: Nor can her love be so confin'd to you, but that she has some still to bestow in the caresses of her other admirers

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What can *you* do in the crowd of her customers? Remember you are now in the evening of your age; that you are old, nay, on the verge of life, and almost within the harder embraces of death itself. Consider, are you qualified for the *combats of the fair*? Can you enter the lists of the strong and robust? What seek you in that fight, where the victor falls to the ground? You will find it a difficult matter for an old man to carry off the lady from the young. But suppose you are of strength sufficient to bear off the prize, when it is the very nature of the fight, that he that conquers is only last slain. For what is a woman, but *the spoiler of the young, the pillager of the middle-aged, and the death of the old? The devourer of our estates, the destruction of our honour, the fodder of the devil, the gate of death, and the supplement of hell!* Recollect, my dear friend, what numerous evils have from women sprung? Since *Solomon, Holofernes, and Sampson*, were deceiv'd by women, do you think yourself so well fortify'd as not to be abus'd by her? But, by how much more weak, incautious and imprudent you are than those men, with so much the more care remove yourself from a state of being subject to their deceit, against which they could not defend themselves. A woman's sinful love is of no value. In such a woman there's no stability, no constancy: She who seems fond of you to day, to-morrow will be so of another; perhaps laugh the moment you have left her, with her young gallant, at your dotage. What esteem can you have for that love, which is divided into so many shares? There never was yet a woman found, whose love was so sincere, but would change for the addresses, gifts, and prayers of a new lover.

A woman is an imperfect animal, various, fallacious, subject to a thousand diseases, and a thousand turbulent passions; without faith, without fear, without constancy, without piety. I speak of those women who admit of criminal passions. These are never fixed and stable; for when once they have deviated from the paths of *right*, they think themselves free to ramble as they please, and stand no longer in fear either of their husband or their friend. I cannot imagine that the filthy pleasure of

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coition can now be delightful to you, who are almost exhausted with old age. For what advantage can that foolish, nasty pleasure bring to you, who are old and dry? Or even to youth, tho' moist and not dry, since repentance treads on the heels of the fact? Is not that admonition, citation, or certain change, which troubles and vexes the mind immediately after the commission of the fact, of some weight in your consideration? How wicked is the man, that on so many admonitions does not yet give over his folly? Who mends not on punishment, nor grows better by correction? What does that carnal act produce, but the ruin of the flesh? I wish indeed nothing perished by it but the flesh, and that it did not likewise kill the soul! But when the man and woman are in this conjunction, they seem to me to be like two earthen vessels, which are rubb'd against one another till they break, and are crumbled into nothing.

But perhaps you are not taken up with the enjoyment of your mistress's person, but only are pleas'd to look upon her, and hear her talk. But, pray tell me, what do her looks carry in them so very transporting, but that you may elsewhere find something as beautiful? The beauty that we ought to seek and admire is in heaven, with which nothing in this world can compare; in those is all perfection, in these perpetual defects; those are perpetual, these frail and short-liv'd; those are fix'd, these fleeting. This *form*, which you so much admire, a fever will steal away; but if it be spar'd by the disease, *old age* will be sure to make an end of it; which will render that face, so juicy, so plump and blooming now, in a little time plough'd up with furrows, and drain'd up of all its moisture, wither'd and dry'd. And those fine limbs, which so take your eyes, and infatuate your heart, time will dry up, blacken and defile with sores and putrid ulcers, and quite transform into another figure. Those sprightly eyes, which now shoot such killing glances, will not always do so; the time will come, when they will be meer beamless fires, weak and dead, all dim and faded, unmoving and unminded. That mouth, which now breathes all the fragrant odours of the spicy east, will dart a poisonous stench, like stinking vaults or carrion: That neck, that bears

bears itself up with such a stately pride, will bend beneath the weight of years, and veil the honours of the head it bears now so lofty, in a weak, trembling and crooked bow, down to the very breast; and all that lovely body sequacious to the touch, so finely turn'd, so plump, so warm, so juicy, will become a cold, shrivell'd dry'd, sapless trunk, if her vices attend the lazy punishment of *old age* for her follies, and other diseases carry her not off in a more loathsome condition in her youth.

Let these things seriously sink into your mind, and cut off the fallacious promises of *hope*. Fly from her before she flies from you: for it is much better to condemn a thing than lose it. But I am wonderfully surpriz'd to hear you talk of being strangely pleas'd with her melting, sweet, charming, and mellifluous tongue, when she speaks. For what can a woman's discourse in itself have, sweet or alluring? What does your mistress say to you? Either she complains, grieves, threatens, flatters, or tells you idle tales; repeats what some neighbouring female did, or what her dream was; how many eggs her hen has laid, and of what flowers her nosegay is compos'd; the colour of her knots, furbeloes, flounces, and all the silly whimsies of mode and fashion. All the discourse of a woman is of some slight, vain, foolish thing or other; which, to be pleas'd with, a man must be guilty of as much levity as she. Sometimes she tells you her affairs with some other lover; as how they lay, the manner they embrac'd, what gifts he gave her, what supper he treated with, and what joys and transports she found in his arms; but, this, methinks, should rather give you pain than pleasure. Or perhaps she tells you how much she loves you, how she prefers you to all her younger admirers, how agreeable your silver hairs and beard are; that your arms tremble with eagerness, not age; that the fewness and weakness of your amorous efforts is the effect of *desire*, not *impotence*; that your hollow cheeks and eyes are the beds for *Cupid* and the *Graces*; your toothless gums agreeable as the coral and ivory of youth; that your cadaverous smell is a perfume of *Arabia*; that she hates *youth*, is fond of *age*, and only admires *you*; and yields only to the necessity of her fortune, when she admits any other in your place.

But this, my friend, is imposing on your understanding, and is a wheedle so nauseous, that folly itself can't sure take a pleasure in it; being a banter on common sense, the cant of her profession, and an abuse to your face.

But let the pleasure you take in her discourse be what it will, can you be so mad, and so far out of your senses, as not to take more delight in the discourse of some ingenious and learned man? Reflect, take a view of all that is pleasing and comfortable in love, and then of all that is troublesome and grievous; you'll find the former few, the latter so many, that you will agree with his opinion, who said, *Love was a little drop of honey, mix'd with abundance of gall*. Since therefore, my friend, all love (of which we talk) is *vain, short, bitter, and damnable*, and sinks a man into most deplorable diseases, you must take care to be deliver'd from it.

But the cure is this, that you perswade yourself, and convince your mind, that *love is an evil*: After, which, avoid your mistress's *Siren* tongue; fly idleness; be always doing something; associate with good men, by whom you may profit; frequent no play or sport, nor any feast or entertainment. If you have any presents of your mistress, throw 'em from you; have nothing in your power that ever belong'd to her; believe her to be the devil's messenger, that would destroy your person and happiness. Keep in your memory the benefits you have received from Christ; reflect on the celestial rewards of those who do well, and the infernal punishments of those who do ill. Remember, that your days are every day fewer in number, and that your last day is just thrusting into your company. Reflect how ridiculous a thing it is to be in *love*, especially a man of mature years, and past the inconsiderate heats of youth. Think of the fickle temper of women; think of the loss of your time, than which nothing is more precious; think of the waste of your fortune, which is not easily repair'd; think that the life that we live in this world is but extremely short, tho' spent in pleasure itself, and that in the other world, which we seek, has no end.

If you carefully and seriously think of these things, and make them thoroughly enter into your mind, and retain those precepts I have given, you will soon banish
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that love which now torments you, and will prove yourself a man grateful to God, and worthy of heaven.

Farewel.

LETTER XLV. *Edit. Basil.*

Æneas Sylvius, Poet Laureat and Imperial Secretary : To Petrus Noxetanus, Health.

A Perswasive to marry the Woman he had lain with : The Praise of Union, and Conduct of a Foreigner in any Prince's Court.

I Own my obligation to my good friend *Campisius*, for his engaging you to write to me ; but then pray be not you less grateful, who owe him ten times as much. After a tedious silence he got me your letter ; but stray'd and wander'd from your nature, he pick'd you up, and restor'd you to *yourself*. Who so agreeable, communicative, and complaisant, as you in your own temper ? But some strange chagrin or other had stolen you away, and lost you in a forgetfulness of your friends, and an odd, fullen, ill-natur'd silence : No more like the honest *Peter* I always knew you, than a *Carthusian* is like a cavalier. But well fare the heart of honest *Campisius*, who, by restoring your former good temper, has given me new life. I was on my last legs, gasping and giving up the ghost, for want of the cordial of your correspondence ; but this letter has set me up again, given me new life, and made me a sound man again. 'Tis true, even this comfort is not without pain, the remedy is not without its bitter ; but it is like the disagreeable relish of a potion, it cures my mind while it disgusts my taste ; for what disquiets you, must make me uneasy. But I have my refuge still, by giving more credit to others in your affairs, than to yourself. *Despondence* or *assurance* always mingles in our accounts of ourselves, according to our temper. But I suppose you do like a true man of courage, not magnifying yourself, and averse to *Thrasonical rhodomontadoes*. Thus you tell me you are poor, while *Campisius* assures me you are rich, and *Castellanus* confirms

confirms his report. But you may be both in the right, you may be rich in fact, and poor in spirit, or you may be poor in opinion; or you may disguise your real wealth under the pretence of poverty, as not avaricious of vain-glory, or not valuing yourself on riches. Perhaps in affluence you fix not your mind on your possessions; or you may not be content with what you have, or do not make use of it, but that is indeed to be poor with a vengeance; but this you are master of too good sense to be guilty of: It is the vice of fools, and cannot therefore be your case. But be it as it will, 'tis nothing to me, to whom you are equally valuable, in poverty and wealth. I lov'd you for your virtue, not bags; and therefore while you retain that, affluence and necessity are the same thing to me, my love and value are the same; whatever belongs to fortune, has no influence on the endowments of the mind. As for your father and children being on your hands, nature and gratitude oblige your care. And tho' there are, and have been monsters in the world, who have broke through the eternal bands that tie parents and children together, and run to that excess, to destroy the very source of their being; yet nothing so black and infamous can affect you, or render the duties of nature uneasy. But letting these things pass, I come to a part of your Letter, which I confess made me do more than smile; for I could not forbear laughing at what you writ about your *Philorcium*, or if you had rather have her call'd your *Autiphila*. And your two letters made me fancy myself conversing with my old friend and acquaintance, honest *Terence*, of poetical, tho' Pagan memory; for sometimes you seem'd to me to be *Pamphilus*, sometimes *Eschinus*, and sometimes *Clinias*. But yet I comfort myself, that your luck has not been so damnably bad in this amorous affair, since you have met with a girl to your heart's content, of a good education, tolerable qualities, agreeable humour, complaisant to your temper, obsequious to your will and commands, and not a termagant, damn'd virago, that would fight for the breeches, and follow the wicked devices of her own inclinations, and lead you a life that is worse than the galleies, that would ring you a peal from morning till night, and can then allow

allow you no rest, what betwixt importunate duns for conjugal duty, and new clothes. I pray thee then leave off this cant of poverty, and no dower, since I hope, my dear friend, your design is not to take her bags for better and for worse, but her person; since you propose to wed soft flesh and blood, and not the glittering metal. As for my own part, all that I should desire in a wife, is, that she should be handsome, young, and good-humour'd, fruitful, and confin'd to me alone; free from wandering desires, at least free from rambling in action; tho' I am afraid it would puzzle a logician, to separate the desire and the action in a woman. For when once a woman has got it in her head, opportunity is only wanting to have it somewhere else; and that is a defect her industry for her pleasure will easily supply. But, as I was saying, all I should demand in a wife is beauty, chastity, good-humour, and fertility. For believe me, my good friend *Peter*, *esperto crede Roberto*, give credit to my observations, a great fortune in a wife brings a great many inconveniences. A woman that brings a large portion, thinks she may do what she pleases; she'll be drunk, proud, haughty, imperious, impertinent, saucy; she'll think she may make bold with your bed, when she supports your grandeur; she'll think she may say any thing, when she furnishes your equipage; she'll scold when she pleases; and that is as often as her inclinations shall lead her, by your disquiet, to make room for her gallant; she will have a tongue with such an everlasting twang, that a husband may find as much ease in a crowd, and quiet in a paper-mill. Others are deform'd, sickly, barren, and have a thousand other defects, from which you know your design'd wife is free. What an odd fantastick whim is it therefore for you to hanker after the frothy trifle at a feast, when you may fill your belly with good substantial food? You like her person, but find fault with her poverty; that is, you are pleas'd with what she has, and are vex'd at what she has not. I pritheee, friend *Peter*, remember you have a comfortable *modicum*, enough to make the pot boil; and blessed be Providence you have a good place, which with the tolerable management of the age, may turn to a pretty account. If reason will not satisfy you, let
example

example direct you: The marqués of *Saluces* pick'd up a nut-brown lass from tending her hogs, whom he found in a wood where he was hunting, and presently marry'd her, to escape the haughty pride of a wife of quality. And yet this poor country girl, advanc'd to the marqués's bed, by the conduct, humility and resignation of her humour to her lord's, left an example to all the ladies of her time. What then have you now to scruple in your amour, since you find princes themselves leading you the way, and shewing what you should do for your own happiness? I must tell you, dear friend of mine, if what you write be true, if the girl be so sequacious of your humours, agreeable to your inclination, and pleasing to your relish, I wou'd not have you defer the matter. Delays are dangerous; and the liquor often palls, while you preach o'er your can; or your neighbour that is more thirsty, may drink off your glass. Besides, I wou'd have you consider, that you have better luck than most people meet with, who design a voyage to the island of matrimony; you have had a *sample* of the commodity you design to buy, before you part with your money. You have try'd how and how, before you venture on matrimony: Nay, you can scarce say, *For better or for worse*, when you know already how matters stand; and buy not a *pig in a poke*, like your neighbours. Most men are cheated in the *barter*: For they, good credulous souls, marry their wives, before they know whether they are *fish, flesh, or good red herring*. 'Tis true, they meet, perhaps, with a sparkling eye, a pretty pouting mouth, an artificial complexion, and the like: But the devil on't is, that a fine face to a woman, is often like a fair carv'd sign to a tavern, it serves to draw you in; but then you find nothing but stumm'd claret, and other diabolical mixtures. 'Tis like the gilding to a pill, the gold makes the nauseous dose go down, which without it you wou'd keck at. Thus a gaudy outside often sets off secret defects: The silk emboss'd mantua, and lac'd petticoat frequently cover crook'd or gouty legs, and boulder'd shoulders, besides nameless evils, more disagreeable. *Paint* and fine *washes* sham a complexion, which is none of their own; and those bubbles, which
 seem

seem full and swelling in stays, fall down flabby and lank when the lady's undrest: The disguise thrown off, the monster appears; and when you hope to press a goddess, you find an *Incubus* in your arms. But these are evils you cannot dread in *Antipbila*; you know the snowy white of her body is of a piece with her face and bosom; you know the symmetry and proportion of her parts, the round hardness of her breasts, the fulness of her thighs, the easy swelling of her belly, and all those hidden beauties of her person, that are invisible to all besides, you know to be wonderfully and really transporting. You have experienc'd the vigour of her embraces, endearing, active, sprightly, acted by nature, not art, nor yet insipid, languid and dull. Yes, yes, dear friend of mine, women commonly hide such defects in an agreeable appearance, that after the first hymeneal rites are over, come to light, and give such a disgust, that instead of a heaven, they are a perpetual hell to their husbands all their life after. I tell you truly, I form my judgment of others by myself, who have seen, and known, and lov'd many a *bona roba*, whom after enjoyment I could heartily have kick'd; and the pleasure of the chase has been destroy'd, by the disagreeableness of the quarry: Nor were I ever so desperate as to think of committing matrimony, would I like a wife, whom I had not been so very familiar with, as to know her *intus & in cute*, that is, perfectly well in all her paces before-hand. I am a true *Plain-dealer*, I hate to mince the matter with a friend. These are my sentiments of the point, and these were wont to be yours. You us'd to declare that you would not sacrifice your liberty to any woman, but she who should have cause to own that she was infinitely oblig'd to your generosity. Well, you have now found just such a woman, according to your heart's desire: Why the devil a'n't you happy while you may? What makes you stumble at the gates of bliss? Stand to your principle, keep to your resolution, or confess yourself weaker than a woman, and know not what you would have. But perhaps you'll say, what will the people say of me to marry my mistress (to give it the softest word)? I shall be the subject of all the lampoons of the town, every diminutive wit will have a fling at me.

Terrible

Terrible bull-beggars indeed! as formidable as *Bennis* and *Garagantua*: Foh, foh! mere scare-crows, to fright children and jack-daws. He that is afraid of what people will say, he that dreads the bounce of the paper-pellets, will never be easy or happy; he can't eat nor drink, nor sleep, nor wear his hat; nay, he can't so much as walk to please himself, but if these scandal-mongers take a whim, flap-dash he's down in black and white. I tell thee, dear friend of mine, he that will govern himself by other folks humours, can never be happy, nor easy, nor constant, nor wise, nor honest. Every man is fond of his own doings, his own thoughts, his own humours, and every man has a right to follow his own thoughts and his own humour; yet if he do, another over-weaning coxcomb will find fault, and if he be curs'd with the itch of rhiming, will fall upon him. Nay, should you yield to his temper, and marry any one else, 'tis a thousand to one but you are lampoon'd for marrying at all; the age is so abandon'd, that virtue is grown a scandal, and at this rate you must turn knave, not to be taken notice of. Follow therefore your own inclinations, chuse your own pleasures, make use of your natural right, as the rest of men do; and then if *Antiphila* really has your heart, you will soon give her your body. If ever I have the good fortune to see my own delicious country again, to revisit the beauteous and delightful field of *Italy* once more, (which is all in the hands of fate to determine) I shall never think my joys compleat till I see you, your dear *Antiphila*, your children, servants, horses, dogs, and the rest of your domestick furniture, and pass a delicious evening or two over a bottle with you. But be not, dear friend of mine, frighten'd at a visit from me, as if I should eat you up with a damn'd long hungry equipage; for, faith, I am none of those lucky *privadoes* of fortune, to have such a long train of lazy followers at my heels, or to hope to return to my country in such a pompous magnificence: And indeed I shall be very well satisfied if I can keep the wolf from the door, as the saying is. If I can get but money enough to defray the expence of my journey, I shall think myself as great as the king of *Persia*. I thank my stars, I am not troubled with that damn'd jilting harlot

hope,

hope, my desires are bounded with my present fortune; and if any thing else happen to fall into my mouth, it may be welcome, but not wish'd for. You desire me to be serviceable to your father, and that for your sake, if I want other motives; but that motive is sufficient, not only to persuade my endeavours, but to compel them. But you know the prince whom I serve declares himself of no party; all his care and study is for union; nor is it fit for a servant to desire or urge what may be displeasing to his master. And indeed the emperor's desires seem to me so reasonable and so sacred, that it would be a sort of sacrilege to oppose them; and I have reason to hope that they will be no enemy to your affairs. If your good fortune depends on him, I am confident they'll be so far from being the worse, that they will be infinitely the better; for then courtiers and officers grow rich and thrive, when union is establish'd; which, when it will be, I know not. In the mean time I shall insinuate myself into the Emperor's favour, be obsequious to his commands, and follow him closely; his will shall direct mine, nor will I oppose him in any thing, or meddle with what does not immediately relate to, and particularly regard my own interest, because 'tis a thing of dangerous consequence for a stranger to be too busy with the affairs of a foreign court. I am here a foreigner, and therefore I comply with the natives in whatever they do; I assert what they say, and deny what they disallow; so that if they have any wisdom in their conduct, I suffer them to reap the benefit of it; if they are fools, I let them fall by their own folly: I am not envious of any man's glory, nor would I have the infamy of any man's disgrace. Whatever I am commanded, I write without adding or diminishing; nor would I by contradiction seem wiser or more foolish than they, but shall always be silent, secret and obedient. If this were not my conduct, I could do myself no service here, and I am confident you are too much my friend to desire me to do any thing against my interest, lest being now but very inconsiderable, I should then be nothing at all. I shall add no more, but my desire that you would write to me about your nuptials.

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXII. *Edit. Basil.*

*Æneas Sylvius to Mr. Fund, Secretary of
Cologne.*

*To comfort him for the Loss of his Mistress, who had run
away from him.*

THE secretary of Nuremburgh called on me the other day, who is a man of probity and good letters, and very much your friend: He told me he had left you in a great deal of grief, that you had had some cruel loss; that something, I know not what, had slip't through your fingers, which gave you abundance of disquiet; nay, he tells me you are so extremely concern'd for this loss, that it quite mopes you, you utter not one word, but with more than *Pythagorick* silence you pass your melancholy hours. Though I could not make him explain himself but by broken sentences, when I press'd to know the cause of so extravagant a sadness; yet from what he said, I believe I can easily imagine the ground of your discontent, which now will admit of no comfort: For what could ever make so strange a *metamorphosis* in a man, but a woman? You us'd always to be a man, and to meet the emergencies of fortune as a man should; that is, as one who had expected the event, and was therefore prepar'd against it, for the dart foreseen is easily avoided. When you have lost a friend, you have heal'd up that wound with a moral, *That he was born to die.* When your good old father left this wicked world, you pacify'd the rage of your grief with-----*My father has shew'd me an example that I was begot by a mortal, and that I must also die.* Nay, I remember when your good lady was pleas'd to take her eternal leave of you, you bore it with as much resignation as a young girl the force of the man she loves, or a clergyman a good benefice, or a courtier a fresh grant. 'Tis true, you put on mourning and a rueful countenance, with hat over the eyes, and looks fix'd on the ground, and all the *pompæ rogi* in wonderful decency and order. But, dear friend of mine, when you were come home, the relations remov'd, and all friends

Friends departed but myself; did you not stop me, and in a glass of good *Rhenish* wash away your tears, and urge the example of *David*, who wash'd and eat meat as soon as his child was past recall? I speak not this to upbraid you, but to shew that you are a good Christian; for *St. Paul* tells us, *We should not grieve for the dead like those who have no hope.* 'Tis true, some might be apt to say, the devil's in a man that grieves for the loss of a wife; that a dead wife is the best piece of household-goods a man can have; that it would be as preposterous to shed tears at the interring our *left rib*, as to go into mourning for getting out of prison, or escaping ashore from a shipwreck, or from being ransom'd from *Algiers*, and a thousand such *good-morrows*. But, my dear friend *John*, I took your moderation as the effect of your philosophy, not to grieve for a loss that could not be retriev'd, and punish yourself for what you could not help. But then I am damnably puzzled to reconcile your present conduct to your past. What has made this strange transformation in you? What has thus alienated you from your own dear self? In short, what the devil is the matter with you? Have you had an ill run at play? Lost all your Ready? Have you been disappointed in some good place, which you thought you were sure of? Has any scoundrel poet lampoon'd your understanding, or any informer accus'd you of bribery or treachery? Or have you betray'd a trust, without a reward sufficient to quash the law, and baffle your adversary? If none of these things have been your lot, what could you lose dearer than a wife, who had brought you so many brave chopping boys? Yes, a mistress, young, charming, beautiful, witty, gay, wanton; a mistress of every thing that could give you satisfaction and joy. — This is it: — I have hit the nail on the head! You are sick of dame *Eve*; woman is your distemper. *The fickle Cælia has given you the slip, is run from your embraces, perhaps to the arms of another.* Why, so let it be, well fare his heart who has got her! *The devil and nine-pence go with her, that's money and company, according to the laudable adage of the sage mobility!* But what in all this can give you the spleen? what make you so outrageous in your grief, as to admit of no comfort? Was ever man troubled in a

tertian, to find his ague had left him? *But you plac'd your happiness in her; she was your soul's delight!* The devil she was! What, could my grave, considering friend *John*, at past five and forty, place his happiness in a woman? and in a young, brisk, buxom harlot of sixteen? -Is the inconstancy of the sex, after all, so little known to him, whose mind veers every moment, runs round the compass as soon as the sun round the earth? You might as easily fix the longitude as a woman's mind; to day she's pleas'd with the gay, to-morrow with the grave; one hour she loves the tall, the next middle-siz'd, and a moment after a very pigmy; now the fair, then the black, and now the brown; constant to nothing long, nor pleas'd with any thing above half an hour. Woman is the *whirly-gig* of nature; she changes so often and swiftly, that she seldom knows her own mind; it's soon alter'd from what it was. Woman is a vain, idle, fallacious, various, cruel, deceitful, thoughtless, giddy, ignorant animal, and can afford no solid joy to a man of common sense. Fools themselves, fools only can please them; and yet 'tis more than a *young fool* can do to fix them to one: What can an *old* one do then? No, no, dear friend of mine, as fickle and inconstant as woman is, though she whisks round the whole compass to every new pleasure, yet she never makes a stop at an *old man*; *wit* and *age*, *learning* and *understanding*, are points they never turn to; I mean, their *minds*, their *souls*, (that is, if the *Turks* article of faith be not true, that they have no souls) their *love* never turn towards *age*, their *bodies* do indeed pretty often, but not for *love*, but *money*; they like an *old man* for a *bubble* well enough, but it is because his dotage furnishes their *vanity* and their *lust*. My dear friend, we only raise a devil we can't lay, some young fellow must do that; and they will have a *young fellow*, as long as they have youth, beauty, and dress, and an *old man's* purse at command. You and I, dear friend of mine, are plaguily turn'd of the noon of life, we are hastening towards its evening, our sun is posting to its west amain, and women are notes that love to play and gambol in its meridian beams. You and I have nothing to engage a young giddy girl, full of juice and strong appetites, which we have nothing to appease. You know the wise

Marcus

Marcus Aurelius had a damn'd salacious Empress, that sought other things than philosophy; and while the good Emperor busied himself, and spent his time in writing morals, she employed hers more agreeably with lusty brawny-back'd fellows, in *physicks* or *natural experiments*. And when a woman has once given up her virtue, 'tis in vain to set bounds to her pleasures. We are but a jest to them and their gallants, and all our impotent defects are their diversion and laughter. So that I can't for my life find out the damage the young jilt has done you, by running away from you. No, you have reason to bless your stars for the deliverance; and the coxcomb that has her, has reason to envy your good luck, and will soon wish she may take the same frolick again. She is gone to plague and ruin somebody else, and left you to enjoy your quiet and your fortune, which the silly jade had not sense enough to value. Rejoice, rejoice at the happy chance, in sending the worst of the accursed race far from you, that would else exhaust your estate, and kill your reputation. You will be no longer the talk of the town, the jest and chit-chat of the tea-table, and scandal must seek some other food to feed upon. The fascination is removed; be yourself again, be a man, and tie not your happiness to so frail a thread as a *woman's inclinations*; corrupt, as fickle in their tastes, and only toys for the leisure and looser hours of youth. Let your friend and the bottle perfect the cure, and not long for so infamous a slavery, that your friendly stars have removed. Know your own happiness; and know yourself, and then there will be an end of your grief. I have ventured on this way of comfort, because I gather'd from my friend Nuremburgh's discourse that this was your distemper. If I am mistaken, I shall be glad of the error; and if there be any other cause of your sorrow, cure yourself. All grief is alleviated by time: Consult your own ease and quiet; it is the chief business of this life to make it agreeable. Don't you go against nature, and vex yourself, and disquiet your days for what you cannot help. Grief may punish your mind, but can never retrieve your loss; for as the country proverb has it, *An hundred pounds of sorrow pays not one ounce of your debts*. Farewel.



The Death of *Lucretia*.

By ÆNEUS SYLVIUS, *Epist.* 4. 11.

Lucretia the daughter of *Spurius Lucretius* and wife of *Collatinus Latinus*, being ravish'd by *Sextus Tarquinius*, son of *Tarquin the Proud*, by force, and his threats of killing a slave, and laying him by her dead body, as taken in the fact of adultery with her; she sends for her husband and father, and some other relations, and tells them the whole affair; and having made them promise revenge, declares her resolution of killing herself; from which her father and husband endeavour to dissuade her in the following words.

The SPEECH of *Lucretius* and *Collatinus*, to dissuade *Lucretia* from killing herself after her Rape.

Indulge not a grief, *Lucretia*, for a crime so involuntary; you have given abundant proofs already, that your assent to the adulterer was only the effect of his force, and in which your mind had no share. The revenge that you demand, and the accusation you make, are undeniable evidence of the compulsion you was under, since the whole might still have remain'd a secret. The conduct of your past life is a sufficient confirmation of your innocence; through all which you have ever appeared a faithful and constant devotee to frugality and chastity, both abroad and at home; in publick, and in the eye of the world, and in private, in the most secret recesses of your own house and family. Do you not, my dear *Lucretia*, remember that the other day, when the cursed adulterer and I came on thee unawares, when you expected

expected neither husband nor visiter, how did we find thee? Good Gods! at thy work among thy maids unfashionably busy? That day, that surprize gave my Lucretia the victory, the palm of chastity from all the Roman dames. For the daughters of the king, and the ladies of his family, in the absence of their husbands, were not found more gladly employed in feasting and balls, in mirth and diversion; such a different conduct made Lucretia shine out in a glory incorruptible, while the universal consent gave her the singular laurel of modesty. Be not then so uneasy at your fate, or bend beneath the weight of your disgrace, comforted with this thought, that we will amply revenge so outrageous an injury, and he shall pay dear for a pleasure as imperfect as unwilling, constrain'd from thy arms by the embraces of the boisterous young villain. You shall joyfully behold this impious heir to his father's impieties sink under a punishment equal, if possible, to the injury. Having, though unwillingly, feasted his lawless appetite with the sweets of thy lovely body, wilt thou voluntarily add to his pleasure by satiating his horrid thirst of blood with the sight of that precious crimson flood that runs through thy veins! Alas! my Lucretia, is not the father's cruelty and the son's inhumanity sufficiently known? What slaughters among the Gabii did this spoiler of thy honour perform? And how many innocents fell there victims to his revenge and ambition? If you hate this monster indeed, if this aversion to him is from your soul, and if you are sincere in your desires of his punishment in perfection, live — Take care to preserve your life, that in his expiring pangs you may behold the triumph and rejoice; and while he finds himself perishing with infamy and detestation, let him have the pain to behold that body he had endeavoured to defile and disgrace, surviving his assaults, with a fame entire and unsully'd. Ah! my Lucretia, precipitate not thy husband, who loves thee above his life, into a widowhood as terrible as detested. Deprive not thy weeping old father of his daughter, nor by so violent a fate, bring his grey reverend head to the grave in a sorrow beyond comfort, nor rob thy poor infants, thy tender little offspring of a guardian, of so dear and careful a mother. Oh! rather wish for life, prolong thy days, to be a witness of the revenge we will take. Reflect but justly on things, and you have no cause

to desire to die. 'Tis true, the royal villain has polluted the mansion of thy body by his odious enjoyment; but then the lady of this beautiful mansion is free and incorrupt, your mind is innocent and clear of a guilt your body could not avoid; and there can be no crime where there is no consent. Who is there so senseless not to acquit thee of guilt, when they consider the circumstances? The time, the person, the place, betray'd thee to the misery; naked in thy bed, lull'd asleep by the cares of the day, when all things but lust and revenge were at repose, unguarded, unsuspecting so black a treachery from a friend, from a kinsman, and from a king. Thus defenceless, unwarned, undress'd, asleep and unarm'd, what resistance couldst thou make to a young prince, robust in his limbs, as strong in his lust, and impetuous in his desires, and violently bent on murder or adultery? That youth, that blooming beauty in his face, and symmetry in his person, that must have melted down the virtue of all other women, had no effect on a bosom so rigid as thine. The violence he offered, the welcome excuse of the fair, touched not thy mind: And while your body suffered the cursed transports of the youthful adulterer, your soul was as insensible of pleasure as he was of compassion or justice. And while the weakness of your body submitted to the force of his strength, your mind was unmoved in the midst of all his caresses. If your soul is ambitious of a glory most peculiar, this triumph of chastity is so great that nothing can be added to its perfection: When in spite of all the allurements and frailty of weak flesh and blood, you made yourself a mere statue of marble, cold and insensible of all the efforts of a vigorous, handsome, young prince, full of love, and with utmost eagerness and avarice satiating his lust. Add to this, my dear Lucretia, that you yielded not to his threats for the fear of death, but of an infamy far more terrible than death can be to the virtuous. The terror that vanquish'd you was the ruin of your good name, when he swore not your death only, but that of a slave, to be left by your breathless body, as stabb'd in the very act of adultery. Your father, nay, your husband, absolves you from all guilt; ah! be not you only a judge so inexorable, as to condemn yourself for a misfortune which your frightened imagination pronounces as a crime. 'Tis allow'd that we
may

may fly infamy by death; but by yours you corrupt your fame, while with the wound you give your bosom, you kill both father and husband. By your death you pervert the joy of revenge, which can be but half compleat when it wants you for a beholder; and by this self-murder you corrupt that innocence, and proclaim that shame which our hands would expiate and secure. If reason won't prevail, have regard to authority; your husband, father, Brutus, and all your relations, fairly and fully acquit you of all guilt, and with one desire forbid your hand the fatal office it has assumed. Why by this deed will you condemn all their judgments? Besides, by your death you incur the guilt you would avoid; for it will be hard to persuade, that she was innocent, who thought fit to punish herself as criminal.

LUCRETIA'S Speech before she stabb'd herself.

“ O My dear father! and thou my husband Collatin!
 “ once more dear to me than the light to these
 “ eyes? Do not hinder me from putting an end to my
 “ life and my miseries at once! If I kill not myself, it
 “ will never be believed that I was overcome not by
 “ the fear of death, but by the fear of infamy? Who,
 “ if I live, can be so weak to believe that the apprehension of the odious imputation of adultery with a
 “ slave, to be fixed on my memory for ever, with
 “ which he threatned me, was more prevalent than death,
 “ a fear of which my life would discover, but one bold
 “ stroke with my hand would remove? What a blemish,
 “ what a spot would it be to my fame, to chuse rather
 “ to live the ADULTRESS *Lucretia*, than die the
 “ CHASTE *Lucretia*? Ah! let not your fondness of my
 “ person prove injurious to my good name! For do not
 “ you perceive, that you preserve me not to life, but infamy; my reputation dying in the life of my person? By a
 “ conduct so fond, you consider not what you indulge
 “ to injuries of this nature; the matrimonial bed should
 “ be made with holiness; and by the severity of my
 “ fate, the slumbers of others should not be broke by
 “ suspicions and jealousies. But if by my impunity you
 “ open the sluices to unlawful desires, unbounded lust

“ will beat down all before it in a torrent so wild, that
 “ women will not be satisfy’d to defile the beds of their
 “ husbands in their absence, but impudently, in their
 “ arms, suffer the adulterers embraces. For what wo-
 “ man is secure, when *Lucretia* is corrupted? And you,
 “ my dear husband, how can your soul fall so low to take
 “ me to your arms, when you shall remember, that they
 “ hold not your wife, but the whore of the vile *Tarquin*?
 “ And you, my dear father, how can you vouchsafe to
 “ call *Lucretia* your daughter, who has unhappily lost,
 “ and impiously corrupted that chastity, which was in-
 “ stilled into me by the admirable discipline of your
 “ house from my childhood? And oh! vile and misera-
 “ ble wretch that I am, can I bear to see my children
 “ look with their innocent eyes upon me, when the chaste
 “ womb that bore them has been infamously polluted by
 “ an adulterer? Shou’d my passive body be pregnant by
 “ the purple villain, wou’d you have me live to bring
 “ forth the fruit of adultery? Place not before my eyes
 “ the splendor of my past life, in which if any thing
 “ just and honourable appear, one night, one fatal night
 “ has sully’d all, when I admitted a mortal foe in the
 “ disguise of a friend to my house. My life is no lon-
 “ ger pleasing to me, ’tis odious, ’tis a burthen, an in-
 “ sufferable weight, which I cannot bear, when I find
 “ that my zeal for chastity alone was the cause of my
 “ ruin: Yes, yes, the accursed adulterer was not so
 “ fond of trampling on my beauty, as my *chastity*;
 “ that was the trophy he long’d for. If this has been
 “ the reward, this the fruit of my continence, what must
 “ I expect of my rape and adultery, but scandalous pro-
 “ stitution in the publick brothels? Alas! alas! my
 “ mind pure and uncorrupted, cannot endure the com-
 “ pany of my body foul and corrupted! Whether the
 “ laws of the body are subject to the mind, or not, I
 “ can’t tell; but I am afraid the soul has not power
 “ enough to stop the motions of nature, and render the
 “ body insensible as the mind. If this corporeal frailty
 “ have, in spite of all the aversion of my mind, been
 “ compell’d to a sensibility of any such odious and de-
 “ testable pleasure, oh! father! oh! husband, forgive
 “ me, and suffer that part which has been any way cri-
 “ minal,

" minal, to expiate the guilt by this dagger. Had you
 " the true *Roman* spirit in you, you'd be so far from
 " hindring my execution, as to punish the offender your-
 " selves. No, no, I will not have the image of these
 " evils perpetually before your eyes, and be a constant
 " *momento* of my disgrace and my guilt. Woman is ac-
 " cus'd of inconstancy of temper; and time, that may
 " assuage this anguish and passion, may raise others
 " more dangerous and criminal. Shou'd I defer the pu-
 " nishment, perhaps the crime might please. Let me
 " go, let me go: Give me leave to pierce this bosom
 " with my dagger, where that violent spoiler of my ho-
 " nour gave me the first alarm to lust, by pressing with
 " his trembling fingers those breasts that panted with rage
 " and despair. Move me not to pity; for if I spare
 " my life, I spare an *adulteress*; if I spare an *adulteress*,
 " I spare *adultery* itself; and if I cou'd once be brought
 " to spare *adultery*, *adultery* would then be agreeable;
 " and if so, then the *adulterer* himself. Wickedness
 " once begun, never stops when it does begin, but goes
 " on in a fatal progression, till it arrive at its *Stygian*
 " perfection. I have no way of ease; and being with-
 " out witness of the fact, I have no way to gain credit
 " to my assertions, but by sealing their truth with my
 " blood. That, my soul, shall be my evidence at the
 " dreadful tribunal of *Minos* and *Acheron*: That shall
 " accuse the royal ravisher of the violation of my ho-
 " nour, and the pollution of my body. And you, my
 " earthly body, because you have brought forth the cause
 " of adultery, betray'd thyself by thy charms to the em-
 " braces of the tyrant, discharge my struggling soul;
 " pour out thy blood in expiation! That it may be a
 " happy omen to the speedy destruction of the cruel,
 " *proud father*, and *ill-fated son*. And you, my husband,
 " once most dear to me, and you my reverend fa-
 " ther, whose tender eye and once chearing presence,
 " my shame and my misfortune make me willingly
 " fly, and all you my friends, farewell! *Lucretia* shall
 " never be brought as an infamous example to any
 " *Roman* lady, that infamy and life, cou'd in her subsist
 " together."

With that she plunged the dagger into her snowy bosom, and only had life to say, *Revenge the injur'd Lucretia*; which was done by the expulsion of *Tarquin* and all his race.

The End of Æneas Sylvius's Letters.



A DECLAMATION in Defence of W——
and GAMING, against DRUNKENNESS.

Written in Latin by BEROALDUS, made English by
Mr. THOMAS BROWN.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Father had three Sons, one a Whoremaster, another a Gamester, and the third a Drunkard. Being sick he made this Will, That the most wicked of his Sons should be disinherited. He being dead, they go to Law which of 'em was by this Will disinherited: The Cause is heard before the Judges by way of mutual Accusation of each other; the Drunkard having made his Defence, the other two gave the following Answer.

ÆSOP, that admirable deliverer of fine morals in pleasing fables, (*most reverend judges*) tells us, that men are furnish'd with two wallets, one hanging before, and t'other behind: That we put our neighbour's follies and vices in that which hangs before; and hide our own in that which is more out of the way, behind. In which ingenious apologue he, with a great deal of wisdom and knowledge, informs us, that mortal men have a *hawk's eye* in the discovery of the least *blister* or *scar* in their neighbours, but are as blind as moles to their own *ulcers* and unseemly *blotches*; extremely sharp-sighted in other people's *peccadilloes*, but purblind in their own *greatest Defects*: That no body looks

looks back into the wallet behind, as if of no concern to 'em. This, tho' of common experience, yet has never been more visible and evident than in our brother's pleading before this *honourable bench* this day, who being very short-sighted in his own affair, has discover'd so sharp an eye in ours, while *he could see a mote in our eyes, but not a beam in his own*; who has been very copious and eloquent against the *whoremaster* and *gamester*, but has endeavour'd to prove *drunkenness* (his peculiar and beloved vice) not only pardonable, but very pleasantly defends it, as a quality extremely worth our acquiring, and meriting the greatest applause.

But we shall not presume to banter this *honourable bench* with such an absurdity, nor put a gloss upon our errors, or cover our warts; but shall ingeniously confess, that both *gaming* and *whoring* are really evils. But all we contend for is, that *drunkenness* is yet a greater evil than these; and this we hope to make good by the most evident arguments and demonstration: we only most humbly beg *your lordships* to shew us the same favour you have our brother; and as with a patient and equitable ear you have given attention to his invectives against his *brothers*, you will, with the same benignity and consideration, listen to our reply and excusable recrimination; that if he has gratified himself with any ill-natured pleasure in his raillery, he may lose that satisfaction in hearing his own follies expos'd in their proper colours; who having taken the liberty of saying what he pleas'd, may be oblig'd, without any injustice, to hear what he has no mind to. 'Tis your business, *most reverend judges*, when you have heard both sides, and compar'd and nicely weigh'd our follies and vices, to make such a decree as shall to *your wisdoms* seem most equitable and just.

To begin from the root of the cause: Man consisting of *body* and *soul*, knows nothing more near and dear to him than *himself*; whence it comes to pass, that the chief object of his care and concern is, to preserve the health of his body and mind, that he may be *Mens sana in corpore sano*, a sound mind in a sound body: And to adjust first of all, and make agree those things which the *Greeks* call *τὰ ἀπὸ τὰ φύσιν*, and the *Latins*, *Prima natura*, or *primogenia*, i. e. *the first or primitive things of*

nature; in which number are plac'd *health*, the *integrity of the senses*, and the *preservation of all the parts*, which most men make the measure and rule of the *summum bonum* or *supreme good*: And since *prudence* is the proper act of life, and which makes the greatest and most valuable figure among the *goods* of the mind, our first and chief care ought to be the *preservation* of that, lest we foolishly quit the method and means of living.

Since therefore this health and safety of the body and mind is the most precious and valuable of all things in nature, since the *goods* of the mind and body are allow'd to be the greatest of *sublunary goods*, is there any man so wilfully blind, as not to esteem that, by much, the greatest vice and folly, which destroys the most valuable of *human goods*? But 'tis most plain and evident, all these suffer the greatest shock by *drunkenness*, and grow dull and heavy by the perpetual inundation of *wine*. *Drunkenness* obscures the mind in dark clouds, and suffocating fogs of unwholesome vapours; drives away the health and robustness of the body, and is at once the rock on which both her substance and reputation suffer shipwreck. 'Tis an old proverb, That a *drunken general* is a *bad commander in the day of battle*, since wine throws a mist over his conduct, and enervates the vigour which is necessary for the onset. This gives us an idea of the *wisdom* of the ancients in the meaning of their words, especially such as were compound, for they call'd wine, *Temetum, quod teneat mentem, ac lentent*: from being a clog and impediment to the mind, and bent to evil: Hence also is *drunkenness* call'd *temulentia*.

What, O ye judges, is there more scoundrel, what more beastly, than a man depriv'd of his manhood, robbed of his senses by an inundation of *Claret*? He knows not himself, and has no more understanding than an old fellow in his dotage, or a child of two months old; the health of the mind is wash'd away by the *flood of good liquors*, and a total forgetfulness of all things ensues, and the perfect death of the memory. The mind of a *drunkard* drown'd in wine, and vanquish'd in ebriety, is not in his own power, which never is the fate of either the *whoremaster* or *gamester*; and as *Seneca*, the most severe censor of the *drunkards*, says, *Drunkenness* is only a
volun-

voluntary madness. Is there, can there be any greater and more scandalous shame in nature, than that a man should be pleas'd and delighted with a *spontaneous* and *voluntary delirium*, whose greatest good is to be in his true senses, and enjoy a perfect health of mind?

In *drunkenness* we find a *vertigo* of the brain, all things turn round, the head swims, the house whirls about, and the feet reel: For as *Plautus* wittily remarks, wine is a cunning wrestler, that first trips up the heels; and *Androcydes*, eminent for his wisdom, justly observ'd, that as *hemlock* is poison to a man, so *wine* is to *hemlock*; intimating by this, that *wine* was even *poison to poison*.

Who is ignorant how many distempers arise out of intemperate *drinking*? For hence comes running eyes, weak nerves, trembling hands, malignant fevers, ulcerous and gouty feet, a stinking breath, and a thousand more which I might here enumerate; so that we may with a great deal of justice say, *Drunkenness* is close follow'd by its companion Pain.

'Tis evident that *wine* is of a very injurious nature to human bodies, when the use of it is by the physicians always forbid in our distempers, as if that were the food and fuel of the disease.

We may add to these evils of *drinking*, which we have mention'd already, that the man who is a devotee to that, is but a very bad husband of his affairs, while he ruins his estate in the purchase of wines from all parts of the world, and pays the vintner for odd and whimsical names, triple the value of the liquor, while he values wine more than gold, and is more pleas'd to look on a sparkling glass, than on the beams of the all-cheering Sun. Every day furnishes us with examples (tho' in a matter so notorious, so known to all men, particular instances are not necessary) of men who have brought themselves to beggary by *drinking* at so expensive a rate. Its force and extortion is so great, that it turns the head, and begets *madness*: There is no more obvious argument of its infamy, than that it is us'd in common abuse, as the last and most despicable exprobration that can be made to any man; nor could *Homer's Achilles* find out any more shameful reproach to throw at *Agamemnon*, than that he was *ὄνειδος*, i. e. one laden with wine. The mother

mother of *St. Austin*, formerly being by her maid upbraided and called in the height of her anger a *wine-bibber*, was so shocked at the infamous raillery, that she left off wine, and only mix'd water with it for the future.

Examine, *most equitable judges*, the opinions of all men, make enquiry of every one, and you will scarce be able to find so much as *one*, who had not rather be call'd a *whoremaster* or *gamester*, than a *drunkard*. Of so general and receiv'd infamy is a vice so abominable and senseless!

Let us add to this, the consideration of how many quarrels, even among the nearest and dearest friends? How many murders and abandon'd wickednesses have men committed in their *drink*, which they might well (tho' in vain) wish undone, when the *Bacchanalian* fury was over, for wine, as it is in *Esdra's*, seduces the mind, and the drunken men take up the sword, who coming to themselves, and rising as it were from a short sort of death, remember not any of their actions? Let us instance in *Alexander the Great*, of whom my good brother but now made his boasts, did he not stab his best friend *Clytus* in the heat of his cups? *Persopolis* fell a sacrifice to the heat of his liquor, and many of his most intimate favourites felt in their deaths the frenzy of his wine. Nor is this recorded by historians as a precedent for *drunkards*, as you vainly and weakly imagine, but to deter all men from the shameful vice that had produc'd such fatal events.

Let us see what slaughters, publick debauches have brought forth in this kind: 'Tis this has betray'd the most warlike nations into the hands of their enemies; this has brought under a foreign yoke the most obstinate and impatient of thralldom; this has vanquish'd those that could not be overcome in battle.

Thus the *Syracusans* fell into the hands of *Marcellus*, and the jurisdiction of the *Romans*; thus the *Massagetes*, drown'd in wine, were routed and made captive by the *Persians*: What vice therefore, *O equitable judges*, can be more infamous; foul and shameful than *drunkenness*? It assaults the health of the mind, destroys the vigour of the body, wastes the estate, and sinks the reputation, of which the consequences are quarrels, murders, unheard of wickedness, and even the extirpation of nations.

Our life is a perpetual refutation of the Stoick's paradox, which shews more of cunning than truth, *viz.* *That all sins are equal.* This is contrary to common sense, and our vices too visibly contradict it, whose inequality, and greater and lesser degrees of mischief is obvious to every one. Thus 'tis apparent, even to the blind, that *drunkenness* is by so much the more odious and abominable than *whoredom* and *gaming*, by how much more valuable and precious goods are destroy'd by the former than by the latter.

But to comply as much as possible with you, out of brotherly love, and depart a great deal from those advantages which we have, let us allow you, that *drunkenness* in all other things is a less evil than *whoring* or *gaming*; let us grant *fornication* and *dice* more abandoned vices in all other things, yet you must be compelled to allow this whether you will or not, That *drunkenness* overclouds the wit and understanding, that it makes all the senses languid, and puts a man out of his own power and conduct; by which concession, which you cannot yet deny, 'tis evident that victory declares on our side, since nothing is equal to this very vice alone, and nothing wicked and odious enough to demand the second place. Suppose you make what compound you please of our vices, yet you will not be able to prove, but that we are always *compos mentis*, masters of common sense and understanding; which *drunkenness* in you shocks and throws into a perfect *delirium*; but in this madness, and the shipwreck of the mind and senses, a man loses the name of man, and voluntarily casts away that only distinction betwixt the *human* and *brutal* kind, which must render him the most abandon'd, most shameful, and most infamous of men, if he yet deserve that name.

As for the praise my brother has been pleased to bestow on *wine*, agreeing with the opinion of *Asclepiades*, that it almost equals the power of the Gods, he fights with a *bulrush*, not a *sword*; since we are not averse to *wine*, and drink it with pleasure: For 'tis not *wine*, but the excess of it, which we contend against. We are sensible there are two liquors extremely grateful to human bodies, *wine* within, and *oil* without; *wine* for the stomach, and *oil* to anoint the limbs. We allow, that no-
thing

thing contributes more to the strengthening our bodies, than *wine* taken with moderation; we know very well, that *wine* refreshes the stomach, whets the appetite, abates the edge of our cares, expels cold, and invites sleep; but all these advantages are confin'd to a very moderate and extremely temperate use of it; that excursion therefore in the praise of *wine* no body denies: But however, what excuse, what justification can thence be drawn for *drunkenness*, or the *drunkard*, who is the subject of our present debate? Does the excellence of *wine* justify his perverting it to the most infamous defect? Can any authority defend him? What, will you venture to shelter yourself under the shield of *Plato*, whom, as the drunken advocate of *drunkenness*, you have falsely quoted? For you must know, my very good brother, that he is far from praising, or authorising by law, that odious ebriety which uses to weaken, and make languid mens minds and understandings, the guilt of which is this day laid to your charge; but he would by this law let us know, that he does not condemn sometimes a little larger and more pleasant carouse at set banquets, under the government and direction of some certain prudent and sober *symposiarchs*, or masters of the feasts. But that you may know how far the *Platonick* laws are from countenancing or authorizing *drunkenness*, that it is to the greatest degree condemn'd by him, give a little attention to what we shall say.

This philosopher orders only a little meer *water* for boys, and wholly interdicts the use of *wine* to them, as adding fire to fire. The same philosopher commands a new-marry'd pair, both bride and bridegroom, to apply themselves wholly to the getting an offspring, and to be very abstemious, that the conception be solid and quiet; because *drunkards*, like *madmen* and *fools*, are not proper for generation; since 'tis very probable, that from a drunken man's coition, the child would proceed, both in *limbs* and *motion*, crooked and untoward.

As for your boast of imitating *Hercules*, *Alexander* and *Gato*, telling us, that the first was a good *drinker*, the second *drank*, and the third apt to *raise up his spirits with wine*; give me leave, good brother, to ask you one civil question upon this head: Would you really imitate
these

A faded, sepia-toned photograph of a person, likely a woman, sitting in a chair. The person is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, dress or blouse. The image is heavily faded and has a grainy texture. A circular stamp or seal is visible on the lower right side of the image, containing some text that is difficult to read. The overall appearance is that of an old, worn photograph.

1944



these great men or no? Would you place them and their lives and actions before you for an example to follow, and a copy to write after; if you will, pray let your imitation be compleat, follow them closely thro' their whole lives, tread in the steps of their virtues and excellent qualities, as well as in their frailties. Let us see you, like *Hercules*, free the earth of monsters; equal *Alexander* in the wonders of his acquisitions and actions, and come up to the sanctity, the integrity of the manners of *Cato*, then we shall allow ebriety as excusable in you as it was in them; then no body will molest you; then our suit with you for our paternal inheritance would be at an end; we should of our own accord give way to the good; we should give up the cause to merit, and you should, without any hazard, hear the contest betwixt me and my other brother, for our share of the estate, allowing yours not fit to come into the controversy. But what a perverseness, impiety and iniquity is this of yours, which makes you like these great heroes in their vices, but most unlike them in their virtues; which makes you desire to follow them in what should be avoided, and shun them in what you ought to follow them; to imitate them in their evil deeds, but have no regard to their good? If you are pleased with *Cato* in his cups, be pleased likewise with him in his frugality, gravity, integrity, learning, manners, and all his other admirable virtues, of which he is proposed as the rule, author, and example.

But you must not think these great men like you, returning every day to their vomit, spending your whole life, day after day, in the mad, thoughtless revels of *Bacchus*; for virtues and vices so opposite in their nature could never inhabit the breasts of those great men, but they indulg'd a glass now and then, to rouse them up from their perpetual labours and fatigues, which day and night employed either their body or their thoughts, whose peccadilloes are hid in their virtues; to which, since you have not the least laudable ambition of aspiring, for shame never pretend to support your infamy by their examples, whose virtues you are so far from attaining, that you don't so much as desire them.

Cease, cease to boast of those whose authority you have fondly ventur'd to produce in your defence, because they only make your cause worse, more shameful and infamous, than if you had not nam'd them. But we are really surpriz'd to find that you have in your list forgot *Tiberius Cæsar*, since the practice of one of the greatest of the *Roman* emperors would have brought some seeming force to your cause, who from his excessive drinking of wine was called *Biberius Claudius Nero*, instead of *Tiberius Claudius Nero*; who made *Piso* prefect of *Rome*, for sitting out his hand at the bottle for two days and two nights without interruption. But examples, though they are never so illustrious, of vicious men, are more prejudicial to the person guilty of the same crime, than beneficial; for their acts are a perpetual monument of their folly, and for ever condemn their cause.

But, *most equitable judges*, if, in excuse or defence of our vices, we may be allow'd the authority of princes in their practice, we are able to produce not a few emperors guilty of those we too justly stand accus'd of; for history assures us, that *Augustus Cæsar*, who was esteem'd a god even in his life-time, than whom none was thought greater or better on earth, was very fond of dice; and the emperor *Claudius* made a book of the art of dice, of which he was so great an admirer, that he would play even as he rode in his coach or litter.

But, for *whoremasters*, there have been a thousand patrons; *Solomon*, who was the wisest of men, as Holy Writ assures us, had almost innumerable troops of concubines; and *Cæsar* the dictator was call'd *every woman's husband*.

But 'tis not our purpose to pretend to wash out our own offences by the examples of great titles, and of men of the first figure in the world; nor shall we make use of even that defence, which without doubt carries with it the greatest force and power of any, as if we should urge, that there is nothing in nature so necessary as *venereal coition*, which being banish'd the earth, all the various kinds of animals, that render the earth so glorious, would soon come to nothing, and certainly perish. Let *Venus* (to use the words of *Seneca*) leave mankind's affairs, and the whole world would be neglected and uncultivated.

cultivated. Take from human commerce *Meretrician amours*, you would find a horrid confusion of all things, and incestuous lusts disturb every family.

'Tis of no use in this cause before you, most reverend judges, to urge, that *dice* are the seasoning of a life of pleasure, the delight of the mind, with which men deceive the hours, in their cool retreats, from the burning heats of the clime or season, which they make use of after dinner for the sake of their health, when all agitation of body and application of mind is of no advantage, in the opinion of the best physicians. But we pretend to draw no force to our cause from any of these things, but we fairly and plainly do acknowledge that we are *criminal*, we are *vicious*; but then, without all doubt we must assert, that our brother is more *criminal*, and more *vicious*. And this we have, in our opinion, thus far prov'd by arguments of the highest probability: But that this may be more evident to you, that the *filthiness* of so great a vice be made yet more apparent, and set in a better light; in short, that not the least scruple remain in your minds, but that a *drunkard* is far more criminal, and guilty of a vice far more odious and infamous than a *whoremaster* or *gamester*, we shall in this place endeavour to convince you.

But because our adversary has attempted to fortify himself by *examples*, and the *opinions* and *sentences* of authors of the first forms, we shall therefore in the same manner evince by *examples*, and the *sayings* of *philosophers*, *orators* and *churchmen*, that *drunkenness* was by the wisest and best of the Ancients esteem'd always detestable, and declaim'd against with the utmost reproaches, as a vice of the most pernicious consequence. And since these things will not be unpleasant to be known, or unuseful to be told, or to be rejected by the ears of the learned, we hope, as you have hitherto heard us with attention, that you will continue so to do in what we have yet to say.

The frugal *Lacedemonians*, under the happy laws and institutions of *Lycurgus*, designing to deter their youth from ebriety, as from a most base, mean and servile thing, took this method on their festival-days. They caused some of their slaves, the *Helotes*, to be brought into their refectories drunk, that seeing the ridiculous figure, the

fantastick

fantastick actions, the bestial ignorance, and all the filthy effects of *excessive drinking*, they should have a perfect abhorrence of a vice, which, like the cup of *Circe*, threw off the *human*, and put on the *brutal* form. *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Eusebius*, and the greatest of physicians, *Galen*, have given an unanimous applause to that *Carthaginian* law, which forbid all wine during the campaign, ordering all to abstain from it during all warlike expeditions, as softening and rendering them unfit for labour and fatigue. *Cæsar* in his *Commentaries* informs us, that the *Suevi*, a people of *Germany*, utterly forbid the importation of *wine*, believing it would enervate their bodies, and destroy their strength. The Stoick *Cheremon* relates, that the ancient *Egyptian* priests always abstained from *wine* and *flesh* from the time that they address'd themselves to the divine worship, that the senses being unclogg'd with vapours and fumes, might be more robust and sprightly. Among the *Romans*, and through all the *Latin* territories, the women were exemplarily abstemious all their lives, that is, they drank no wine; nay, if we may believe *Dionysius*, in his book of *Antiquities*, if they were caught drinking wine, they were put to death; and some of our celebrated *Latin* writers have deliver'd it as a truth, that the wife of *Ignatius*, who had drank some wine out of the cask, was killed by her husband, and he acquitted of the murder by *Romulus*. *Fabius Prætor* tells us in his *Annals*, of a lady that was starved to death by her relations, for having the keys of her wine-cellar in her pocket. *Cneius Domitius* being judge, condemn'd a woman to the forfeiture of her dowry, for drinking wine without her husband's knowledge: For this reason, if we credit *Cato*, and from him *Tertullian* in his *Apologetick*, the friends and relations of the woman kiss her, to find whether she has been drinking wine. And indeed it must be confess'd, that the inordinate use of wine shuts the door fast against all virtue, but sets it wide open to all manner of vice. *Apollonius Tyanæus*, a man of the first character among the Heathens, was a water-drinker, fearing and shunning wine as the bane of the understanding. *St. Hierom* directs his *Christian virgin* to avoid wine as poison: He likewise makes almost a total interdiction of it to the *priesthood*, (which we hope they observed

served better in his days than ours) who writing to *Nepotian*, *Newer*, says he, *suffer your breath to have the frowzy haught of wine, lest you should be liable to that rebuke of the philosopher, This is not to offer a kiss, but a glass.* One of the chief and most scandalous objections of *Cicero* to *Piso*, and which he urges as the greatest reproach, is, that being an eternal guzzler of wine, his mouth smelt like a vintner's vault. But not to accumulate examples from profane history, God himself in *Leviticus* says thus to *Aaron* the high-priest, *Wine* (says he) *and all that can inebriate, thou shalt not drink, nor thy sons, when you enter the tabernacle, lest you die.* Thus likewise the follower of God, the vessel of election, and the bulwark and defence of the *Holy Scriptures*, *St. Paul* the Apostle, condemning the debauches of the bottle in his epistle to *Timothy*, declares, *That a bishop should be sober, and not at all given to drinking.* And hence that memorable passage in the Canonical Decrees, that the Apostle condemns, and the old law forbids a priest much drinking. The priests that minister in the temple, or church of God, are forbidden wine and strong drink, lest their hearts and spirits be over-burthen'd with surfeits and ebriety.

Before the flood, men were sober and abstemious in their liquors, the use of the vine not being found out, nor any vineyard planted: After the flood, as we find it in Holy Writ, *Noah* was the first who planted a vineyard, and drinking of the juice of the grapes, became drunk; so that wine did not so much as spare the author of its being. We find likewise in the *Pentateuch*, that wine was the cause of incest: The daughters of *Lot* having made him drunk with wine, drew him into the abominable act of incest. From which time the heat of wine has invaded mortal men with fury, that fury with drunkenness, and in ebriety modesty is lost, and then impudence, which ensues, produces incest, and all manner of monstrous conjunctions. From this time wine began to affect the minds of men with various and different motions: So that some grew quarrelsome and frantick; others pleasant, facetious and talkative; others drowsy and sleepy; others maudlin and full of tears; for wine has the same force as black-choler, that is, various and manifold.

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O Nata mecum consule Manlio, &c.

*O charming cask of sprightly wine,
Whose life bears equal date with mine ;
Born both upon the Latian shore,
When Manlius Rome's great taxes bore ;
Whether from thee complaints arise,
Or wit around the table flies,
Or jarring quarrels intervene,
Or sickly love, or biting spleen,
Or from thy friendly vapours creep
Upon my temples easy sleep, &c.*

Dionysus, vulgarly call'd *Bacchus*, (whom the Heathen writers make the inventer of the *grape*) is feign'd to be horn'd; not so much because he brought oxen to the yoke, (as *Diodorus* believ'd) as that men over-possess'd with the spirit of wine, by its force are rais'd up to any rashness imaginable, and are made impetuous, and as it were, arm'd with horns to defend or assault. Then is the poor man's horn exalted; then forgetting his *humble state* and *poverty*, he admits the insinuations of pride, and swells with the empty imaginations of his own worth.

As for that vain and insignificant boast of our brother's, that *Bacchus* was made a god, a vineyard-keeper, a constellation; that does not afford the least help, nor bring the weakest buttress to his cause; but if the fictions of the poets may serve for arguments, and be allow'd a good defence, let us likewise have the advantage of the like instances; let us remember that our *Venus* is the brightest star in the firmament, that she exercises her authority among the very gods and goddesses, by whose nature or influence all things are born on earth, whom the most celebrated authors of fables call, *The pleasures of Gods and men*.

To these let us add *Anacharxis*, who was born to wisdom among the barbarous and dull *Scythians*: He tells

tells us, that the vine bears three sorts of grapes, the first of *pleasure*, the second of *drunkenness*, and the third of *contumely*. *Æsop*, the author of the *Fables*, is said to have express'd himself much after the same manner. The observation of *Anacharsis*, *Æsop*, or any other wise man, (for its real author is not much to the import of the saying) is, that *at dinner the first cup is offered to thirst, the second to mirth, the third to pleasure, but the fourth to madness*. But if the fourth cup makes the drinkers mad, what will four times four, nay, forty cups do? Must they not drive them beyond all manner of other madness, and make them what we call *stark mad*? But 'tis evident by great drinkers, that the more they drink, the more they thirst; and the more they use themselves to drink, the more they covet it; so that they seem a generation of men born on purpose for the destruction of wine. *Nivellius* of *Milan* drinking off near four gallons at a draught, was not ashamed of the surname he acquired by it, of *Tricongius*, or *Three Gallons*, seeking as it were an awkward sort of glory from his vice. And since every vice is so much the greater, as the person that commits it is more eminent in his station and dignity, what title of infamy can we give *Bonofus* the *Roman* emperor (whom I wonder my brother should omit in his list of *Royal Drunkards*) who excell'd all mankind in drinking, of whom *Aurelianus* was wont to say, *That he was not born to live, but to drink*; who being vanquished by *Bobus*, when he had made his exit in a halter by his own hands, gave rise to this sarcasm, *That not a man, but a hog's head was hanging up*. *Solomon* cries aloud, *Wine is luxurious, and ebriety tumultuous, and whoever is delighted with these, can never be wise*. The same cautions us not to be in the feasts of drunkards.

I could not but smile, my lords, when I heard my brother but now calling those *incontinent* and *intemperate*, who are votaries of *Venus*, at the same time confirming it out of *Aristotle's* Problems, as if *Aristotle* had only called men inclined to women *incontinent* and *intemperate*. But, my good brother, pray do us the favour to repeat the whole problem of *Aristotle*, and then you will find yourself under the same censure, and incurring the same denomination. But to make this plain, my lords, you must

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must recollect that this most eminent of all the philosophers says, that since all pleasure accrues to man by his senses, all immoderate pleasure by these organs is criminal and odious; but, says he, those which proceed only from the *taste* or *touch*, are the most contemptible of all pleasures; and they who are most addicted to those two bestial pleasures, are most generally call'd *incontinent*, as if those should be thought but a sort of brutes and savages, who participate chiefly of delight proper to them; while the others, which proceed from the other three senses, seem peculiar to men. This is the sum and substance of what *Aristotle* says; from whence it is apparent, that the pleasure of *taste*, in which that of *drinking* must certainly be included, falls equally under the censure, with the pleasure of the *touch*, under which the enjoyment of the fair is also placed: But every body knows how ridiculous a thing it is to object that to another, which may be immediately retorted against one's self.

But before we quit the prosecution of this abominable and odious vice, let us take a view of the deeds of *drunkenness*; in the description of which we shall not make use of our own words, but those of *Pliny*, which ought to be in every one's mouth, and in every one's heart, and are worthy to be mentioned every where as well as in his book, to correct the inexplicable avarice of drink. Let us therefore hear *Pliny* declaiming against the vices of *drunkenness* in this manner: *Then do the voracious eyes devour the matron's beauty, then are the secrets of the soul betrayed; some make their last wills and testaments, speak things that are the occasion of death, and can't hold their peace even after the slaughter of many; so that now truth is vulgarly attributed to wine: But the best of the lot is, they never see the rising sun, and live a shorter time than otherwise they might; hence comes paleness, and pendulous and skinny cheeks, running eyes, paralytick hands humping full cups; and the present punishment they are troubled with is disquiet nights and frightful dreams, the chief reward of drunkenness, prodigious lusts, and pleasing wickedness. The next day they breathe from their mouths contaminating scents, have an utter forgetfulness of all things, and a death of the memory: They boast, that they anticipate life as it flies; whereas they not only lose the former, but the*
coming

coming day. Is there any so besotted to the bottle, whom this discourse of *Pliny's* (this censorial correction, so severe, so plain, and so true) cannot reclaim to sobriety, from the debauches of wine, to the temperance of water; from the suppers of *roarers*, to the dinners of the *Cynicks*? Who is there that can hear this, can read it, and not fly from drunkenness as a pest, and execrate the bottle with his utmost detestation, as the most filthy, scandalous, odious and infamous of all vices whatever? What judge, endow'd with such authority and wisdom as you, my lords, would not immediately pronounce sentence against drunkards and ebriety?

But now I think we ought to sound a retreat, lest while we take the advantage of the *lex talionis*, the law of retaliation, while we recriminate on the reproaches and accusations of our brother, while we endeavour to give as good as he brought, in tallying crime with crime, vice with vice, and folly with folly, we should seem too violent, and discover too great a want of moderation.

We believe, my lords, that you have observ'd how we have pass'd over in silence some objections made to us by our brother, without any denial or refutation. We readily confess, my lords, that we are far from denying so plain a matter of fact; for he only who can boast himself free from all manner of fault, can particularly refute and wipe off all manner of scandal. But we, my lords, do not pretend to deny our faults as innocent, nor do excuse them as many do, nor boast of them as our brother. It is confess'd, that 'tis a vile and shameful thing to *whore* and *game*; the name of a *whoremaster* and *gamester* we ought to blush at. We do by no means deny but that both our faults are infamous and detrimental, and extremely worthy of reproof; but all we contend for is, That our brother's vice and wickedness exceeds ours. We have made appear, that drunkenness does not only weaken our fame and estates, (which were our brother's chief objections against us and our follies) but have with the best demonstration made it out, that ebriety farther disturbs, shocks, changes and overturns the senses, understanding, and all the faculties of the mind, than which there can be nothing more vile and criminal. We have shewn what great slaughters, destructions and funerals

nerals *drunkenness* has brought on mankind: We have likewise given you a list of examples and authorities of the most excellent philosophers and princes, from whence *drunkenness* appears to have always been the object of their indignation, and in all ages to have been condemn'd as the worst of vices.

As for what remains, my lords, it is now in your breasts, it lies upon your prudence and gravity to weigh with attention our several crimes, and put them as it were in the ballance; and which ever of us three shall appear the most vile and infamous offender, he must be the subject of your sentence.

Nor are we under the least apprehensions in the world, but that your judgment will be in our favour: We can't doubt but that you, my lords, who are men of such eminent wisdom, will have the same sentiments of things with so many writers of the first rank, and with what reason itself perswades, examples fortify, and common sense confirms. We therefore, my lords, commit our cause to your prudence and consciences; and if you plainly know (as you must certainly do) that *drunkenness* is by much the more infamous crime, exclude our brother, and by your sentence absolve *us*, that by your favour and justice we may enjoy our paternal inheritance. *Dixi.*



A Panegyrick upon Cardinal *de Richelieu*, in a Letter of Monsieur *de Voiture*.

THE ARGUMENT.

Monsf. Perrault, in his Parallele des Modernes, opposes this Letter to Pliny's famous Panegyrick upon Trajan. I must confess 'tis very handsomely written; but I believe that none but so great a bigot for his country as Perrault, would have ventur'd to make the comparison.

I AM not one of those, as you would seem to insinuate, that love to improve all my lord Cardinal's actions into miracles, and carry his praises beyond their due bounds; and while they would make the world believe

well

well of him, sacrifice all regard to *credibility*. On the other hand, I am not of that base detracting temper, as to hate a man merely because he is above the rest of the world; neither will I suffer myself to be carried away by popular prepossessions, which I know, generally speaking, to be unjust. I consider him with the same eyes with which posterity will behold him. And certainly two hundred years hence, when those who look upon him after us, shall read in our history that the great Cardinal de Richelieu demolish'd *Rochel*, confounded the *Hereticks*, and by one single blow took thirty or forty of their cities all at once; when they shall come to find, that in the time of his ministry the *English* were beaten and repuls'd, *Pignerol* conquer'd, *Cæsar* reliev'd, *Lorraine* join'd to our crown, the greatest part of *Alsatia* reduc'd under our subjection, the *Spaniards* defeated at *Vellaine* and *Avein*; I say, when they shall find that while he presided over our affairs, *France* had not one neighbour, over whom she did not gain some important victory or town; if they have the least drop of *French* blood in their veins, and any love for the honour of their country, can they read these things without having a great affection for him? Do you think they will love or esteem him the less, because in his time the payments of the town-hall came in somewhat of the *slowest*? Or because some new offices were erected? Great things cannot be done without a great expence; and to cramp 'em for want of money, is to maim their execution. But if we are to look upon a kingdom as immortal, and to consider the advantages it will reap in future ages, as if they were actually present; let us compute how many millions this man, whom they pretend to have ruin'd *France*, has sav'd her, by the bare taking of *Rochel*; which town, two thousand years hence, in all the minorities of our kings, upon every discontent of the nobility, and upon all occasions of revolting, would most certainly have rebell'd, and oblig'd us to a perpetual expence. Our kingdom had only two enemies to fear, the *Hugunots* and *Spaniards*. My lord Cardinal no sooner enter'd upon affairs, but he immediately resolv'd to ruin both. Was it possible for him to form more glorious or more advantageous designs? He has happily

effected the one, but has not compleated the other. However, if he has fail'd in his first design, those that now cry out that it was a rash, unseasonable resolution, to pretend to attack and humble the power of *Spain*, and that experience had sufficiently shewn it; yet would they not have been as forward to condemn his design of ruining the *Huguenots*? Would not they have told us, that he ought not to have embark'd in an enterprize, wherein three * of our kings had successively miscarried, and which the † late king did not so much as think of? And would they not have concluded as falsely as they do in this other affair, that the thing was not feasible, merely because it was not already done? But let us consider, I beseech you, whether 'twas his or fortune's fault, that he has not as yet accomplish'd this design: Let us see what method he took to effect it, and what engines he set on work: Let us examine whether he has fail'd much of felling that mighty tree, the house of *Austria*; and has not shaken the very root of that trunk, whose two branches cover'd the north and the west, and overshadow'd the rest of the earth. He went as far as the *Northern Pole*, to find out that ‡ heroe, who seem'd predestinated to lay the ax to it, and bring it to the ground. It was his address, join'd with this thunder, which fill'd all *Germany* with fire and desolation, whose noise was heard by all the world; but when this tempest was dispers'd, and fortune had turn'd away the impending blow, did he stop short in his course, or cease his designs for this? And did he not bring the empire lower than it had been by the losses of *Leipsick*, and that of *Lutzen*? His dexterity and good conduct rais'd us all on a sudden an army of forty-thousand men in the heart of *Germany*, with a general at the head of them, who was master of all the great qualities that are necessary to bring about a revolution in any state. If the king of *Sweden* threw himself farther into danger than became a person of his design and rank; and if the duke of *Fridlandt*, by overdelaying his enterprize, suffer'd it to take air, and be discover'd; was it possible for the *Cardinal*, either to charm

* *Francis II. Charles IX. Henry III.* † *Henry IV.* ‡ He meant *Gustavus Adolphus*,
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charm the bullet which kill'd the former in the midst of his victory, or render the latter impenetrable to the blows of a *partisan*? And if after this dismal blow, to compleat the ruin of our affairs, the generals who commanded the armies of our allies before *Norlingen* gave batt'e at an unseasonable time, was it possible for the *Cardinal*, who was above two-thousand leagues from the spot, to change this resolution, and stop the unadvised rashness of those, who for an *empire*, that would have been the certain price of a victory, would not stay three days longer? Thus you see it was impossible to save the house of *Austria*, and hinder the execution of the *Cardinal's* designs, which some people pretend were so rash, had not fortune wrought three surprizing miracles, that is to say, three great events, which in all probability would never happen; I mean the death of the king of *Sweden*, that of the duke of *Fridlandt*, and the loss of the battle of *Norlingen*. You will tell me he has no reason to complain of fortune for crossing him in this, since she had serv'd him so faithfully in all his other designs; since she put places into his hands, without so much as laying siege to them; since by her favour he commanded armies successfully, without the least experience to direct him; since she conducted him always as it were by the hand, brought him safe out of the greatest precipices, upon which he had thrown himself, and made him frequently appear bold, wise, and foreseeing, without any merit on his side: Let us therefore behold him in his evil fortune, and examine if even then he shewed less boldness, wisdom, and foresight. Our affairs were in no very good posture in *Italy*; and as it is the destiny of *France* to gain battles and lose their armies, ours was exceedingly diminished ever since the last victory we had gained over the *Spaniards*. We had not much better luck before *Dole*, where the length of the siege made us apprehend its ill success, when we received advice that the enemy had entered *Picardy*: that they had, at the first onset, taken *Capille*, *Castelet*, and *Corbie*; and that these three places, which ought to have stopp'd them so many months, scarce held them eight days. All was in fire and ashes to the banks of the river *Oise*: We might behold from our suburbs the smoak of the villages which

the enemy had burnt. All the world was alarm'd at this sudden progress; and the capital city of our kingdom was in the highest consternation. In the midst of these calamities, advice came from *Burgundy*, that the siege of *Dole* was raised, and from *Xantoigne*, that fifty thousand *Peasants* were up in arms, and that 'twas feared the infection would soon spread itself in *Poitou* and *Guienne*. Ill news came pouring upon us from all parts, the whole face of heaven was overcast, the tempest invaded us on every side, and we had not the least prospect of good-fortune to support us in these extremities; we could not see day through the least hole. But in all this darkness did the *Cardinal* see less clear than at other times? Did he lose either his judgment or resolution? And during this tempest, did he not always keep his rudder in one hand, and his compass in the other? Did he call out for the long-boat to save himself? And if the great vessel which he steer'd was destin'd to be cast away, did he not shew that he was the first man that resolv'd to perish? Was it fortune that deliver'd him out of this labyrinth, or his own prudence and magnanimity? Our enemies were within fifteen leagues of *Paris*, and his were in the town: He receiv'd daily advice that cabals were held, and designs form'd to ruin him. *France* and *Spain* were, if I may so express myself, join'd in a conspiracy against him alone. Now amidst all these threatening concurrences, in so dreadful and black a conjunction, how did this man look, who they pretended would be cast down upon the least ill success? and who, as they gave out, had fortified *Havre de Grace*, on purpose to make it a place of retreat in case of any disaster? He does not go one step backward for all this: He is taken up with the dangers of the state, and not his own: And all the alteration we could observe in him at this time was, that whereas he never us'd to go abroad without two hundred guards before, he now walk'd out every day only attended by five or six gentlemen. All the world must own, that an adversity supported by so good a grace, and with so much bravery, is much to be preferr'd, even to *victory* and *prosperity* itself. He did not appear to me so great and victorious, even when he
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made his entry into *Rochel*, as then; and the daily visits he made to the *Arſenal* were, in my opinion, more glorious to him than his famous expedition on the other ſide the mountains, when he took *Pignerol* and *Suſa*. Therefore let me conjure you to open your eyes, and to prepare you for beholding ſo bright an object, lay aſide your averſion to the man, who is ſo happy in revenging himſelf on his enemies; and ceaſe to wiſh ill to him, who knows how to turn it to his glory, by behaving himſelf ſo undauntedly under it. Leave your party before they leave you, as a great part of his enemies have done, that were converted by the laſt miracle they ſaw him perform. If the war comes to be concluded, as there is reaſon to hope it will, he'll ſoon find a way to gain the reſt over to his ſide. Being ſo wiſe as he is, he muſt certainly know, after ſo much experience, what is beſt for us, and will turn all his deſigns to make us the moſt flouriſhing people in the world, after he has made us the moſt formidable. He will content himſelf with an ambition, which is to be preferred before all others, and is practis'd but by few; I mean, to make himſelf the beſt and moſt beloved man in the kingdom, and not the greateſt and moſt fear'd. He knows that the moſt noble and moſt laſting conqueſts are thoſe of *hearts* and *affections*; that laurels are barren plants, that afford us nothing more than ſhades, and are not to be compar'd with the harveſt and fruits with which *peace* is crown'd. He conſiders, that it is nothing near ſo meritorious to enlarge the limits of a kingdom a hundred leagues and better, as to leſſen our taxes twelve-pence in the pound; and that there is leſs grandeur and real glory in defeating an hundred thouſand men, than leaving twenty millions in their eaſe and ſecurity.

Thus this mighty genius, which has hitherto been ſolely employ'd in contriving and raiſing funds for the ſupport of the war, in raiſing recruits, taking cities, and gaining battles, will for the future wholly buſy himſelf in eſtabliſhing *peace*, *wealth* and *plenty*. The ſame head which was delivered of a *Pallas* in armour, will ſhew us the goddeſs with her *olive-tree*, peaceable, gentle, and learned, accompanied with all thoſe arts

which generally march along with her. He will publish no more new edicts, but such as may serve to restrain *luxury*, and promote trade. Those great *vessels* that were built to carry our *arms* beyond the *Streights*, shall for the future only conduct our merchantmen, and keep the sea open: And we shall have no more war, but with the *Algerines*. Then the enemies of my lord *Cardinal* shall not be able to speak, as hitherto they have not been able to act against him: Then the citizens of *Paris* shall be his guards, and he will be convinc'd how much more pleasing and *satisfactory* it is to hear his praises in the mouth of the people, than in that of the *poets*. But I beseech you not to keep out till this happens, and stay not to be his friend till you are forc'd to be so: But if you are resolv'd to persist in your opinion, I shall not pretend to use any violence to make you leave it. However, be not so unjust as to take it ill that I have defended my own, and I freely promise you to read over whatever you think fit to write to me by way of answer, when the *Spaniards* have retaken *Corbie*. I am

Your most obedient Servant,

VOITURE.



*Mr. T. BROWN'S POCKET-BOOK
of Common-Places.*

TO see the number of churches and conventicles open every *Sunday*, a stranger would fancy *London* all religion: But then, to see the number of taverns, ale-houses, &c. he would imagine *Bacchus* the only God that is worshipp'd there.

A man need not go out of *London* to hear barbarisms and nonsense; they are the universal traffick from *Limhouse* to *Millbank*.

If no *Trades* were permitted but those which were useful and necessary, *Lombard-street*, *Cheapside*, and the *Exchange* might go a begging : For more are fed by our *vanities* and *vices*, than by our *virtues* and the necessities of nature.

Tradesmen often break to get an estate, as *Tartars* retire to get a victory.

All the advantage *quality* has of us, is to eat *Asparagus* at *Christmas*, *Mackarel* in *February*, and *Larks* in *November* ; run in debt without fear of the *bailiffs*, and put out no lights in the winter.

Men often interest Providence in their minutest affairs, when they forget the greater. Thus a Captain in *Flanders*, dining at a tavern, was pawned for the reckoning ; but just in the nick, the earthquake paid it by knocking out the brains of his host.

I wonder the tax projectors in *France* have never thought of an imposition on ice ! Unless they have passed it over, as not reaching the poor.

Some wou'd have us believe camps the schools of good manners ; but certainly we might as well learn sobriety in a tavern, and chastity in a brothel.

Tiresias knew more than *Solomon* ; for the blind prophet knew the pleasures of both sexes, which was more than the nine-hundred concubines cou'd impart to the king.

I have found the women generally against *Circumcision*, and the dismembring of the *Spanish monarchy* : I can't tell their reason, unless it be that they are not for lessening the members.

For a prince to think to suppress a faction, by bribing one or two of its heads, is to draw a rent-charge on the crown ; for when men know they have paid for it, the party will never want a fresh supply of leaders.

It's a great advantage to traders of all sorts, to come into a well custom'd shop : So the Pope gets money by succeeding *St. Peter*, *Dr. Gibbons* by coming into *Dr. Lower's* house, &c.

How little is popular favour to be depended on ? Four years ago *Musophilus* was voted *deserving of the king's favour*, and now voted to be try'd for mismanagement.

A *fast-day* is only a vacation from cheating, and the drunkard's holiday.

After all, I know not whether a nice taste be not rather a curse than a blessing; for by that we are pleas'd with fewer things; and the less *pleasure*, the less *happiness*.

Even avarice has something to say for itself; and Sir *John Cutler*, perhaps took as much pleasure to see his *guineas*, as *Neal* to squander them away.

Lawyers leave generally perplexed wills: And why? But that, as they got their money by *law*, their heirs may spend it in the same manner.

A man that had a bad memory bought a memorandum-book, but never cou'd remember he had one. A notable instance we had t'other day in a certain bishop, who forgot where he had laid his *memorandums*.

Vainlove is a damn'd repeating poetaster, and his tongue is like a perpetual motion, never lying still: yet speaking of a brother of the quill — 'Tis a thousand pities, says he, — *He's the honestest fellow in the world, only he talks too much.*

In the *Mosaick* law, if the whiteness has over-spread all the body, then the affected had liberty to go abroad for air; if some part of the body was free from infection, he was to be kept up as *unclean*. From which I observe, first, That *putrefaction* is more contagious before maturity, than after: Secondly, That men abandon'd to vice, don't so much corrupt manners, as half-debauchees, half *good* and half *evil*.

If the *Eucharist* be the true and real body of our *Saviour*, why do you administer it on *Fridays*, when you prohibit eating flesh?

Tobacco, *Ale*, and the *Protestant Religion*, the three great blessings of life.

The *Roman* sepulchres were erected near the highways, to put people in mind of mortality; for which reason we find the inscriptions addressed to the *viator*, or passenger, ill-imitated by us in our *church-tombs*.

Caligula gave his horse *Incitatus* a parsonage; and no doubt on't but would have dispensed with the horse's keeping a *curate* to officiate, because, he had an impediment in his speech.

The *Jewish* *æconomy* seems never designed for all the world, but calculated for a narrow territory, since they were obliged to go thrice a year to *Jerusalem*.

A reve-

A reverend, but laborious dull trifler, in his book would persuade us, that the gardens of the *Hesperides* and *Alcinous* are taken from the garden of *Paradise*. Yes, as much as the great bed at *Ware* was borrowed from that of king *Og*; and he might as well have drawn the *Pope's triple crown*, from *St. Peter's* triple denial of our Saviour.

Mythologists are indeed very pretty fellows, and are mighty unravellers of the fables of the old *Ethnicks*, discovering all the *Old Testament* concealed in them. Thus *Eve* was *Ate*, *Pandora*, and *Proserpine*: *Astrea's* leaving the world, was *Enoch's* assumption in the fiery chariot: Because *Kings*, in scripture, are stil'd *Gods*, therefore the *Pagans* deify'd their kings: *Jupiter Ammon*, *Bacchus*, and *Pan* are painted with horns, because *Horns*, in the scripture-pharse, signify power. They might, after this rate, if they had a mind to it, bring gammar *Gurton* in, and make her, and mother *Shipton*, and *Bess of Bedlam* signify the witch of *Endor*.

The thriving citizen makes it a chief article of his creed, that he must do every thing that will help to promote trade; for that, to him, is the law and the prophets.

Aeneas's piety runs incessantly out at his eyes. He weeps at the burying of his nurse; he weeps at the loss of *Palinurus*.

When *Dido* found herself abandoned, and out of despair was contriving how to dispatch herself, the *Trojan* prince very fairly goes to his vessel; where he sleeps so soundly, that *Mercury* must come to awake him.

l. 1. bell. civ.

Appian made a gross blunder in his history, where he says, That the *Romans* had kings for the space of an hundred olympiads; whereas all the world knows, that *Tarquinius* was expell'd A. U. C. 244. and there's 156 years mistake in the matter. But *Appian* visibly contradicts himself too elsewhere, where he places the dictatorship of *Scylla* in the 175th olympiad.

The *Pagan* sacrifices for the most part were at the charge of the publick. *Theodosius* uses it as an argument to the heathens to turn *Christians*, because their religion was costly.

Cyder an ancient liquor mention'd both by *Tertullian* and *St. Austin*; the former calls it *succum ex pomis vinosissimum*.

fissimum. The other, writing against the *Manichees*, who abstained wholly from wine, which they objected to. The *Catholicks* charge them with drinking the juice of apples, far more delicious than wine, or any other liquor. From these passages of *Tertullian* and *Austin*, who were both *Africans*, cardinal *Perron* (who was born in *Jersey* of protestant parents) thinks this liquor was first known in *Africa*, from thence passed into *Spain* among the *Biscayneers*, and from them into *Normandy*.

Justin, censur'd by some for the digression about the antiquity of the *Scythians* and *Egyptians*, as *Sallust* is by *Scaliger*, Poet. l. 4. for his tedious speeches; for spending so much time in describing the *aræ fratrum*; in making a parallel between *Cato* and *Cæsar*. *Præter Historiæ Argumentum*, and tracing the conspiracy of *Cataline* to the original of *Rome*, not to mention his too tedious impertinent prefaces. *Creusa* had told *Æneas*

*Ad terram Hesperiam venies, ubi Lydius arva
Inter opima virum, leni fluit agmine Tybris.*

And yet he says afterwards,

— *Incerti quo fata ferant.*

The *Ancilia* among the old *Romans* (as a reverend author asserts) had some reference to the Jews *Urim* and *Thummim*: As much as they have to the *Spanish* arms in the *Tower*.

Aristophanes's quarrel with *Socrates* was, because he despis'd the comedians, tho' he would go to see *Eurip.* Trag. for which reason, *Nub.* act. 5. sc. he jeers at *Eurip.* Poetry.

The clouds did not contribute to the taking away *Socr.* life. *Palmerius* has shewn that he liv'd 24 if not 25 years after. 'Tis evident from the play that was acted before *Cleon's* death, which happened in the 10th year of the *Pe-leponnesian* war, at which time *Aminias* was the chief magistrate at *Athens*, *Ann.* 2. *Olymp.* 8. But *Socrates* was accused when *Laches* govern'd, *Ann.* 1. *Olymp.* 95. three and twenty years after the death

— *Who perhaps borrow'd it from Oliv. l. 7. Val. M.* of *Cleon*—*Anton.*—*Thyfi* in his comments upon *A. Gellius lib. c. 17.* pretends, that after *Arist.* had expos'd *Soc.* in

in his comedy called *The Frogs*, (for so he mistakes) the next day he was accus'd and condemn'd.

Apud Homerum Alcinous Odyss. 7. Ulyssi peregrino filiam offert optans ut illam velit accipere, & vocari gener quod quidam reprehendant.

Circe better employ'd by *Ovid* than by *Virgil*. In the latter she is represented weaving: In the former she and her companions,

— *Vellera motis*

Nulla trahunt digitis, nec fila sequentia ducunt.

Gramina disponunt, sparsosq; sine ordine flores.

Secernunt calathis, variasque coloribus herbas.

And this seems to be the fitter diversion for an enchantress.

Macrobius, l. 5. c. 17. blames *Virgil* unjustly, for making the grounds of the *Latin* war so trivial. *Homer's Iliads* turn upon a less, the tears of a parson's daughter.

Error admittit *Lucanus*, cum dixerit:

Fundat ab extremo flavos Aquilone Suevos

Albis. —

Nam Suevi Rheno propiores,

Par error in sequentibus.

— *Ganges toto qui solus in orbe*

Ostia nascenti contraria solvere Phæbo.

Audet.

Ister siquidem & *Padus* & *Thamesis* in *Orientem* fluunt, quin *Ganges* in *Austrum* exit.

Isidore pretends, that 'till *Augustus's* time, the *Romans* made use of *c s* instead of *x*; and *Papias* adds, that after the nativity of our Saviour, it came in fashion, in honorem *crucis*, in respect to the cross; both which are false. For in the *Colonna Rostrata*, the oldest remainder of antiquity in *Rome*, we find *exfugiunt* for *effugiunt*.

Errores Philol.

Infractus idem servio ac invictus, male. *Nam nemo ita usurpat Latinorum, apud quos infracti sunt vere fracti & victi.* *Cruzerius Plutarchi interpres in vita Catonis Uticensis* ἰσχυρὸν reddit infractum, sed perperam.

Priamus Iliad 22. dehortans Hectorem a congressu cum Achille tandem subjicit, ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερος ἐστίν. Nihil audire clarius ad contumeliam Hector potuit: Vide quid Certanius super hac re dicat, p. 695.

Some

Some writers of no mean note among us have made use of *Jewish* testimonies to prove the Trinity, as some *Romish* authors have done the same to support that monstrous doctrine, Transubstantiation. Particularly *Galatinus* in his first book *de Arcanis Cathol. Verit. c. 3.* says, *That the ancient Jews may be thought not so much to have foretold things to come, as to have reported, like the Evangelists, things already done.* To this purpose, *Rabbi Cahana* and *R. Judas* are cited by them, tho' in the places alledg'd we find nothing that makes to that purpose; as also *R. Simcon's Revelatio Secretorum*, a book composed in *Utopia*, and *Barachias* in *Ecclesiasten*.

As *Mahomet* says of himself,

Ego quadraginta virorum in meis lumbis vires habeo.

So may *Ed———ds* with more truth assert, I have a stock of impudence and calumny, enough to furnish the whole town upon occasion.

Scaliger de Emend. Temp. lib. 5. pretends that *Troy* was taken about full-moon, and the beginning of spring. *Petronius* in his fragment, *De expugnatione Trojæ,*

Jam plena Phæbe candidum extulerat jubar.

To excuse *Moses* for killing the *Egyptian*, 'tis merrily enough pretended, that he had the spirit of prophecy upon him when he did it; and knew that out of this fellow's loins no profelyte should ever arise.

It deserves observation, that the names of two magicians that oppos'd *Moses*, are still remaining with *Jewish*, *Christian* and *Pagan* historians, tho' *Moses* no where calls them by their names. But 'tis probable that the *Egyptian* priests writ memoirs of what happened, and so out of their writings (for after the captivity the *Jews* had no old monuments, but what are still extant) the names of the *Egyptian* magicians might be taken.

Atridas; Priamumq; & sævum ambobus Achillem.

Legendum *Atriden*. Neq; enim *Menelao* sævus fuit, sed *Agamemnoni*, quem confodere voluit *Iliade*; deinde si tres, *Agamemnonem*, *Priamum*, & *Menelaum* proponet, quo pacto dicit sævum ambobus?

Guy Patin in his letters, tells us, that being physician to *Gassendus*, and telling him that he was at the point of death, he answer'd him:

Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.

In

In some countries the people are slaves without a standing army, as in *Poland, France, &c.* where the tenants hold at the will of the lord; and consequently are not industrious to build and plant.

Poggius tells us of a man that gelt himself to know whether his wife ——— he being jealous of her.

Homerus tradidit a Pharo in Ægyptum noctis & diei cursum fuisse navis stridens quam ventus pone sequatur. Quod falsissimum cum Alexandria stet ab annis bis mille, tamen semper est littorea.

In *Agragas*, if we may believe *Laertius*, l. 8. there were eight hundred thousand inhabitants, μυριάδες καὶ ὀγδοήκοντα, verum mendum est in numeris, qui cum per literas numerales compendiose scriberentur, facile potuerunt π & κ mutari. Qua ratione factum ut pro viginti myriadibus, octingenta scriberentur. Neque enim habuisse *Agrigentum* supra 20 myriades, i. e. 200 thousand, his verbis docet *Diodorus Siculus*, l. 13. Ἀκταγωνῖνοι μὲν ἦσαν πλεῖους τῶν δεκάδης μυρίων σὺν δὲ τοῖς κατοικέσι ἐκ ἐλάττης τῶν ἑκοσι μυριάδων.

John Dunton's Athenians, it seems, affect the honour of being thought originals, and it must be confess'd, to their great honour, that they are so: For most of their etymologies, their circular rainbows, nay what is more surprising, their very translations, are mere originals: And so is every thing, in short, but their poetry, which is a feeble imitation of *Jordan's* versification.

As for their great skill in etymology, I shall instance in two, viz. *surplice* from *super* and *plico*; and *punch* quasi *paunch*. As for the first, it is called in Latin *superpellicem*, and is far enough from the derivation they brought. And as for the latter, *punch* quasi *paunch*, it is like *hat* quasi *hate*, because a man hates to be without a hat.

The *Athenian* who told us his wife never long'd for any thing but she had it, is desired to tell her, that if she longs to see an ill-natur'd blockhead, she need not stir out of doors to see the sight.

Nymphas Baccho adhibere, will pass no where for bawdy, but only amongst the *Athenians*; whereas this phrase does not signify to pimp for *Bacchus*, or to help *Bacchus* to a *Covent-Garden* cooler (which seems to be their mistake) but only to a little cool water. And in this sense the

the severest ear in the kingdom may hear it without offence.

Æneid. l. 2. *Jamque adeo super unus eram, &c. Sunt qui sequentes* 22. *versus rejiciunt, at Scaliger, l. 3. cap. 11, 12 & 23. germanos esse evincit, ab imbecilli sorte humana.*

Cowley falsely represents *Pindar* as irregular: The *antistrophe* always answers the *strophe* and the *epods* each other.

In the *English* play, *Oedipus* makes an allusion to the decorations of the *Athenian* stage, which were not invented till an hundred years after.

The *German* soldiers won't fight without pay. Even the Gods *Neptune* and *Apollo* trounc'd *Laomedon* for cheating 'em of their hire.

Julian, in his epistles, tells us, That the fig-trees in *Judea* were seldom or never without fruit, the old not falling off till the new came on. This may afford light to the passage, *Mat. xiii. 14. The time of fruits was not yet come.*

The publisher of *Petronius*, *cum notis variorum*, recommends the reading of them to those that would understand *St. Paul's* Epistles.

Mr. F—lle, in his account of *Jersey*, tells us of a charter given a man to hold during life, and five years after.

Josbua takes no notice of the *Phœnicians* peopling of *Africa*, and erecting pillars at *Tangier*: Yet *Procopius de Bello Vandal.* lib. 8. affirms it, and is believed.

Rablais has not been more extravagant in his *Gargantua*, than the *Jewish* rabbies in their stories of king *Og*. They tell us, that monarch had got a mighty stone upon his head, designing to ruin the whole *Israelite* army with it. Down comes a lapwing, and pecks such a hole thro' it, that it fell on his shoulders; and by a miracle his upper teeth suddenly extended, kept it fast from motion.

Poeta loquutus est cum in principio Æneid. dixerit, Lavinaque venit littora, at cum in persona Palinuri, portesque; require Velinos, quia scil. suo tempore sic nominabantur minus excusandus est.

Florus says, that *Cæsar* pursu'd *Cavelianus*, usque in *silvas Caledonias*.

The only thing I envy you in the country, is your women; and there 'tis true, you have the better of us; and
a mighty

a mighty blessing it is, if you knew how to value it aright. You know, I have in my time had some civil correspondence with the *London* ladies; but after all I don't like them. I have the same quarrel to them as the parsons have to the laity, they know too much.

Militant drunkards here below. A passage inconsistent with the affected gravity of those strait-lac'd moralists the *Poultry* reformers, who place the greatest part of their religion in the *opus operatum* of bellowing out of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

'Tis customary for poets to commend one another, like the two famous sword-men in *Bessus*, who gave it under one another's hands, that they were brave fellows.

Compliments, like funeral sermons, ought in strictness of justice to be paid to those performances only that really deserve them; and that even in those cases, the incense is not worth one's acceptance, unless free and unrequested.

Vanity makes the *Frenob* loyal, and boast of what their king does.

Lucian makes *Prometheus* cite a verse out of *Homer*, that liv'd long after.

Dr. Heylin, in his introduction to his *Cosmography*, tells us of some people that make *Aristotle* to be our Saviour's præcursor in naturals, as *St. John* was in spirituals. He might better have made *Prometheus* a type of his crucifixion.

When the Senate had once permitted the soldiers to elect *Galba*, and had confirm'd that election, more emperors were elected abroad in the field by the legions, than at home by the senators.

Three legions kept their constant residence here, *viz.* the sixth, the twentieth (both firnam'd *Vindictrix*) and the eleventh; but in the declining state of the empire, when the *Romans* were forc'd to recall them for the defence of *Italy*, then over-run by the northern nations, the *Scots* and *Picts* so harra's'd the poor *Britains*, that in hopes of relief, they call'd in the *Saxons*.

— *Incidit in Scyllam, &c.*

Josephus all the world knows, studied to make his own country great, even at the expence of truth. Thus, that *Moses* might not appear a poor fugitive that fled into the wilderness, he makes him the general of an army in *Æthiopia*, and married to the king of the country's daughter.

King

King *Henry VIII.* in the year 1538, considering on what terms he stood with the *Pope*, and *Charles V.* for his late defection from the see of *Rome*, and his divorce of queen *Katherine*, thought it advisable to provide for his safety, by building in all places where the shore lay open and exposed, castles, platforms, and block-houses.

Aristotle and *Plato*, tho' commonwealth-men, call'd the government under the *Ephori*, *Τυραννίδα καὶ τὸ Τυραννικόν.*

When we came there, we found two solemn pieces of antiquity, the old gentleman and his lady, coughing at the fire side very conjugally, and answering one another like two birds in a cage.

The collection of canons and decretals publish'd by *Riculpbus* bishop of *Mentz*, under the name of *Isidorus*, spurious. Every one was surpriz'd at the novelty, but no body durst imagine it the work of an impostor. *Pope Nicholas* and his successors understood the value of them so well, that they built the canon-law upon this foundation; and 'twas not till the 14th century that learned men began to doubt of them. One of the strongest arguments that was used to reject them, was taken from the silence of the eight first ages.

Foreign Gods, without enquiring into their merits, were, with less ado made free of *Rome*, than one can get into the louiest corporation in *England*.

'Tis a miracle, that *Ed——ds*, when discoursing of the *Sybil*, forgot to tell us, that the *Sybil* which came with her books to *Tarquin*, was lineally descended from the old woman at *Endor*.

St. Austin pretends that the magicians fail'd in the third plague, to shew the defect of human philosophy, when it comes to the mystery of the Trinity.

Virgil's narration of *Palinurus's* swimming three days, destroys what *St. Evremont* tells us of the poets preserving probability in actions merely human.

In heroick times, even at feasts, men did not eat of dishes in common, but every one had his portion apart, and the best man had always the greatest.

Veiling of the bride, a decent custom, that common sense might dictate to them, without travelling as far as *Palestine* for it.

Gregory Nazianzen, in his twentieth oration, has this remarkable passage, *τῷ αὐτῷ πωλῶ διδασκάλῳ χαίμενος*, as
merry

merry a fight, as it would be to see two grave b——p^s lugging one another by the beards in a council.

Julian the Emperor, in his first oration *de laudibus Constantii*, tells us, that *Xerxes* took up χρόνον ἐτῶν ἑκὶ ἐλάσποδα δέκα, in preparations for the Greek war, which is impossible, since *Xerxes* began this war against them in the 6th year of his reign.

Eusebius, l. 1. c. 8. *Hist. Eccl.* quotes *Josephus's Antiquities*, and makes him relate the punishment with which God afflicted *Herod*, for the murder of the young children, leaving out the names of *Juda* the son of *Sariphaeus* and *Matthias* the son of *Margalothus*, who were slain by *Herod's* command, long after the *Infanticidium*, which *Josephus* mentions not at all.

'Tis strange how the fore-mention'd passage in *Josephus* should escape *Justin Martyr* in his dialogue with *Trypho* the Jew. How *Tertullian* and *Clem. Alex.* should so strangely forget to urge its authority against the *Jews*, and that none should ever take notice of it before *Eusebius*.

Clem. Alex. pretends, that *Miltiades* was beholden to *Moses's* History, for the victory which he obtained over the *Persians*.

No mention of *Christ*, or the last judgment in the *Sibyls*; only an interpreter gathered out of them,

Eum, quem revera regem habebamus, appellandum quoque esse regem, si salvi esse velimus.

The *Essenes* first heard of in the time of *Jonathan* the brother of *Judas Maccabæus*, about 150 years before *Christ*, a sort of *Pythagorean Jews*, mention'd by *Josephus*, l. 13. c. 9. *Philo de vita contemplativa*, describes their way of living; erroneously apply'd by *Eusebius* to the primitive christians.

Bracca, a mantle, such as the *Irish* wear, *tunica sagæ imposita*, worn over their coats and cassocks.

Tertullian inveighs against the Tragedians for using the *Cothurnus*, and endeavouring to make our Saviour (who said you cannot add one cubit to your stature) a liar.

Ulysses in *Homer*, says of himself,

ὅς ὦ ἄσπετος δόλοισιν
Ἀνθρώποισι μέλω καὶ μὲν κλέος ἔρᾶνδ' ἔχει.

Patrum apte dictum dolis ad cælum evehi posse.

The

288 *In immaturum obitum Annæ Baynard.*

The blind and the lame (says Mr. Gregory) mean the tutelar Gods of the place, whom the *Israelites* called so in derision. Else why should *David* say, 2 Sam. v. 8. *My soul hates the lame and the blind?* Or the people of *Israel*, *That the blind and the lame should not come into the house?*

Fundum Varro vocat quem possis mittere funda.

The following EPIGRAM on Dr. OATE S.

Scriptus es in tergo, nec dum finitur Orestes.

A merry argument to prove the antiquity of *Oxon* higher than that of *Cambridge*, because *Adam* was a *terre-filius* before he turned *prævaricator*.

*Our fathers took oaths as of old they took wives,
To have and to hold for the term of their lives,
But we take our oaths, as our whores, for our ease.
And a whore and a rogue may part when they please.*

The End of Mr. Brown's Common-Place-Book.

*In immaturum obitum Annæ Baynard, filiæ
Edvardi Baynard, M. D. Virginis eruditissi-
mæ, quæ pridie Id. Jun. Anno Dom. 1697.*

Piam animam efflavit.

ERGO eruditam perpetuus sopor
Urget Baynardam? *Præcipe* lugubres
Thalia cantus, & *severos*
Quære modos graviore plectro.

O Anna sæcli degeneris stupor!
Gentis Britannæ spes, amor & decus!

O virgo in æternum sacratis
Pieridum memoranda fastis!

Aptem decoros unde *Lyræ* Modos?
Qua voce laudes aggrediar tuas.

O digna cantari *Novenis*
Castalidum numeris piarum!

Te *Graia* *Pallas* nutriit in sinu,
Musæ vocarunt te *Latia* suam:

Te dote non una *superbam*
In medios *Sophiæ* recessus

Apollo

Apollo duxit : sic tibi semina
Nascentis orbis ; sic penetralia,
Magnique naturæ labores,
Et vacuæ patuere sedes :

Qua vi tumescant æquora, subdolum
Lunæ quid orbem proferat, aut premat :
Quid contumax venti propago
Æoliis meditantur antris :

Unde Iris arcum pingere gestiat,
Quis motor axem dirigit aureum :
Cur horridum fulgens Cometes
Syrma minax per inane jactet.

Non te sagittis, ut reliquas, puer
Lusit Cupido ; nempe animum Deus
Implevit ingentem, & capaces
Igne sacro tetigit medullas :

Qualem trementi vidit in arbore
Moses benigno lumine splendidum
Densos per errores comarum
Mobilibus sinuare gyris ;

Cum flamma frondes lamberet innocens
Ramis jocosos incutiens metus,
Blandique vestirent calores
Attonitum sine fraude veprem.

Utcunque verno dura necessitas
Te flore decerptam abstulerit tuis,
Quid luctui indulgemus atro ?
Parte tui meliore vivis.

Sic se renascens funere fertili
Phœbeus ales morte reseminat,
Bustoque committit fideli
Emeritos rediturus artus.

Hinc te micantem Virgineo in Choro
Cornata castis excipit osculis,
Scurmanna te visam stupefascens
Inde cupit, fruiturque visa.

Circum decora ferta manu gerens
Cæli juvenus confluit, aureos
Mirata Sermones, & alta
Aure sonos bibit efficaces.

*Te candor, æqui conscia te Fides,
Te ignara Zonam solvere Castitas,
Te veritas blandum renidens
Ætheriis comitantur arvis.*

*Prestona felix, ubere quæ sinu
Annam tulisti ! te memores canent
Fustam Camœnæ, tu fereris
Perpetua super astra fama :*

*Nec Smyrna vatis Mæonii parens,
Nec quæ Maronem Mantua protulit,
Durabit æque, Oracula vatum
Siquid habent celebrata veri.*



The London and Lacedemonian Oracles.

Written by Mr. THO. BROWN.

*In which he undertakes to answer all witty and
ingenious Questions, for the Diversion as well
as the Satisfaction of the Curious.*

The INTRODUCTION.

‘LAST night being very restless in my bed, I
‘thought fit to divert the time with sporting an au-
‘thor, remembring that of *Persius*, *Nocturnis juvat im-
‘pallefcere chartis*. The first book I laid my hand on,
‘proved some select comedies of *Aristophanes*; turning
‘them over, my eye staid on that place in his comedy
‘of *Clouds*, where he brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*
‘measuring the leap of a flea from one’s beard to the
‘other’s : I laugh’d so heartily at the fancy, that I soon
‘forgot the inquietude of the past hours, and resolv’d to
‘spend those to come with more satisfaction, by reading
‘the whole comedy over ; which by that time I had done,
‘it grew towards morning, and that made me think of
‘taking a refreshing nap, to keep my body in its due
‘temper.

temper. But the wit of *Aristophanes* had banished sleep from my eyes, filling my head with a thousand pleasant fancies; till fortune, that took care of my health, had, by I know not what means, laid one of those papers called *the Athenian Mercury* by me, being destitute either of *Opium* or *Poppey-water*. I had scarce run over one paragraph, when I found a heaviness descend on my eyes, the welcome harbinger of approaching slumbers, which soon follow'd after. The *Mercury* had no sooner perform'd its office, but I found myself entertain'd with this dream or vision: Who should come to me but *Aristophanes* in his own proper person, I having, methought, that comedy in my hand which I had just before perus'd; he shew'd me a thousand beauties I had pass'd over unregarded: From this he pass'd to enquire of me the news of the town: I mean not as to the affairs of state, or any of the unpleasant movements of the body politick, but as to what related to the *beaux esprits*, the men of thought and over-thought, the brothers of the quill, and the like: Whether the soul of the virtuoso's of our age, were agreeable to that of his *Socrates*, &c. I assur'd him the very same extravagant whims were still in being, and every day reviv'd: *Anaxagoras's* mountains, valleys, and dwellings in the moon, were now form'd into regular and distinct countries; and we were as well acquainted with that planet, as *Diogenes* with his tub: That we had not only made large discoveries there, but had also many a laborious trifle, to exalt the earth among the planets too: That if the same *Anaxagoras* held the sun to be a piece of burning iron no bigger than the *Morea*, we had some not long ago that were of opinion, that it was fallen I know not how many thousand miles nearer the earth than it was in his time. You were not the only people (*said I to him*) that were so happy as to be admitted to the knowledge of the plurality of worlds by *Democritus*; we have since divided them into their several distinct classes and turbilions: Nay, if your poets borrowed from your philosophers some of their systems to adorn their works, our modern philosophers have found out secrets of nature in your fables, worth the reducing to practice, as that of *Medea's* renewing

' the youth of *Æsop*. I confess we were not so successful; but the reason was, because we rather follow'd her prescriptions to the daughters of *Pelias*, than what she practis'd herself. Here methought the poet could not forbear laughing heartily. We have had (*continu'd I*) pumps, looms, and machines, which you never dreamt of in your darker days; and the virtuoso's of the *Athenian Society* have found out, that a tunnel revers'd is full as good for the eyes as spectacles. *Athenian Society* (*interrupted he*) say you! Why, is there any of that nation yet in being, whose noddles are cast in the same projecting mould they were in my days? I find, that our correspondence was false then, that gave an account that the kingdom of philosophy, which made such a splutter there in my time, was dwindled down to the honest mechanick; and none aspir'd higher than his trade, or the knowledge of a country pedant. Or have the ancient race transmigrated to these happy isles, to make all run mad with whims and nonsense, with a grave magisterial face? No, no, my jovial poet (*return'd I*) these are only a company of unknown, nameless undertakers, who pretend to answer all queries which are sent them from all degrees and qualities, from the prince to the peasant, but particularly such as are sent by the *fair sex*; for whom they have a most profound veneration; that is, from the lady in her cock'd commode, to the oyster-wench in her lawful occupation at the tavern-door. But why (*interrupted he*) do they call themselves *Athenians*? I know not, (*return'd I*) unless it be by the resemblance they have to a certain bird, for which that city was famous of yore; tho' by the vigour and force of their reason, the modest gentlemen aim'd not so high, as to equal themselves to the birds of *Minerva*, but only emulated the modern *Athenians*, selecting the silly and trifling queries of the blue and green apron-men, and casting aside all the ingenious and witty as alien from their design and purpose; for which, when they are reprimanded, they think it sufficient wisely to answer, *That they who sent those queries thought them as wise as any*: As if, because every fool thinks his own product fair, that therefore there is no real distinction betwixt wit and dulness, but

' the

' the fond opinion of the person concerned. Thus,
 ' when the ingenious Mr. *de la Croix* discovered in one
 ' supplement about forty or fifty gross faults, in both
 ' words and sentences, this grave assembly say for answer,
 ' That a dash of a pen will mend them. So many dashes
 ' (*interrupted he*) would but disfigure the paper; and
 ' therefore I am of opinion, that the fire would do it
 ' more to the purpose. These are the wretched answers
 ' they give, (*pursu'd I*) and pretending to gratify the
 ' learned world, weekly busy the press with impertinent
 ' questions of apprentices and chamber-maids; and in-
 ' stead of enquiring into the solution of witty and judi-
 ' cious points, relating to history and philosophy,
 ' which have been sent them, they have everlastingly
 ' stuff'd their papers with receipts for fleas, &c. and such
 ' like wise lectures. There was a little after my time
 ' (*said Aristophanes*) when the itch of scribbling grew
 ' more common and diffus'd, a damned blockhead of a
 ' poetaster in *Athens*, named *Chærilus*, who writ the
 ' *Athenians* victory over *Xerxes*, and the noble acts of
 ' *Alexander the Great*: But out of all his voluminous
 ' crambo's, there were but seven verses that would stand
 ' the test of reading, and for them he received seven
 ' pieces of gold; but for every one beside, a buffet on
 ' the face; which amounted to so plaguy a number, that
 ' he could not see out of his eyes for a twelvemonth
 ' after; and forswore the horned hill of *Parnassus*, as a
 ' more inhospitable place than the mountains of *Caucasus*.
 ' It is pity, that you that pretend to improve all that was
 ' good among us, should want some such punishment for
 ' those scoundrels that presume to scribble in spite of
 ' their stars; and I desire in the name of all the Old,
 ' that these New *Athenians* may be regulated according to
 ' the laudable custom of our days. I perswaded him this
 ' punishment would be too severe, since for all their bus-
 ' sets they would not have one piece of gold. But to
 ' find out a punishment more agreeable to our times, I
 ' thought the setting up a *Query-Office* in opposition to
 ' theirs, would mortify them as much as the office of
 ' insurance from fire by the *Friendly-Society* did that of
 ' *Barebone*. He was satisfy'd of the equity, as well as
 ' reasonableness of my resolve, and desired me to insert
 ' these

‘ these following queries to his self-adopted countrymen,
 ‘ that he might employ them as well as he had his *Socra-*
 ‘ *tes* and *Chærephon*.’

Query. *WHAT* was the opinion of the Ancients about the Soul?

Ans. Their opinions were almost as various as their persons, and many of them as absurd as others are wonderful. Some thought that the soul perished with the body; some, that though it a great while outliv'd the body, yet it had its period, and once should be no more; others arriv'd, by the force of reason to a presumptive knowledge of its immortality; some took the soul to be nothing else but the heart. *Empedocles* held, that the soul was only the blood that incircled the heart; some would place it in the brain, or at least would have the brain its chief seat or throne. These opinions found opposers of such as held only that all this was false, without establishing any truth in the place of these supposed errors they pretended to remove. *Zeno*, the founder of the *Stoicks*, held, that the soul was a fire; perhaps borrowing his opinion from that fable of the old poets of *Greece*, who made *Prometheus* steal celestial fire from the chariot of the sun, to give life and motion to that image he call'd man; for it was no better than an image, when *Pallas* was so taken with his ingenuity of forming it, as to proffer him any thing in heaven for the perfecting his work. But methinks there is nothing more pleasant than the fancy or *Aristoxenus*, who, being a musician as well as a philosopher, would needs have the soul nothing else but a certain harmony proceeding from the well-disposed motions of the body, like proportion'd notes in singing and instrumental musick; though perhaps one would imagine that *Aristoxenus* had a mind to put a compliment upon his diversion, and make the philosopher truckle to the musician; yet he only reviv'd that opinion which was long before delivered by *Plato*. *Xenocrates*, though he denied that the soul had any form of body, yet contended that it was *number*; the force of which he thought to be very great in nature, as *Pythagoras* had maintain'd before him. His master *Plato* supposed a three-fold soul; the principal part of which, as the most honourable, he plac'd

plac'd in the head, that is, *reason*; from which he separated two other parts, *anger* and *desire*; *anger* he plac'd in the bosom, and *desire* beneath the *midriff*, betwixt the heart and the lungs. *Dicæarchus* will needs have it, that the soul is nothing at all but an idle empty name; and that the world is much in an error to use this distinction of animate and inanimate beings, since neither man nor beast, nor any thing which comes within the notion of a living creature, has any soul; and that the *power* by which we move, think, or do any thing, was equally diffus'd through every living body; nor by any means separable from it, since it was nothing but one indivisible essence with the body, so made, as by the benefit of nature it should live and think. *Aristotle*, the greatest of the ancient philosophers, (though *Cicero* always prefers *Plato* to him) after he had considered those other four kinds, from whence he derived all other beings, supposes a fifth nature, the origin of the soul or mind; for to think, to provide for events, to learn, to teach, to invent some things, and remember many more, to love, to hate, to covet, to fear, to be troubled, to rejoice, and things of this nature, he cannot conceive to be in any of those four kinds. So that he advances a fifth kind without a name; and therefore calls the mind or soul by the new name of *ἰνδιξιάν*, as it were a continual or perpetual motion. I think I have enumerated all the opinions of the soul, except that of *Democritus*, who makes the soul, as well as all things else, to be composed of the fortuitous concourse of atoms.

Plutarch and *Stobæus* say, that *Thales* first affirm'd the soul to be *αὐτοκίνητον*, a self-moving nature. *Aristotle de Anima lib. cap. 2.* calls it *κίνητον*, in respect to the motion it gives to other things; in which are included both parts of the *Platonists*: A substance, having within itself a power to move itself and other things. This opinion first rais'd by *Thales*, was entertain'd in the schools by *Pythagoras*, *Anaxagoras*, *Socrates*, &c. 'till excluded by *Aristotle*. *Thales* held, that the load-stone and amber had souls: The first, because it draws iron, the second, straw. He farther asserted those things we count *inanimate*, to have souls. He was the first, according to *Cherilyus*,

that held the immortality of the soul of man, learning it from the *Egyptians*.

Some say *Pherecydides* first asserted the immortality of the soul. *Anaximenes* held, that our souls, by which we live, are air: *Anaxagoras* held, that the soul is that which moveth, that it is aerial, and has a body of the nature of the air; and that it dies as well as the body.

Socrates held the soul to be immortal, proving it with this reason, what is always moveable is immortal; but that which moveth another, or is moved by another, hath a cessation of motion and life; that the soul is pre-existent to the body, endu'd with knowledge of eternal ideas, which in her union to the body she loses, as if stupify'd, or in a dream, 'till awaken'd by discourse from some sensible objects: Thus is all her learning only reminiscence, or a calling to mind her first knowledge. The body being compounded, is dissolv'd by death; the soul being simple, passeth into another life incapable of corruption. The souls of men are divine; to whom, when they go out of their bodies, the way of their return to heaven is open, which to the best and most just, is most expedite. The souls of the good, after death, are in a happy state united to God, in a blessed inaccessible place; the bad, in a convenient receptacle suffer condign punishment.

Heraclitus says, That the nature of the soul is so profound, that it cannot be found out by any means; he only asserted, that it is, as all other things are, an exhalation; that which is within, and that which is without, being all of one nature; it is incorporeal, and always in fluxion; that its being mov'd is self-evident of souls, that the dry are the wisest and best.

Xenophanes held, that the soul is a spirit, and that there were many things beneath the mind. *Protagoras* held the soul to be nothing more than the senses.

Epicurus conceives the soul to be corporeal, some more tenuous or subtile body, made up of most subtile particles; he was of opinion that those that held it incorporeal abus'd the word, and play'd the fool exceedingly; for except it were such, it could neither act nor suffer, and not be touch'd by any thing, but would be as meer vacuity,

cuity, which is such, that it can neither act nor suffer any thing, but only affords a free motion to bodies passing through it.

Now, that the soul acts, and suffers something, is manifestly declar'd by its senses and affections, as also by the motions by which it impels the members, and from within governs the whole *animal*, turns it about, transports it into dreams, and in general, by its union and consent, mix in one compound with the grosser matter, which usually, upon this occasion, is more particularly term'd *body*. He calls it a most tenuous body, for that it is made up of the most tenuous and most subtle little bodies, which, as they are for the most part exceeding smooth, so they are very round; that the sense is the soul of the soul.

Diogenes held the soul to be air; and *Hippo*, that it was water. What other opinions of the ancients there may be of the soul, they are reducible to some of these.

Query. *A certain querist of the fair sex, being in great doubt what to do in this following case, desires the answer of her humble servants the Athenians?*

Ans. She having by nature a constitution that is so abundantly stock'd with LOVE, that she cannot contain; but a face and person that scares all men from making any address to her, is extreamly troubled in mind, how she shall comply with God's first commandment, *Increase and multiply*; unless some of the members of that society will cast a charitable eye of regard on her; if so, we shall take care to give them exact directions to find her out.

Query. *What is scepticism?*

Ans. 'Tis thus defin'd: A faculty opposing phenomena's (or appearances) and intelligibles all manner of ways, whereby we proceed through the equivalence of contrary things and speeches first, and suspension, then to disturbance; we call it a faculty, from the power thereof. By *phenomena's* we understand sensibles, which we oppose to intelligibles. These words all manner of ways may be referred to faculty or power simply; it may likewise be applied to opinion betwixt *phenomena's* and intelligibles, since we oppose them several ways, *phenomena's* to *phenomena's*, intelligibles to intelligibles, or one to another.

Wherefore, to conclude all oppositions, we say all manner of ways, or all manner of ways of *phænomena's* and intelligibles, not inquiring how *phænomena's* seem, or how intelligibles are understood, as taking them simply. By *contrary speeches*, we mean not only affirmation and negation, but simply those which are repugnant. *Equivalence* we call an equality, as to belief and unbelief, so as neither of the repugnant speeches is preferr'd as more credible than the other. *Suspension* is a settlement of the intellect, whereby we neither affirm nor deny any thing. *Indisturbance* is a composure and tranquillity of the mind.

Query. *What nation invented painting?*

Ans. I am not of their opinion, who not being able to wave their bigotted veneration for that nation which gave birth to the divine author of our religion, in enquiries of this nature, will needs persuade the world, that we owe the invention of this noble art to the offspring of *Abraham*, as well as the other arts and sciences; and that from them the *Egyptians*, from the *Egyptians* the *Grecians* successively improv'd them, and arrogantly challeng'd them as their own productions. I must confess I cannot see any such mighty reason for their opinion, but that I may, without impiety, or the least irreverence for the christian faith, declare myself of a contrary opinion: For by the account of all history, sacred and profane, that nation has a much different character than what is agreeable to a mother of rare arts and sciences, being always more devoted to their gain, than to employ their time on fruitless observation. And I am sure the *Egyptians* had too mean a value for them, to admit them as teachers in any thing. For at their first coming into *Egypt*, all the interest of *Joseph* was not sufficient to gain his brethren any greater favour than a frontier province, remote enough from the court, to live in, where their greatest study was to look after their flocks. And from the *Egyptians*, *Aaron* learnt to make the golden calf; and *Bexaleel* and *Aboliah* were beholden to an extraordinary inspiration, not to the use of any arts among them. But of all the arts, none certainly can be less in reason deduc'd from the children of *Israel*, than this of painting, since so little advantage could accrue to those that first

lusty'd

busy'd themselves about it. And if we may add, as a supernumerary reason, the inclinations of their posterity, we cannot suppose them so ingeniously given, as to mind any art that contributed not immediately to their interest. I must therefore conclude, that some more easy and contented nation were the first designers of this gentleman-like profession. To pronounce magisterially in this case and decide it to any, would be more than the most judicious of the ancients durst do, who were by many hundreds of years nearer its birth than we: Yet I am apt to believe the *Egyptians* were the first painters or statuaries, as well as philosophers; tho' I cannot allow their vain-glorious brag, that *picture* flourish'd six thousand years with them before it pass'd into *Greece*. Tho' the original of this art is obscure, yet this I may say, that whatever people may in justice pretend to the invention, *Greece* alone brought it to perfection, and therefore may the better be allow'd to arrogate it wholly to herself, tho' it be controverted what part of *Greece* gave rise to it; some attributing it to *Sicyones*, an island in the *Ægean*-sea; others to *Corinth*, where by drawing lines round the extremities of the shadow of a man, was rudely made the first step to picture. The next advance was into one colour, call'd by the *Greeks*, *Monocheoma*; that is, of one colour. But in a little time it became more stately, and arrived to that beauty in which it was in the days of *Apelles*; nor lost it much of its lustre in its transmigration from *Greece* to *Rome*, till the dissoluteness of some emperors, and the weakness of others, suffer'd the empire to be over-run, first with ignorance, then with barbarity; for the inundations of the *Huns*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, and *Lumbards*, destroy'd all that was fine in this art, till by *Titian*, *Raphael*, *Urbino*, *Angelo*, and the rest, it was reviv'd almost to as great an excellence as in the age of *Apelles*, whom, with the rest of his contemporaries, I cannot help preferring before any of our modern artists in painting, as well as statues, if we may believe the account which some of the antients give us of those admirable pieces they themselves had seen.

Query. *Is there any such thing as the philosopher's stone?*

O 3.

Ans.

Ans. If we believe the Chymists, they will tell us many fine stories about it: That as the seed of any vegetable transmutes that humidity of the earth proper to itself, into its own form and nature, and thus from a little seed becomes a great tree; so if the seed of gold or silver be cast into any baser metal, it will convert it into its own nature. But then for this one seeming reason, they provide abundance of obscurities, and enigmatical subterfuges for you to lose yourself in, if you attempt to pursue the imaginary treasure; as the *flying dragon*, the *spirit of Tellus*, the marriages and conjunctions of *Sol*, *Venus*, *Jupiter*, &c. with *Amalgama's*, *Hermetical Feelings*, and an infinite number of such strange kind of whims, as if they writ with a design not to be understood. Thus *Faber* has deliver'd one hundred and twelve *arcanums* to do wonders, if you believe the title of each secret; tho' I never heard of that man, tho' a profess'd Chymist, that durst pretend to understand one of them: So fearful they are of having their minds discover'd by any but the *true sons of the art*, that they make every thing a mystery, even to themselves. They'll tell you indeed of one *Artifus*, that liv'd a thousand years; and of a *French* scrivener, that built I know not how many hospitals and churches; one by the *Aurum portabile*, and the other by the *Powder of projection*. Happy men! that out of so many thousands, whom the witchery of the *golden hopes* has betray'd to this vain attempt, and only arise to this more than miracle! Nay, the scrivener cannot be suppos'd to have had either time or money enough to have pass'd through all the tedious experiments requir'd to its perfection. The great duke of *Florence* has, among his choice collection of rarities, a nail that is half gold and half iron, which, as they would have you believe, was chang'd from that baser metal by only the touch of the Philosopher's stone, which it seems had not force enough to transmute the whole. But this is a trifle fit for the *Athenian Mercury* to dwell upon, and give you a tedious account of *Lullius*, *Bacon*, *Ripley*, and the rest of that mad tribe of canting scribblers.

And now for variety, and to comply as near as I can with your delicate gust in poetry, I will propose a few queries in metre.

Quest.

*Quest. Self-nam'd Athenians, let it pray be shewn,
(For sure 'tis obvious to your mighty wits)
Why farts burn blue when thro' a candle blown,
And yet that's yellow which the same a—se sh—ts?*

For a rhiming answer to this difficult question, I must doubtless be referr'd (for that's your method) to something that you have already printed. Well then, let's see; what says the oracle?

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*Hail, Bard divine! unknown we must adore,
Thy eagle-pitch out-soars our haggard flight:
Our glimm'ring lamp within will flame no more,
Quench'd by too unsupportable a light, &c.*

Your servant, Gentlemen, I thank ye, and confess this is most incomparable fustian, and superfine stuff, but nothing to the purpose of my question, no more than it was to that with which it was first printed. Once more—

*Quest. Tell me, ye men of doughty quill,
And shew in Heraldry your skill,
Which order's best and valu'd most,
Knights of the stocks, or of the post?
Mistake me not, for I'm sincere,
I mean no Sham Athenians here,
Altho' their mansion of chief fame
Stands by a market of that name;
Yet I must needs confess their writing
Deserves no other sort of knighting;
Nor to a Sir can make pretence,
Unless 'twere join'd with reverence.*

*Quest. Tell me, in fine, what scorn is due to those
Who bid us all our doubts to them propose,
Yet answer none where difficult and hard,
But call them riddles, and not worth regard?
When Oedipus, if we may credit fame,
Clearing a riddle, got a hero's name.
Excuse th' unequal instance that I bring;
For what comparison is in the thing?
Athenian rubbish, and a Theban king.*

*Query. Whence have we our opium? Whether is it
hot or cold? If hot, why narcotick? If cold, why sudor-
rifick? Let it be what it will, how comes it to have*

that deference for those animal spirits that are required for the motion of the heart, and for respiration, as very often to spare them, while it seizes the others that communicate with the organs of the external senses?

Ans. Here is a chain of intricate questions indeed, design'd, I believe, to puzzle or daunt the new undertakers; but I assure the Querist he will find himself mistaken, especially as to the last part: For who, tho' never so mean-spirited, could despond in such a matter as this, when he has such a fair promise from such a famous and learned society as the *Athenian Mercury*, that they will take the pains to view his endeavours, and correct his failings? This encouragement, with the desire of self-instruction, will make us continue and give our thoughts of such questions as those acute gentlemen have been unwilling to answer; tho' they must of necessity examine 'em now, since they have openly pass'd their word to the booksellers, and especially to their intimate friends the coffee-houses, that they would declare themselves upon the questions of the *London Mercury*. I must confess, this consequence of their promise will prove troublesome to them; yet am satisfy'd they are generous, and will stand to their words. So to the question:

1. We have our *opium*, some from *Greece*, some from the kingdom of *Cabaia* in the *East-Indies*, and some from the territories of the *Grand Cairo* in *Egypt*; for it is a tear that distils from *poppies* that grow in those countries, when, at certain times of the year, incisions are made in the heads of those plants. What is had this way, is the purest and best, and therefore kept by the people for their own use, who send us that which they press out of the said heads, and call *Meconium*.

2. Notwithstanding that *opium* disables the spirits for a time from the performance of their duty, and stupifies, as *narcoticks* do that are granted to be cold; yet I hold it hot, by reason of its bitter taste, piercing smell, and sudorifick effects; but chiefly, because it is almost altogether sulphureous, which none can doubt of, that knows how inflammable it is, and how easily dissolv'd in the spirit of wine. Now, how such a substance can be narcotick, is not as hard to solve, as it may seem strange at first sight; for it is clear, that any thing can be narcotick, which

which can for some time obstruct the commerce of the internal and external senses : And it is as plain, that any thing can effect this, which can either fix the animal spirits, stop the small passages of the brain where they are form'd, or hinder their influx into the nerves ; a substance that is sulphureous, and consequently of ramous and pliable parts, can do either, or all three ; and, consequently, *opium* can be together narcotick and hot.

Finally, The reason why *opium* does stop the influx of the spirits into the organs of the external senses, whilst respiration and the motion of the heart go their ordinary train, is, I believe, because the insertion of the *Carotids* into the brain is nigher the origin of the nerves that convey animal spirits into the first, than them that supply the latter ; whence it may very well happen, that the little quantity of *opium* that is ordinarily prescrib'd, is altogether taken up in obstructing the first small passages it meets with ; and that none, or at least a very inconsiderable part of it, reaches the *Cerebellum*, where the *par octavum* has its origin. Add to this, that it is very probable that these nerves are wider, and the small channels of the brain that lead towards them more open, by reason of the uninterrupted motion of the animal spirits in those parts, than others are where this motion is oft discontinued ; so that they cannot be so easily obstructed as the latter.

2. There is a plant that grows on mount *Libanus* in *Syria*, which the *Arabians* call the *Golden Herb* ; it begins to appear in the month of *May*, after the snow is thawed ; in the twilight it appears all in a flame, and continues like a torch until morning, without diminution of its substance. Moreover, the people of that country think the transmutation of metals might be compass'd, but they dare not dig it up, because such as have attempted it died on the sudden, and in the undertaking. Pray your thoughts upon these surprizing *phenomenons*.

Ans. Supposing the relation true, all the parts of it may be solv'd with one very simple conjecture. Only supposing that this plant grows in a bituminous and sulphureous soil, which is always exhaling steams in great quantities, which being condensed by the cold of the night, kindle into a flame ; which is no greater wonder,

than to see the fat exhalations of church-yards burn like flame in the air: Now when the sun is risen, he rarifies these vapours, and that so thin, that they mix with, and lose themselves in the ambient air. As to the transmutation of metals, it is a groundless thought of the vulgar; but as to the sudden death of those that attempt the digging up of this plant, it may be true, for aught we know; for it's like enough that a great quantity of those steams, which probably being gross, are narcotick, may either still the motion of the blood, or fix the animal spirits, and so of necessity bring sudden death.

Query. *Whether The Young Student's Library, proposed by the Athenians, be not the cast Common-place-book of some antiquated pedagogue?*

Ans. 'Tis very probable; for the authors selected seem to be such as were most likely to fall within the acquaintance of a pedant, whose whole life had been destin'd to the teaching of boys to decline *amo*, and to tell their fingers, and instructing of ignorant peasants in the knowledge of their christian names, and the church-catechism. This medley of authors seems to be well sorted; *Virgil's Æneids*, and the works of *St. Austin*; *Lucian's Dialogues*, and *Dr. Hammond's Practical Catechism*; the works of *Aristotle*, and *Culpepper's Midwife*; *Horace* and *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and *Dr. Sherlock on Death*; the *Call to the Unconverted*, and *Martial's Epigrams*. In short, the man who made this collection was a very necessary man in his generation; for here one may learn to cap verses, and turn a pancake; save souls, and cure corns and kib'd heels; steal a flourish to adorn a country sermon, and set forth a breaking-up declamation: So that the improvements the first design may receive from so learned and judicious a society as that of the *Athenians*, will render this miscellany as useful as a pacing-saddle, or the late famous engine to part cream-cheese; very necessary to be read by *Yorkshire v—rs*, and their pious dairy-maids, school-boys, fidlers, fencers, midwives, and *Athenians*.

Query. *Whether it is not the real interest of the Athenian Society, rather to endeavour the keeping up of the London Mercury, than its discontinuance?*

Ans.

Ans. The *Roman* historians tell us, that it was once very hotly debated in the Senate, what they should do with their rival republick *Carthage*? Some were for utterly demolishing it; but others were as earnest to have it still preserv'd, out of a prudent consideration, that if that city were once destroy'd, the *Romans* would prove resty and effeminate. And now let the *Athenians*, if they please, (since they have a *prædicator* amongst them) make the application.

Query. What is the reason why a chequer is plac'd at alehouse-doors?

Ans. This question was some months ago sent to the *At'enians*, by the same token that they were pleas'd to say, That without doubt a reason might be found for this custom somewhere or other in history; but that for their part, having other more material questions upon their hands, they would not give themselves any farther trouble about it. Now, there is no great mystery in the matter, nor is a man oblig'd to turn over his *Selden* or *Spelman* to find it out: For all that need to be said on this occasion, is, That ale-houses in the days of yore were places of gaming, where our sober ancestors us'd to pass away an afternoon, or so, at chess; and therefore, for distinction-sake, they plac'd a chequer over the door; just as now where a billiard-table, or a green and two bowls are painted on the sign, any person may be confident he is not far from a billiard-house or a bowling-green.

Query. Of what antiquity is dancing upon the rose? and what may be suppos'd to give the first rise to that sport?

Ans. Tho' the latter end of *August* be the fittest time to answer this question; yet since the *Querist* has been so importunate of late, we can tell the antiquity of it is unquestionably very great: For (not to mention any more) *Terence*, who liv'd a considerable time before the birth of our Saviour, mentions it in his prologue to the *Hecyra*; where, taking occasion to complain of the thinness of his audience, and the ill success of his play, he ascribes it to the people's being so mightily taken up at that time with a rope-dancer: *Ita populus studio stupitus in funambulo animum occuparat.*

'Tis somewhat difficult to assign the time precisely when this sort of recreation first appear'd in the world; but

but it is no ill-grounded opinion, that it commenc'd a little after the invention of the theatrical sports, which derive their original from the merry-meetings of the old *Pagans* in vintage-time, where they first offer'd sacrifices, and then fell to good eating and drinking, and at last, when they were in their cups, those that were the top-wits of their respective villages pelted one another with doggrel, and country-raillery; which prov'd the first occasion of comedy; and others, who valu'd themselves upon feats of activity, would divert the company by dancing and leaping upon leathern-bottles that were well greas'd and anointed; and so this exercise, perhaps, gave the first hint to our active sport, which now makes up so much of the entertainment at *Bartholomew-Fair*. And as the *Romans* borrow'd their comedy from the *Grecians*, so it is not improbable, that to them likewise they owe their rope-dancing.

Gentlemen,

In your last London Mercury you very clearly stated the controversy about that famous passage in Josephus, lib. 18. cap. 4. concerning our Saviour, viz. Whether it was really genuine or not, or whether interpolated by the pious frauds of the primitive Christians? It appears very odd to me that Josephus, who was so exact an historian of the affairs of Judea, should be so highly silent, and say nothing of our Saviour: For, tho' the place where this testimony of his concerning Christ, appears not altogether so proper for it; yet if this is not really the testimony of Josephus, he no where else takes notice of him. But, Gentlemen, granting this passage to be spurious and forg'd, yet would it not be better, and more for the promotion and propagating of Christianity, to have the common people believe it to be true? I myself have heard it urg'd by a reverend Divine, as a collateral proof of the miracles our Saviour wrought; nay, he did not stick to quote even Seneca too, though that philosopher no where takes notice of him; except his epistle to St. Paul, and St. Paul's to him, be of any weight. However, after all, I believe the design of that reverend gentleman was good, and purely to possess his auditors with a greater regard and respect for the truth of our religion.

'Tis

'Tis very necessary that your next Mercury should answer this, and so put an end to the dispute. I am,
Your humble servant.

Ans. Since there has already, in our last, been so much said of this matter, a few lines will dispatch an answer to this ingenious gentleman's queries. His first objection carries but little weight with it, which is this: Because *Josephus* does no where else make mention of our Saviour, than in this place, that therefore he must do it there. Now *Josephus* does no where in his work take notice of the *Infanticidium* by *Herod*, which an exact historian, one would think, ought to have done: But the most accurate historians that have come to our hands, have doubtless omitted several things done in their own times, and left them for others to relate. *Eusebius*, lib. 1. cap. 8. *Ecclesiast. Hist.* indeed quotes *Josephus's Antiq.* lib. 17. as disingenuously as he does several others, where he makes him relate the punishment with which God afflicted *Herod* for the murder of the young children, leaving out the names of *Juda* the son of *Sariphaeus*, and *Matthias* the son of *Margalothus*, who were slain by the command of *Herod*, long after the murder of the young children, which *Josephus* mentions not at all. But if this passage were genuine, how could it possibly have escap'd the notice of *Justin Martyr*, in his dialogues with *Trypho*? Or how should *Tertullian* and *Clemens Alexandrinus* so strangely forget to urge its authority against the *Jews* they disputed with and combated? And lastly, is it not a miracle, that none should ever take notice of it till *Eusebius's* time, who, 'tis very probable, was the first starter of it? *St. Hierom* translating that part of the testimony, *ὅτι ὁ Χριστός*, does not say, *Hic erat Christus*, but *credebatur esse Christus*. *St. Hierom* was very well acquainted with the frauds of those times, and believ'd it very improper for a *Jew* to say those words. *Cardinal Baronius* says, that in an *Hebrew* manuscript he found those words scratch'd out; and 'tis very likely (if it be true, what *Baronius* says) that he that did it, had detected the forgery.

To the latter part of this gentleman's letter we have no more to say, but that we think christianity has no need of the supports of artifice, forgery, or contrivance.

At

At this rate the *Sibyls verses*, and *Agbarus's Epistle*, are to be esteem'd authoritative and useful; whereas they rather serve to expose our holy religion to the insults of *Spinesa's gang*. At this rate the learned men of this late age have trifled away their time; *Monfieur Baluze*, and our learned protestant divine *Blondel*, might have spar'd the trouble to the world and themselves. The fables of the *Donum Constantini*, king *Lucius*, and the *Thebean Legion*, shall be cry'd up; and for our protestant interest, that of *Pope Joan*. Our blessed Saviour call'd himself *truth*; let it be therefore our business to find it out and adore it. *Lactantius* says well in his *Institutions*, *Summum sapientiæ gradum attigisti quando falsa intellexeris*.

Query. *Whether the herb, which we commonly call fern, bears or produces any seed? And how and which way it is to be sav'd?*

Ans. There is a considerable number of plants reckon'd among the *Imperfectæ*, or such as have neither seed nor flower, which by later discoveries are found to be by far the most fruitful of any in producing of seed: So the fern, polypody, maidenbair, spleenwort, and the rest of the capillary plants, were call'd *aspermæ*, and never known to bear any seed, until the invention of microscopes, by which it was discover'd that those little heaps of dust that appear'd on the backside of the leaves of these plants, were so many heaps of seed; but so small, that one single grain was not visible to the naked eye. Hence such plants are call'd *epiphyllispermæ*, because they bear their seed on the leaf. And the best way certainly to gather or preserve the seed of them, is to pluck one of the leaves with the ripe seed upon it. So the *fucus*, or *Alga-marina*, in English *seawreck*, was reckon'd among the more imperfect barren plants, until that learned naturalist *Dr. Tancred Robinson* first discovered that these bladders, so conspicuous in the leaves of the wreck, were the seed-vessels of that plant, and that they contain perfect seed within them. Neither do I in the least doubt, that all kinds of moss, coral, sponge, &c. and even mushrooms themselves, have seed, or that it shall lie long undiscover'd in them, tho' as yet we have no certainty of it.

Qu. *Quid Baccho Nymphas adhibes temerarie, Caupo, Cum quo sit natus debeat igne mori?*

Resp.

Resp. Dispare Dii sexu vincuntur, amice, domamus
Sic Baccum Nymphis, sic Venerem maribus.

Query. By what means was it, that the sepulchral
lamps of the ancients did some of them burn 1000, others
1500 years?

Ans. The *Querist* tells us, that he believes himself able
to make such; but I hope he'll pardon us, that we do
not believe him; for we are so far from that, that we
believe there never was any lamp made to endure so long.
It's true, Monsieur *Des Cartes* has taken much pains to
adapt his philosophy to this *phænomenon*; but we may,
without injury to that great man's memory, say, that se-
veral more instances may be given for his being concern'd
for the explication of appearances which never were.

We have receiv'd a letter from the gentleman, whose
query about the explanation of the 17th verse in *Juvenal*,
Sat. 11.

Qui Lacedæmonium pytismate lubricat orbem,
we answer'd before. This gentleman is, it seems, not
pleas'd with the conjecture we make how it is to be un-
derstood, but tells us, That *Is. Vossius* (who, he says,
understood bawdy very well) interprets that passage to
a very obscene sense, &c. We are not ignorant how
Vossius would have that place to be understood; but we
think we have but little reason (notwithstanding what
Vossius has said of the matter) to depart from believing

the other interpretation we before gave
Not. in Catul. of it to be true. *Pitysma* is no more
P. 59. than the wine either squirted from be-
tween the teeth, (as we generally try

that way whether the wine be good or not) or else some
little left in the glass, and flung upon the ground. In
this sense *Chremes* in *Terence's Heautontimorumenos* speaks:
*Pitissando modo mihi quid vini absumpsit? Sic, hoc
dicens, Asperum pater, hoc est: aliud levius sedes vide
releevi dolia omnia, &c.* We think this a very fair in-
stance of its signification. *Vossius* (of whom the *Querist*
knows the epigram,

*Quod si non placeat salax Catullus
Effæti cape nequiora Vossii)*

is mighty willing that this passage should be thought
bawdy;

bawdy; and indeed that satyr of *Juvenal* gives great countenance to his conjecture, which treats of a vice not fit to be named. As to the passage in *Apuleius*, we like not the reading either of *Lipsius* or our *Price*. It may be read either *deterri^ma fortuna* in the *gen. case sing.* and understand *mancipia*, or some such word; or *discrimina fortuna*; or, if that don't please him, *retrimenta fortuna*. *Apuleius* is not strict to *Latinity*, (for so much he confesses himself) and no bod' ought to be accountable for his negligence.

We have not yet had leisure to consult our books about the receipt to make *Lacedemonian* porridge for the *Querist*, who says he was old, and would willingly leave off eating flesh, if he could find the way to make that broth. We advise him rather to find out the duke of *Buckingham's* famous receipt for making of porridge, with which the tailor's wife would have the whole bill paid.

Qu. *When was the surplice first instituted, and by whom?*

Ans^r. I doubt not but many habits, rites and customs, both of the *Jewish* and *Heathen* temples, were admitted into the Christian church in its very infancy; and among these I reckon the *surplice*. The Jewish priests had peculiar vestments, which they put on when they officiated, and so had the Heathen; their sacred garments were of linen, and for colour white: And in the like habit did the ancient ministers of God encompass the altar, as one of the fathers expresses it, in imitation of the angels (by whose name bishops and priests are sometimes called) standing about the throne of God, of which the altar was look'd on as a representative. Now of angels we read, That whenever they made their appearances on earth, their garments were white and shining.

Gentlemen,

We are two husbandless young creatures; a gentleman is now in love with one of us, but dispenseth his pretensions so equally, we could never yet make a reasonable conjecture which it was, tho' each of us has vanity enough to decide it in her own favour. One night this gentleman pass'd a compliment on us to this purpose: If he were a monarch, he could marry the one; and be satisfied to beg his bread with the other. Query, Which of these was the greatest compliment? Kind gentlemen, pray resolve this

in

in your next Mercury, and you'll mightily oblige, at least,
one of

Your humble servants.

Ans. Why truly, ladies, we are absolutely of opinion that the last was the greater compliment; for if the gentleman design'd any favour at all in his expression, it must certainly fall on her side, by how much the more probable it is, that he will sooner be a *beggar* than a *monarch*. Though for the first husbandless young creature's comfort, we assure her, that we have a young gentleman for her in our society, upon condition she bring food with her, as well as appetite; for he will by no means be satisfied to beg his bread with her. So we take our leaves for this time of the ladies, advising them friendly, to be as speedy as they can in getting husbands; for if the war lasts long (as 'tis likely it will) they must expect the commodity to be scarcer, and advance at least 20*l.* *per Cent.*

Query. What was the *jus nigrum* made of, that *Plutarch* tells us was eaten by the Lacedemonians?

Ans. 'Tis a hard matter positively to say of what it was made, there is indeed so little room even for conjecture. The *Lacedemonians* were of all people the most temperate in their diet, as *Plutarch* in *vita Lycurgi* witnesses; and this *Κροδεία*, or sparing diet of theirs, was for these reasons (of which *Xenophon*, and *Plutarch* in his *Laconick Institutes*) that they might be the better able to endure hunger when oppress'd by war; and besides, they imagined it both healthful, and to cause a greater agility of body. But this *μέλας ζωμός* was a sort of broth that was design'd chiefly for their old men, the young being allow'd flesh; and that this porridge was in the greatest esteem among them, beyond any other dainties, *Plutarch* testifies in *Laconicis*, and in *Lycurgo*: Τῶν δὲ ὄψων ἐνδοκίμει μάλιστα παρ' αὐτοῖς μέλας ζωμός, ὥστε μήτε κραισσίᾳ διίσθ' ἢ τὸς πρεσβυτέρους, &c. That the composition of it was pieces of flesh and blood boil'd with salt and vinegar, we conjecture from *Plutarch de tuenda Valetudine*, where he says, That the *Lacedemonians* used to give their cooks salt and vinegar, and bid them procure the rest from the victims. If this will not satisfy the
learned

learned gentleman that sent the *query*, if he will have a little patience, he may doubtless expect a better account from the most learned society of *Athenians*.

Query. Whether the reformed churches, beyond sea do not all make use of a form of prayer, or which of them does not? And whether they do not approve of the liturgy of the church of England, or which of them declares against it?

Ans. Dr. Durel hath fully evinc'd to the world, that the reformed churches do use forms of prayer; the Lutherans throughout all Europe, and Calvin's liturgy, is most commonly bound up with the French bibles; and John Knox himself penn'd a liturgy for the Scotch presbyterians: The way of extempore praying was borrow'd by the dissenters from the emissaries of the Romish church, who, by the pretences of purer devotion, sought to bring the common-prayer into disrepute. In the same book is proved, That the reformed churches do approve of our liturgy; and it is plain they do, because in the harmony of confessions, so often printed at Geneva, &c. the XXXIX articles of our church (in which it is well known that both our discipline and service are asserted, as consonant to God's word) always find a chief place. And whatsoever some private hot-headed men may have said to the contrary, in their letters to their private friends, I know of no church that hath express'd her open dislike, either of liturgies in general, or in particular of our excellent service.

Query. The Athenians excused themselves from giving a Latin answer to the question which began with *fare age*, Vol. 6. Numb. 13. because (forsooth) they would not make an *olio* of all languages. Q. Why then did they trump a Greek epigram upon *Quid Baccho Nymphas*, since Greek will certainly help to make it an *olio*, as well as Latin?

Ans. We believe the pretence of the *olia* no more than they themselves do; for we find them liberal enough of their Greek and Latin, nay, and Hebrew too, when they can have it on free-cost. So that we must e'en impute it to the narrowness of their poetical genius, which can perform no feats out of English, (and in that but very sorry ones, the Lord knows) till such time they shall vouchsafe to convince us to the contrary.

Query.





Query. Whether any of the Lacedemonian society has a private pension from the late king and Lewis the XIVth, as is suggested in the postscript letter to the Athenian Mercury, Numb. 18. Vol. 6?

Answer. Not a farthing more than the Athenians had from the presbytery at Edinburgh or Geneva last year, for discharging the dissenters of the guilt of schism in one of their Mercuries. Indeed, to put the Athenians out of their road, who pretend to answer all questions after us (tho' with what success may easily be seen by their answers to the questions out of Virgil, Juvenal, &c.) we started up a set of ridiculous queries, and answer'd them as ridiculously. We are sorry to hear that some well-meaning men have been offended at two or three passages in them; though if a favourable interpretation were allow'd them, we are confident they would not appear criminal: It would be too tedious to descend into particular justification of them in this place, and therefore we must e'en leave them to the reader's candour. However, before we part, we present our service to the Athenian gentleman who answer'd the question out of Lilly, and make bold to tell him, That since he was so kind to bestow the *Titubo*, and *Poto*, and all that, upon one of our society, (who, out of a just consideration of his own unworthiness, thinks he no more deserves them than any of the Athenians) he is desir'd to take *Nubo*, with the three scurvy impersonals *Piget*, *Pudet* and *Tædet*, (home with him) to relieve and comfort him under the fatigues of matrimony.

Query. I desire your opinion of V. 309. Satyræ 14. Juvenal:

——— *Dolia Nudi*

Non ardent Cynici.

Prateus in loc. saith, *Dolia* (quippe fictilia, seu testacea) non sunt incendio obnoxia: But I cannot be reconcil'd to his opinion, because *dolium* singly signifies differently from the same word, when joined with *fictile*, or the like word.

Answer. The invention of that criticism is not owing to *Prateus*: *Lubin* in his notes on that verse had told us the same thing out of *Pliny* before. Nor doth *Prateus's* reason please me, for if by *non ardent* we must understand

non sunt incendio obnoxia, Diogenes's tub was certainly as liable to be burnt as marble or ebony, which the poet mentions. Nor is the *Querist's* argument against *dolium* without *scitile* cogent, while the satyrist mentions *Diogenes*, whose house it was; and every body at Rome knew what manner of tub that Cynic lived in. The satyrist means no more but this, That *Licinius* kept his servants always upon the watch, to observe that no fire broke out and defaced his rich household-stuff, his statues of gold and silver, of brass and ivory, and the nobler marbles, the loss of which would not easily be repair'd (for he is proving the truth of that sage observation, V. 305. — *Misera est magni custodia census.*) But the Cynic's tub (and therefore I would read it — *At lata testudine*, &c. to make good the *antitbesis*) was proof against fire, it had past the flames once already, and if it happen to be broke, another is easily purchased, or the same easily mended. — *Eadem plumbo commissa manebit*; which is a plain intimation, says *Lipsius*, that it was an earthen tub, for they bound the pieces of such together with lead. *Diogenes Laertius* says, That the tub belong'd to the city of *Athens*; and that the Cynic himself in his *epistles* confess'd, That having spoken to his friend to provide him a house, he in the mean time made the tub in the *Metroon* serve him instead of an habitation. This tub *Diogenes*, in his epistle to *Apolllexis*, who had promis'd to fit him an house, calls *Κοχλιας*, and says, that he did light on it by chance; bidding *Apolllexis* rejoice with him, that he had found out a way of living according to nature. The critick *Menage* would have this tub to be of timber, because *Lucian* says that he roll'd it up and down; but withal he acknowledges, that an earthen tub (which certainly was thick as well as big) might be be tumbled up and down in a soft and smooth place.

Query. *Whether the Athenians be not as able to write a natural history, as Ogilby was to translate Virgil, Shadwell Juvenal, or Durfey Horace?*

Answer. No, sure; for tho' they have the advantage of finding some part already well done by the ingenious and learned Dr. *Plot*, &c. an advantage the others were not so happy in, yet they have not the wit or judgment to
steal

Real well. They have just the reverse of *Midas's* fate; for what was before *gold* turns to *dross*, as soon as defiled by their touch. They would have taken it for a malicious observation, if any other had taken notice that *Sparta* was become a sport for *Athenian* owls; but coming from themselves, it cannot be construed a malicious reflection upon them, who (poor fools) spoke truth (the almost only time they have hitherto done it) at unawares, *without thinking*, which they are not much addicted to. Thus they daily manifest, that though they have a *SALY* among them, it is not of the *Salis Attici*. And now we are not behind-hand with them, so much as in a quibble.

Query. *Why the text in St. John's first epistle, relating to the Trinity, is wanting in most of the old manuscripts in all languages?*

Ans. Perhaps it was never there; and I am inclinable to believe so; because among all the orthodox fathers of the church, in the ages when *Arianism* was most prevalent, I cannot remember that any one uses this text as a proof against these enemies of the divinity of our holy Saviour, which undoubtedly they would, had it been in their books; but if it were there, and ever eras'd, it was probably done by those very heretics, when only a few orthodox remain'd, and the whole world, as *St. Hierom* complains, wonder'd to see itself turn'd *Arian*.

Query. *The Athenians, in their proposals for a natural history, speak of a rainbow appearing in an intire circle. Q. Which is the greater rarity, sense in an Athenian Mercury, or such a rainbow?*

Ans. The latter sure; for we don't think it impossible, but the *Athenians* may sometimes (as a great author says) deviate into sense. These proposals the *Athenians* have copy'd *verbatim* from *Dr. Plot's* inquiries, bating some ingenious additions of their own, such as that of the *circular rainbow*, which came out as a forerunner to the rest of the nonsense they were resolv'd to speak about the rainbow the next *Mercury*; wher, amongst other things, they tell us, that it is impossible the rainbow should not be perfectly round, unless the wind could blow an imaginary angle of 45 deg. I would advise

advise them henceforth not to refute things they don't understand; and since this appears to be such a mighty riddle, I'll tell them how it can be solv'd in few words, without blowing of imaginary angles, *viz.* The smallest change of the figure of those guts of water will make an alteration of the angle, under which the colours must be seen. If they should be alter'd from spherical in the least degree, instead of an angle of 41 and 52, the colours must be seen under an angle much bigger, or much less, according to different cases.

Query. How old is the custom of saying grace before meat?

Ans. We have reason to believe, as old as mankind; since it seems very natural, that we should invoke the blessing of the author of our being on that which has such an immediate influence towards the preservation of it. It's an allowable pleasantry, we should tell our reader, it's as old as *Dido*, who, poor lady, wanting a chaplain (which perhaps might be the reason of her being so fond of *Aeneas*) after the house was hush'd, and a bumper fill'd, begins grace herself to this purpose:

*Jupiter (hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur)
Hunc lætum Tyriisque diem Trojaque profectis
Esse velis, nostrosque hujus meminisse minores.
Adsit lætitiæ Bacchus datur & bona Juno.*

Query. If there were no light, would there be any darkness? And so of other contraries?

Ans. Though darkness be nothing but the privation of light, yet we have annexed a positive idea to it: If there never had been any light, there must necessarily have been a privation (or to speak in the language of the schools) a negation of light, but such as would not have caused in us that idea, which now we call by the name of darkness. The gentlemen who sent us this query sent us some others, which we have not leisure to answer at present.

Query. Whether nutmegs, or moral honesty, be most reconcileable with the climate of Scotland?

Ans. To tell you the plain truth on't, Sir, the more southern part of the island hath not much to brag of its fertility

fertility in either of these fruits: Our neighbours in Scotland have thus much at least to say for themselves, that be their principle good or bad, they stick by it.

Query. How did the Lacedemonians punish adultery?

Ans^r. Why really not at all, that I can read of: Nor do I see what reason they had to order any punishment for a crime they could not be guilty of; for *Lycurgus* (who was their law-giver, and perhaps as crafty a legislature as antiquity can furnish us with) gave indulgence to those whose inclinations did not lead them to approve of a marry'd life, or as *Xenophon* expressed, εἰ δὲ τις αὖ γυναικὶ μὲν συνοικεῖν μὴ βέλτοιο, &c. and yet were desirous of progeny, let him (says the sage *Lycurgus*) if he like the woman, and that she be fertile, agree with the husband upon the matter as well as he can, περισσῶς τῶν ἔχοντα ἐκ ταύτης τεκνοποιῆσθαι, that it may be lawful for her to make children (as the true translation is) for him. *Plutarch* witnesses as much; and *Nicolaus de moribus Gentium apud Stobæum* tells us, that this privilege was given to strangers, as well as their own citizens. *Plutarch* gives us the reason of their legislator, because he look'd upon children to be the commonwealth's in general, not respecting the fondness of particular parents; so that he encouraged his citizens not to have a sole regard to satisfy a lustful and warm appetite, (which now a-days we only aim at) but to consult the publick good and advantage. *Plutarch in Lycurgo* & in *Apotheg.* brings in one *Gerardus* ridiculing a certain fellow that ask'd the same question of him as the *Querist* does of us, to which we refer him, modesty and our inclinations obliging us to deal kindly by our *Querists*. This is indeed contrary to divine precept, and one would think natural reason too; but I suppose the chief reason that invited *Lycurgus* to allow a communication of wives, was to take effectual means to exclude jealousy and suspicions, and reconcile greater friendships among them: For doubtless, he that would not grudge the use of his wife to a friend, would hardly deny him any thing else; and what was a great happiness, likewise to remove all quarrels, duelling, and the devil and all (too frequent among us, which might arise concerning a bare woman) this surely kept them in concord and agreement, which whatever nation enjoys, must

must necessarily flourish, as without it it must as necessarily be ruin'd and destroy'd.

Query. A gentleman, who was affronted by another, order'd his servant to lay wait for him from whom he received the affront, and to bastinado him soundly: It happened that I came by, and the servant thinking me the person, beat me most unmercifully. *Qu.* If I have not an action against the master; or whether ignorance will excuse the fact?

Ans. Ignorance of the fact does not excuse the person that did the wrong: In our law we never examine his purpose or intent, *factum videmus*; but our law is, that purposes in a person that commands another to act, cannot be transferred from one person to another. *A.* commands his man to rob *B.* and he robs *C.* *A.* is not guilty of that robbery; but if it be to lay poison for *B.* and he lays it for *C.* whereof *C.* dies, *A.* is guilty of his poisoning; for the poison acts upon any, and was a natural agent: In the other case the agent was a voluntary agent, and follows his own will, not the will and pleasure of *A.*

Query. Gentlemen, I am resolv'd to go round the earth on foot; I desire to know whether my head or feet will travel most, and how much the one more than the other?

Ans. Sir, be pleas'd to send us your height by the next, and the road you resolve to take; that is, whether it be a greater or lesser circle, and we shall give you as exact an answer as the question is capable of. But that we may not baulk your curiosity, supposing you to be as tall as an ordinary man, if you will be at the expence of levelling all the mountains in your way, and promise to trace the *Equator* like a rope-dancer, your head will travel about seven paces more than your feet: Though we must confess, to solve the question exactly, requires the *quadrature of the circle*; and this informs us of the great loss we are at for want of it, in solving such an important and useful question as this is.

Query. Whether the knowledge of men or things be the better?

Ans. Of men undoubtedly; for men are one of the noblest parts of those things which are worth our knowledge. But if this gentleman mean, *Whether if a man*

were to be confin'd either to study men or books, which of the two is most eligible? I still answer, the study of men; for it's seen, that those men who only converse with books, imbibe many notions which are altogether impracticable, and become, for want of conversation, proud and morose, conceited and ill-bred; whereas conversation with men (especially after some acquaintance with books) makes a man easily, and without the trouble and founess of confinement, an accomplish'd man, *i. e.* a sociable creature, a man of practice and use, to which all ought to be directed.

Query. Having receiv'd great satisfaction in some philological Questions I sent you, I desire to know how *V* the consonant was pronounced by the old Romans?

Ans.w. Priscian tells us, that the Digamma *f* and *v* had formerly the same force; and this we own it sometimes had, both when it was set before words beginning with a vowel, as in *ῥῖς vis*, *ῥῆς* contractedly, out of *ῥῆς ver*, *ῥῆς vespera*; as also when it was plac'd in the middle, as in *ὠν ovum*, *ὠῖς ovis*, *διῶς divus*, &c. where it exactly discharges the office of the digamma: Nevertheless, there are several reasons that incline us to believe that the old Romans pronounc'd *v* just as we do our *w*, and no otherwise; for the Grecians always expressed it by *υ*, as *Virgilius* *ἑργίλῳ*, *valens* *ῥαλεν*; and the provincial Latin almost constantly uses *w* for *v*, as *vasto* to waste, *vinum* wine, *vallum* a wall, *vena* a wen, *vidua* a widow: To this we may add, that the Germans, and most of the modern nations in Europe, (except ourselves) pronounce it after this manner.

Query. *Unde Martiali qui tradidit ora Capistro*
Sic odis lusus, O Hymenæe, tuos?
Unde Dionæam percurrere jussus arenam,
Cum femori conjux conserit alma femur,
Friget, & ad nullum surgit certamen amoris,
Sed jacet, ignavò crimen onusque toro?

Ans.w. For a frolick, we'll answer this question à l'Athenienne — Faith and troth, dear Sir, we believe you are a naughty man, and if the truth were known, a dealer in the mathematicks — a virtuoso in natural philosophy — a wag, a mere wag, no doubt on't; — nay,

we fanſy you have red hair and a long noſe, but let that paſs, we won't be poſitive. — Why, here is a *Queſtion* with a witneſs—*Unde Martiali, &c.* It is nothing in the world but downright bawdry and obſcenity— and as one of our authors, *Paulus Horatius*, has it, *Obſcenum eſt quicquid extra ſcenam geri oportet*: So much by way of etymology, to ſhew our learning. You have indeed, Sir, to give you your due, wrapp'd up your preſent in a clean handkerchief, and ſo forth; but what of all that? You have miſtaken your men, Sir; you have gone to the wrong houſe — We *Athenians* are a ſet of moroſe, ſtarch'd fellows; ſome of us are already in the ſtate of matrimony, by the ſame token that *one of us has a wife that never long'd but ſhe knew the perſon*. The next are in a fair way to it; very pretty rogues, and ſwinging fortunes, let me tell you, and we'll give them brave jointures in *Bæotia*; and d'ye think now we'll answer ſuch a libidinous queſtion? — So much to the gentleman, to excuſe ourſelves from answering him in that ſcurvy language call'd *Latin*, which is ten times worſe than *Hebrew*. — As for the *Engliſh* reader, he may ſatisfy himſelf that it is a profane, wicked queſtion; and let the *Lacedemonians* do what they will, we for our parts will ſow none of your what-d'ye-call-'ms, your cuſhions to the elbows of iniquity. However, becauſe we will not ſpoil his longing for good and all, he may gueſs at the meaning of it by the following reply:

*The reaſon is plain, for he finds to his ſorrow,
What was mutton to-day, will be mutton to-morrow.*

*Qu. Charus erat Phœbo corvus, dilecta Minervæ
Noctua: Cur junctos odit uterque Deus?*

*Reſp. Garrula avis Phœbo placuit, taciturna Minervæ,
Invenit gratum ſic ſibi uterque Deus.
At periit priſcuſque lepos & gratia junctis,
Bubo tacere nequis, tu quoque Corve loqui.*

The



The DISPENSARY,
A FARCE:

Written in the YEAR 1697.

John Galen, Doctor of physick, and fellow of the
Royal College of *Physicians*, *London*.

Tom Gallypot, an Apothecary by trade, but practises physick as a Doctor near — *Garden*.

Lancet Pestle, an Apothecary by profession, but boldly undertakes to be a Physician and Surgeon also, to all his patients that want the assistance of either, living in — *Market*.

Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso, an Apothecary in — *lane*, but pretends to be a great Doctor, Surgeon, and Chymist, valuing himself much upon his foreign birth and education.

Jack Comprehensive, an Apothecary living in — *street*, who professes himself only to be a Doctor, Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Distiller, Confectioner, (and on occasion) Corn-cutter, &c.

Trueman, a Gentleman of honest principles, endeavouring to shew each person their faults, and persuading them to act in their own sphere only.

Messengers, *Clyster-pipes*, *Mortars*, *Saws*, *Forceps*, *Boxes*, *Bolt-heads*, *Crucibles*, &c. and other Attendants.

The SCENE, APOTHECARIES HALL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

[Enter Dr. Galen and Trueman.]

True. **D**OCTOR, good-morrow; what news do you hear about the plot? Who are taken up? Who are evidences? Are there any persons of quality concern'd in it, d'ye hear?

Dr. I mind no plots, not I, but a plot to get good store of patients, if I can ; but I think they never were so healthy.

True. So, what ! You seem to speak a little concern'd, and look as if something had vex'd you. What's the matter, Doctor ?

Dr. Matter ! Let me tell you, *Mr. Truceman*, I have been a physician in *London* almost forty years, and I never knew so little business to do in all my life-time. 'Tis a damnable healthy town grown since I knew it first. I have known the time when I could go out and pick up ten or twelve pounds in a morning, come home to dinner and empty, so out again after to replenish. But I am sure the times are now so hard, that if my good father had not conveniently stepp'd aside, I could no more have bragg'd of living by my wit, as some men do, than the D—s of N— can of her chastity.

True. Pray, Doctor, not too severe. Why damnable healthy ?

Dr. I call that damnable healthy (tho' I know it bears another sense) when the sickness is not great enough to require the skill of a physician, but every ignorant apothecary assumes the cure, and pretends to know more than the learned'st physician of us all.

True. What ! Then you would not have the apothecaries recover peoples health, would you ?

Dr. Yes, but I would, by all means ; only let 'em do their part in their own sphere, and within their own limits or bounds.

[*Tom Gallypot* peeps in, with a *Clyster-pipe* in one hand, and a *Cordial Bolus* in t'other.]

True. Come in, come in ; we are no sooner talking of rogues, but enters an apothecary. *Prithee, Tom*, where hast' been, that thou com'st with the accoutrements of thy profession thus ?

Gallyp. Truly, Sir, I have been at your house ; your lady was not very well to-day, and she sent for me, to—to—to—cannonade her posteriors : You know by my instrument what I have been doing ; and now I have
done

done that, I have prescribed a specifick *bolus* for her to take after it.

True. A pox of your specifick *bolus* and you. My wife is never well, but when she fancies herself ill, and is taking physick, I think. Prithee, Mr. *Gallypot*, what will be the charges of this morning's work?

Gallyp. Oh, Sir, but little; you never stand upon that, I am sure, for your lady's good: She must also have a pearl julep, and an *anodyne* draught, and then I hope she'll be very speedily well again.

True. A pox had you, with your cramp names. Tell me what all this will cost? I am sure I left her well not above an hour ago.

Gallyp. [*Starting back.*] Good Sir, be not so unreasonably passionate, and I'll tell you, Sir: The pearl julep will be six shillings and eight pence, pearls being dear since our clipp'd money was current: The specifick *bolus* four shillings and six-pence, I never reckon less; my master in *Leadenball-street* never set down less, be what it would: The *antihysterick* clyster three shillings and six-pence) a common one is but two shillings and six-pence) and the *anodyne* draught three shillings and four-pence: That's all, Sir; a small matter, an't please you, Sir, for your lady. My fee is what you please, Sir. All the bill is but eighteen shillings.

True. Very fine, 'e faith! d'ye make a *but* at it? I do suppose, to be genteel, I must give you a crown?

Gallyp. If your worship please, I take it to be a fair and honest bill.

True. Do you so indeed? But I wish you had called a doctor, perhaps he would have advis'd her to have forbore taking any thing, as yet at least, and so I had sav'd thirteen shillings in my pocket.

Gallyp. Oh, Sir, call a doctor! We never do that, at least very rarely, till we have done all we can with the patients; and when we can't tell what to do with 'em, then we oblige a Doctor, and call him in.

Dr. Very fairly confess'd, Mr. *Gallypot*; I believe you never spoke a truer thing in all your life. I am glad to hear your confession to Mr. *Trueman*, and am very sorry the state does not think fit to handle you a

little for your unreasonable practices. I see you have impudence to demand a fee too, but wonder you should do it before my face.

Gallyp. Truly, Doctor, I did not mind you: However, I hope I may take what gentlemen please to give me.

Dr. Please to give you! Faith, I am asham'd to see gentlemen so imposed upon by ye masters Doctors.

Gallyp. Troth, Doctor, that was a lucky thought of yours; we are but masters, though they commonly call us Doctors. And now you put me in mind of it, ha'n't you seen my paper, set out *March 2, 1695*, wherein I make above half the *College of Physicians* Masters, tho' they are called Doctors among themselves?

True. How! Mr. *Gallypot*? How do you do that? That's a trick and half; pray let's know it.

Gallyp. O Lord, Mr. *Trueman*, can't you guess how? If the Doctor pleases, I'll tell you immediately.

Dr. With all my heart.

Gallyp. I can infallibly prove more than that, if I once undertake it. You must know, that I own none to be Doctors, but those who have regularly done their exercise for physick in one of our universities, that's plain: But hold a little, here's my brother *Pestle* of *King-street* coming in; he can be witness of the whole. 'Igad, I have so ferreted and humbled 'em, that I'll spoil their association against the Apothecaries; for they have associated by the names of Doctors, and I'll prove above half of 'em to be but Masters at best.

[*Enter Lancet Pestle, with a Plaster-box in his hand.*]

Brother *Pestle*, I am glad you are come in, in this nick of time; I was just telling Mr. *Trueman* how I have humbled the *College of Physicians*: Hasn't thee read my paper of queries I put out *March 2, 1695*? Dost not see how smartly and finely I jerk 'em? Hey!

Pestle. Ay, brother, I must needs say you have done your part very handsomely, tho' I don't hear any body took much notice of what you said.

Gallyp.

Gallyp. True, that may be; and does not that shew their want of understanding the more? None but a blockhead would slight such smart reflections.

Pestle. I am in haste, and must go to bleed an eminent citizen in *Tower-street*: So I am in haste.

True. Hold a little, Mr. *Pestle*, one word with you before you go. Bleed, Mr. *Pestle*? I thought you had been apprentice to an apothecary?

Pestle. So I was, Sir; but I thank God, and my own industry, I have by my diligence perfectly acquir'd the whole knowledge of surgery, I phlebotomize as well as the best surgeon in *London*, tho' I say it, that should not say it. I'll tell you how I came to be so dexterous in performing that operation in particular.

True. Well, now I am fairly hope up, between two of you; one endeavouring to prove all his Doctors to be masters, and t'other shewing his dexterity in phlebotomizing, as he calls it. What a pox, were not both of ye bred Apothecaries?

Gallyp. and *Pestle.* Sir, pray be not so passionate. Yes, we were both of us bred Apothecaries: But knowledge ———

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Is Dr. *Pestle* here?

Pestle. Yes, he is. What, d'ye come from Sir *Thomas* in *Tower-street*? What, does he want to be let blood immediately?

Mess. Yes, Sir, he does, and stays for you.

Pestle. Good lad. Well, I'll come presently. [*Exit Mess.* Now I know he will be blooded by no body else. I have persuaded him that all the Surgeons are blunderers, as to bleeding. Sir *Thomas* is a good-natur'd gentleman: He believes that no body understands the curing a disease, or an ulcer, or indeed any thing, but an Apothecary. Faith, he is one of the honestest gentlemen in *England*.

True. You make him a fine gentleman indeed! Honest, for no other reason, as I see, but because he suffers himself to be made a fool of by such as you.

Pestle. But, Mr. *Trueman*, assure yourself he's a man of very good sense; all the Apothecaries in town say so, and then I am sure it must be true. He pays well, and

takes physick freely: Besides, I particularly know his constitution; after bleeding, he must take a purge or two, then some cordial powders, dulcifers of the blood, and two or three odd things more. But as I was saying, this Sir *Thomas* has a vein, as fine and as small as the finest silk you can imagine.

True. But suppose this true, does this make you a compleat Surgeon, so as to undertake the cure of any ulcer or wound?

Pestle. Puh! Mr. *Trueman*, I tell you 'tis an easy thing for a man of parts to be a Surgeon: Do but buy a lancet, forceps, a saw; talk a little of contusions, fractures, compress and bandage; you'll presently, by most people, be thought an excellent Surgeon. Especially——d'ye mind me——Lord, you nod, methinks, as if you were sleepy.

True. Oh, Sir, I hear you: But I sat up late last night, and am a little drowsy. But I heard you say you were a man of parts, I think, and that you had two familiar acquaintance, *compress* and *bandage*. I grant it, Sir, [*rubbing his eyes*] but still how does this make you a Surgeon? You may as well say, my keeping company with a bishop, may make me a good divine.

Pestle. Alas! poor gentleman, I find you did not sleep well last night. Hah! hah! I can't but laugh at your mistake. My two acquaintance! Hah! hah! hah! a pretty mistake!—but true enough: For a man must be acquainted with his business indeed. Now compress and bandage being a part of it, you may term them my familiar acquaintance, if you please, Mr. *Trueman*.
—— Lord, I think the devil's in your for drowsiness and gaping.

True. Pray, Mr. *Pestle*, say something then that may divert me and keep me awake, for I protest, to hear you talk of skill in Surgery, will never do. For my part, I am for employing every man in his own way; the Doctor for advice, the Apothecary for medicines, and the Surgeon for wounds, &c.

Pestle. Now, how you are mistaken again! Don't you think that one man, being an Apothecary, may understand perfectly and thoroughly all three parts?

True.

True. Oh, Sir, being an Apothecary, indeed, he may understand very much, as you say, especially if he be a man of great learning.

Pestle. Learning! That signifies but little in this age, nor (I thank our kind stars) had ever less encouragement. If you do but profess yourself an Apothecary, and then undertake any thing whatever, (as we dare do) no body questions but that you are an able Doctor, and a good Surgeon, at any time.

True. Very fine, on my word! And do you think the world so blind as to believe it?

Pestle. Faith, Mr. *Trueman*, they generally are. I myself have turn'd out several Doctors from serving families, because they would not prescribe physick plentifully, and in large quantities. I have persuaded my patients, that they did not well understand their distemper; so have brought in another, who has *swingingly* dos'd 'em. I could tell you of a Sir *Harry*, that paid an hundred pounds for physick in six weeks, and I accepted it, being a friend, without requiring one penny for my fees.— You don't know the mystery of trade.

True. In plain *English*, I know not what you call mystery, but now I know the roguery of that Doctor and you too. What! an hundred pounds in six weeks? Bless me! What did she take? I believe she swallow'd guineas made into bullets for the gripes, so discharg'd 'em again for the gold-finders: For I hear guineas are grown so cheap, that ladies begin to think they can take them cheaper than Apothecaries doses.

Pestle. Oh abominable! Dost hear, brother *Gallypot*? I protest, Mr. *Trueman*, you scan people's actions too narrowly. Wou'dn't you have us live?

True. The same question may as well be ask'd by an highwayman, or a pick-pocket. Live upon honest gains, come do, and then it will wear well.

Pestle. Well, Sir, I'll go to Sir *Thomas*, and wait on you again presently.

True. Nay, if you must be gone, e'en let's all go for the present, and discourse the rest over to-morrow.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE II.

Being the representation of several Apothecaries weighing rich mens bones in their scales by scruples.

[Enter Dr. Galen and Trueman.]

Dr. **M**R. Trueman, methinks 'twas a pretty diversion yesterday, to hear the Apothecary brag of his skill in surgery and physick; I could not imagine what he had to set up with, but a large stock of impudence. I know all his medicines in his shop did not cost above fifty pounds, and in six weeks time has he made an hundred pounds of one part of it. Such reflections as these would make a man burn his books, and curse the gentility of his education. It seems indeed a wonder to me, that so many gentlemen, who serve in parliament, and have oft-times many younger sons to provide for, do not find out a way to suppress these griping empiricks and quacks, that their children may be the better able to support themselves in a genteel profession, answerable to the expence they have been at in their education. In troth, 'tis a thing worthy consideration.

True. Truly, Doctor, I am of your opinion; but in such points our *English* gentlemen, of what sect soever, are generally of the same temper with those they call *Church-of-England men*, that is, *lazy and slow in prosecuting a publick interest, but active enough to promote their own private advantage*. And this, to give you but one instance, is evident enough in the choice of a parliament-man, where the active dissenter generally gets the day, because the lazy churchman won't stir to manage a publick cause, and chuse honest representatives, tho' his own private interest may be often promoted by the assistance of such a publick friend.

Dr. We have an *English* saying that does a great deal of mischief, which is this, *That which is every body's business, is no body's business*. Therefore I wonder that the

the *College of Physicians* don't petition the parliament for a remedy in this case; and make it their particular business.

[*Enter Tom Gallypot hastily.*]

Gallyp. College of Physicians! What of them? By your leave, Doctor, I think the company of Apothecaries very substantial men, and are able to buy twice your college. They are money'd men, and have an interest almost every where. College of Physicians! they are learned men, they say, but what's that to money? Hah! hah! hah!

Dr. Look you, Mr. *Trueman*, I suppose you know this gentleman is an Apothecary, by his carriage and rude behaviour.

True. Know him, Doctor! Ay, very well: But I suppose he has been taking a *large whet* this morning.

Gallyp. No, Sir, but I han't; I understand the regulating my health better than so. I that have practis'd physick now near thirty years, know better things than *whets*, as you call 'em.

True. Nay, *Tom*, if thee wilt have no excuse made for thy uncivility, I have done. Then for aught I know, impudence is as necessary an ingredient to an Apothecary, as sugar of pearl for your pearl cordials, with a pox.

Gallyp. Sir, you are my patient, so you may say what you please.

Dr. I have no patience to hear this fellow's prating.

True. Nay, but prithee, Doctor, stay a little longer.

Dr. I beg your excuse; I'll wait on you to-morrow.

[*Exit.*]

Gallyp. Let him go, let him go, Mr. *Trueman*. — he's envious of my parts — for, under the rose, I can write a prescription as well as any doctor of them all; I learn'd that the first thing I did, by reading doctors bills in my shop.

True. So, I am glad you own your instructors. But hold, who is that coming hither so gravely? What's his name?

[*Enter*

[Enter Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso.]

Gullyp. I can't call him readily to my mind, but I know him very well by sight. I use to meet him at *Apothecaries-hall*.

True. Sir, your humble Servant. Pray, don't you belong to the *Spanish* ambassador?

Retort. [Stroking his Whiskers.] No, Sir; but I am an *Italian* born; my name is *Retorto Spatula d'Ulceroso*: I was bred in *Italy* to what you call an Apothecary, by which I attain'd to the knowledge of physick, both the theoretick and practick part. I also exercise the art of Surgery, as scarifying, cupping, stupes, rollers, and bandage, &c. Besides, I can by Chymistry extract the quintessence of the Four Elements, and tame the *red dragon*: And in fine, I can make up a cordial bolus, or pills, according to the best mode in foreign countries, as you may see in my shop in — lane.

True. Hold, Sir, not too fast: After all, with your hard names, I believe you are bred an outlandish Apocary; and they, forsooth, make up things far better than our *English* Apothecaries do theirs.

Retort. Oh, Sir! infinitely better: In my shop, I should be ashamed, if my pills look'd not like true gold, tho' but gilt: My bolus's are all put up in gilt paper, cut in fine shapes and figures, a quire costs me five shillings the cutting; besides, the paper is pure *Venice* paper. My cordials are put into *Venice* vials, &c. And all this *alamodo de Italiano*, to make the physick taste the better, work the better, and look the better. O fine *Italians*!

True. Now you say something, *Look the better*! But to taste the better, or work the better, I don't well understand. Will a vomit work the better, for being in a fine *Venice* glass? I think a little nastiness for a vomit makes it work the better. I knew a doctor that us'd to stir it with his finger before he gave it, to make it nauseate the more.

Retort. Oh, Sir! that be very unhandsome: No *Englishman* can do so finely as I can.

True. Then I must beg your pardon: I believe they can all do as well as you pretend; but I shall look on it

as a needless piece of foppery, if they all should do as you do : And I am sure the patient must pay more sauce for his medicines.

Retort. O, Sir, that's very true ; a good cook will be well paid for his sauce, you know, Sir.

True. A pox, but this is paying sauce for the use of dishes, like a young *Oxford* scholar's treat ; if he spends five pounds in meat, 'tis odds but he pays three or four pounds for the use of dishes and linen.

Retort. Sir, notwithstanding all this, I never reckon for a little *bolus* above eleven or twelve shillings, made of very good *Diascordium*, very good *Gascoin* powder, and a little pearl.

True. No ! On my word that's mighty kind, to take not above twelve shillings for all your fine dressing, and a groat's worth of medicines. And do you take any apprentices ?

Retort. Yes, Sir, I do, for about a hundred pounds a lad.

True. Faith, and very well worth it too, and a great deal of money sav'd, if you teach him all your trades ; for the devil's in't, if one don't hit. For the education of a son, to be a regular Doctor, is reputed one thousand pounds charge at long run. Any Surgeon of note will have one hundred and twenty pounds or more, an Apothecary fifty pounds or more, a Chymist perhaps as much. Now, if you will teach my son all these arts and sciences, I think I have a very good bargain.

Retort. I'll certainly do it, Sir, never doubt it.

True. Well, agreed : I'll send my eldest son to you, and when he is out of his time, I'll bind all his younger brothers to him ; so each will have four trades or callings, won't they, Mr. *Retorto* ?

Retort. D'ye doubt it ? I thought you had known an Apothecary better, than to disbelieve him in his own calling. Nay, Sir, to be free with you, I'll teach you how to multiply medicines so fast upon a patient, that in a week's time he shall get ten pounds in some cases, when the Doctor shan't get above twenty shillings.

True. That's a rare art indeed ! Then I suppose you must attack your patient with a quadripartite army
of

of medicines, drawn from all quarters of your four sciences.

Retort. I can do it, and will; and if you don't think this enough, here's my brother *Comprehensive* a coming.

[*Enter Comprehensive.*]

Compreh. He can, besides this, teach him to make all sorts of sweet-meats, buy and sell drugs, distil all sorts of strong-waters; nay, cut corns, for a need, to persons of quality.

True. Oh, Sir, then he is a corn-cutter only to persons of quality.

Compreh. No, not unless he pleases.

True. Nor any thing else, unless he pleases. However, I am content my son shall only learn your four arts, or sciences, as you call them. I think that's enough for one, especially if he learn thoroughly the last, that is, to multiply medicines, so as to get ten pounds to the Doctor's twenty shillings.

Retort. That, assure yourself, I'll teach him perfectly: For all the Apothecaries in town, now, understand it pretty well; and, I think, I understand it *exceeding* well.

True. Well, Sir, I thank you for your kindness; but I'll see ye all at the devil first, to learn how to swallow *assa fatida*, before ye shall have the education of my son. I think, if it be possible, ye have less honesty than a lawyer that has but one cause in a year to keep him and his family out of —

Compreh. Sir, by your leave, this is not fit language for a Gentleman-apothecary to bear: He's a brother of the quill, and an honest man, I'll justify it: He was master of the company not long ago.

True. That may be, and never the honefter man, if he teaches his apprentices to cheat. But, by your leave, I suppose you are an Apothecary too, by your talk. Pray, what may I call your name?

Compreh. My name, Sir, is *Jack Comprehensive*, originally a North-countryman, and brother Apothecary to

to this worthy gentleman, Mr. *Rettorta Spatula d'Ulcerofo*, Apothecary, Surgeon, Chymist, and Doctor.

True. Ay, Sir, these titles I knew before; and pray, Sir, how many have you?

Compreh. Sir, I am in short generally call'd Doctor only, but I also profess myself a Surgeon; an Apothecary, I should have said first, then Surgeon, Chymist, Druggist, Confectioner, Distiller, &c. and to persons of quality, Corn-cutter. And —

True. Hold, Sir, pray, a little, till—I'll take out my table-book, lest I should miscall you, and not give you your right title.

Compreh. O Sir, no matter, Sir, to give yourself that trouble; I answer to any one of them.

True. Sir, I am glad you do, for fear of giving offence. Then pray, Mr. *Corn-cutter* of quality (that was the last title I heard) tell me, since you have so many trades, which of all these were you bound to first? Or were you bound to 'em all at once?

Compreh. *Corn-cutter* of quality! What, could you pick out none but that? I told you I was usually call'd Doctor, and nothing else. I won't tell you what trade I was bound to; one would think you had sense enough to guess I was an Apothecary.

True. Good Sir, pray don't be so angry. How should I guess so many trades to centre in one man?

Compreh. Then I see you don't know the town. I thought you had told me you had been in town above thirty years?

True. Truly so I have, and have known Apothecaries call'd Doctors, which are but two names; but you are Apothecary, Doctor, Chymist, Distiller, — Hold, call my man, to give me my pocket-book out of — Oh! I have it by me in my pocket. Faith, you must excuse me, I can't remember all your titles.

Compreh. 'Tis no matter, Sir; remember but Doctor, that's enough; I'll answer to that, if you please.

True. Mr. *Comprehensive* the Apothecary is a better name, in my mind; it does not please me to call you Doctor.

Compreh.

Compreh. Then call me what you please: I am sure some of the greatest men in the nation honour us with that title, and value our skill above a Physician's often.

True. I am sorry they do; and do think it a great fault in our government, that men of liberal and ingenious education —

[*Enter Pestle and Gallypot.*]

True. Now, Gentlemen, I see you are all four together, I'll leave ye a little, and go and see if I can reduce the Doctor to a better temper.—Your servant.

[*Retires only behind the Hangings.*]

Gallyp. Come, Gentlemen, now we are got by ourselves, let's talk a little about trade: How stand affairs? Is there any business stirring? We ought to have a meeting every now and then, to settle what ought to be the prices of our medicines. Pray, how do ye at your end of the town price a dose of common purging pills?

Retort. Why, brother, about eighteen pence; sometimes two shillings, with an *haustus* after them of three and six-pence.

Pestle. And can you live so? I believe all the things cost you at last a shilling out of pocket.

Retort. No, God forbid! How could I live then? Indeed they cost me about six-pence, and I take but five shillings and six-pence, sometimes less, and I think that's honest gains: Hey, brother!

Compreh. Oh, very honest! very fair! There's nothing can be fairer in the world! Shall I tell you, Gentlemen? I not long ago had a patient, who accidentally had a robust heavy fellow tread upon a corn that grew on his left toe, which put him into some pain. I persuaded him he was a little feverish, so blooded him, and applied a caustick to his toe (as I told him) to eat out the corn; but unluckily eat to the very bone, and made a pretty handsome ulcer. Then I blister'd him, and distill'd some *antifebrifuge* drops, *specificks* for him only, and good for no body else besides. In short, he lay ill of this but eleven weeks; and what do you think he would have paid me for the cure?

Gallyp.

Gallyp. Faith, I can't tell; perhaps forty pounds. But why didst not call a Surgeon at last, for a dead lift?

Compreh. Oh pox, man! I saw I could do it myself, tho' but slowly. But faith, I thank my stars, I have learn'd now to use them like the Doctors; never call in either, but when I can't tell what to do myself.

Gallyp. Right, so have I: But what had'st at last?

Compreh. What dost talk of forty pounds! Indeed, as an Apothecary, not above thirty pounds a month, or so, was enough; but as Doctor, (and thereby saving many fees) and Surgeon also, I ask'd him but one hundred and thirty-two pounds, twelve shillings and eight-pence, and he scrupled to give it me.

True. [*Peeps in from behind the Hangings.*] A parcel of canary-birds; now your rogueries and cheats come out.

Retort. Prithee, who was that peep'd in, and talk'd so? Was it not Mr. *Trueman*? Well, I like that man's company very well, were he not too censorious upon a man for getting an honest livelihood.

Gallyp. Ay, he is well enough; but he has that disobliging humour in him.

True. What o'pox, if I tell ye that ye are knaves and cheats, when ye are so, this ye call a disobliging humour. Leave off cheating then, and practise fair in your own sphere.

Peettle. Cheats, and rogues, and knaves! That will bear an action, I am sure. Let's at him at law, and maul him. Have none of ye a lawyer clapp'd, or (to speak more modestly) has the high scurvy? Let us employ him. As we take his money, let him take ours; I warrant ye we'll out-do him in making a bill of costs.

Compreh. That, brother, I don't question: Besides, you know, if a man be a knave, 'tis a hard matter to prove him so. Let's put him upon the proof of any one Apothecary in town. If he should at last prove it, why it is but one mangy hound in the whole pack.

Retort. Soft and fair, brother: For suppose he should prove you or me, brother, to be the very knave ye talk'd.

talk'd of? Don't venture proofs. Come, let's threaten him with it, and he'll hold his tongue a-course.

Gallyp. 'Gad, I won't venture it; not I.

Pestle. Nor I neither. Come, let's talk of something else.

Retort. Ay, prithee, brother *Comprehensive*, tell me, didst abate him any thing of the bill?

Compreh. Yes, faith, I did; being an old customer, I abated the odd thirty-two pounds, twelve shillings and eight-pence, and took a goldsmith's note for the other.

Retort. On my word, pretty well paid too! I suppose he had a good estate, and was a knight at least. But prithee deal ingenuously with me; what did it cost thee out of pocket?

Compreh. Somebody will hear me, or else I would: I cast it up to a penny, to satisfy myself what really I gain'd by my medicines.

Gallyp. No, no, here are none but friends; prithee tell us: I know you deal with lords, ladies, and knights, who sometimes pay, and sometimes not; but when they do pay, be sure you mount 'em.

Compreh. To tell you the truth, they cost — Hold, look if nobody be near us —

Pestle. No: I'll look myself. [*Looks.*] There's nobody.

Compreh. Then to be plain, the prime cost was six pounds, seventeen shillings and sixpence farthing, or near that: So I got in the eleven weeks, clear gains, not above ninety-three pounds of one patient: That's all.

Gallyp. Wou'd I had half a score such! I cannot for the life of me make above sixteen pounds in twenty clear gains. I mean, not reckoning in my by-fees of ten shillings and five shillings, or so.

Compreh. No! Come, that's pretty well too, considering you are only Doctor and Apothecary. But I am Surgeon and Chymist, &c. you know.

[*Enter Trueman from the Curtain.*]

True. Is the Doctor here?

All.

All. Yes, yes. [*And all run to him to know what's the matter.*]

True. Hey! I find ye are all Doctors. O! *Tom Gallygot*, go call *Dr. Galen*, and bid him go to my wife; she's fallen ill again.

Gallyp. Sir, he i'n't at home. Can't I do it? Sir, 'twill save your fees.

True. How do you know he i'n't at home? Go, I say. I send for him, because I would save money. I know last time how I sav'd money by you, indeed.

Gallyp. Well, if you will have the Doctor, I'll wait on him to your lady. [*Offers to go out.*]

True. Stay a little: Now ye are all here together, I must tell you, with the rest, before you go, that there was somebody behind the curtain, when you said the medicines cost but six pounds seventeen shillings and six-pence, and an hundred pounds was paid for them.

All. O the devil! What, are were betray'd?

True. Betray'd, d'ye call it? No, but ye have told your rogueries and cheats in private, and I'll publish 'em to the world, with my own sentiments about the practice of physick.

Gallyp. Ay, pray do, so you don't reflect on us; you use to do things very fair sometimes.

True. Well, *Tom*, my advice to a patient is, as soon as he is ill, to send for some Doctor of the lower rank, of whose learning and skill in physick he has an opinion; and in case he grew worse, to send for one of greater fame, reputation and vogue in the world, to join in consult: For the diligence of the one, who has less fame and vogue in the world, (tho' perhaps equal in learning and skill really, tho' not thought so in the eye of the world) may, and oft does make amends for the suppos'd greater skill of the other physician; by which means the patient may more reasonably, and upon juster grounds, expect a cure. These, gentlemen, are my real sentiments.

Gallyp. Now, Master, I like your discourse very well, seeing you make no remarks on Apothecaries. Besides, perhaps it may open peoples eyes to employ me the sooner; for though I am an old Apothecary, I
am

am but a young Doctor: for I visit in either capacity, either as an old Apothecary, which is as good as a young Doctor, or as a young Doctor, and that's as good as t'other again.

True. But I thought you had left off shop, and stuck only to your Doctorship.

Gallyp. So I do *openly*, but *privately* I keep a shop, and side in all things with the Apothecaries against the Doctors. I am, and will be to such families as yours, an Apothecary still, that pay well.

True. Ay, *Tom*, sixteen pounds in twenty is good gains. Your apothecaryship, I believe, outdoes your doctorship.

Gallyp. What, Sir? I believe you heard me jest a little among the rest. But pray no more reflections, I beseech you.

True. Well, I'll say nothing to you about your degree; for to me you are an Apothecary still, and no other: To you as such, and to you all I direct my speech; 'tis my opinion, that ye all ought to be forc'd to take moderate prices, and be content with honest gains.

Pestle. So we are. What would you propose?

True. In troth, *Mr. Pestle*, my proposal will signify but little, I know; but were I to advise the law-makers, they should make a law, That no Apothecaries bills shall be paid, till first tax'd by two or more Doctors, appointed in every district or division in and about the city of *London*.

Pestle. That's very fine indeed! How is that practicable?

True. Why not, as well as the attornies bills by the prothonotaries?

Pestle. That's only when the client thinks himself over-rated.

True. So should this be, when the patient thinks himself over-rated in medicines.

Pestle. Very fine again! You, and your politicks. You would make the Doctors our governors, wou'd you? Good *Mr. Trueman*, we beg your excuse, we are his majesty's free-born subjects. And after all, pray
Mr.

Mr. *Trueman*, how do the Doctors understand to make medicines? How do they understand the prices of drugs? Puh! You talk you know not what. Come, let's leave him.

True. Mr. *Pestle*, by your leave a little. How did all the Apothecaries learn to make medicines at first? The gentility of their profession, I confess, has been a great hindrance to them in reaping those advantages as they might (and with more honesty than any of ye) otherwise have done.

Pestle. E'en let 'em be genteel still; I don't think them indeed such fools, as that they cannot make medicines if they will; but why can't they keep their learning and gentility to themselves, and let us alone?

True. O! Sir, I am glad you allow 'em to be capable of learning to make medicines, if they please. Now, Mr. *Pestle*, to tell you the plain truth, I hear they have actually made several good medicines at the College, and continue so to do. Thus they can make medicines, and price 'em too.

Pestle. How can they tell tho', when a medicine is good?

True. Very easily, Mr. *Pestle*: They have taste and sight to judge by, as well as ye.

Pestle. Suppose all this true, tho' I am resolv'd I won't believe it true; who, after all, shall give attendance to observe the operations of the medicines?

True. Who should, but the Doctors themselves? They are paid for attending their patients.

Pestle. Hah! hah! hah! Attending, I mean, administering physick. How I should laugh to see a Doctor giving a clyster, and the bladder break and bespatter his velvet jacket! Hah! hah! hah!

True. I find you would be merry at such a mischance as that; but that's but idle to object, because every nurse does that office o' course, and all that ye pretend to, about sick persons, or else they are but sorry nurses. As for bleeding, the Surgeon ought to be employed. As for chymical medicines, the Chymist is at hand; and so for all others.

Pestle.

Pestle. Methinks your head is full of projects; can't you find out one to serve them in?

True. I don't pretend to be a projector; but I think the college would do very well to make all sorts of medicines themselves, and sell 'em out at easy rates. What they design by forming a fund by subscription, I profess I at present know not; but one of them told me t'other day, that they design to make that a fund for buying in drugs, &c. and making of all sorts of compound medicines necessary for the sick, selling them out again for small profit, sufficient only to pay about a dozen servants, and the prime cost of the medicines, with a penny in the shilling overplus to the college; by which means the Doctors will be sure to have such good medicines, and so well prepared, as to rely on them not to be sophisticated; or, for want of any one prescribed, to be supplied by another in the room of it, as you Apothecaries oft do: If you ha'n't one thing, you in your mighty wisdom will put another in the room of it; so that the physician may prescribe till doomsday, and the patient will be never the better, if ye substitute what medicines ye please, and after that put what prices ye please.

Pestle. Prices, Sir? I sell as cheap as any Apothecary in town; I never had above six shillings and eight pence for a pint of pearl cordial in my life, and you go to that.

True. Not so passionate, good Mr. *Pestle*! I believe you sell as cheap as your brethren, but all damn'd dear, and much to the oppression of the poor. To remedy which, they propose to sell a pint of good pearl cordial for one shilling and six-pence, or thereabouts; a cordial bolus for a groat, which ye reckon sometimes one shilling and six-pence, and sometimes two shillings; a quart of bitter drink for one shilling, for which I myself have paid five shillings and eight-pence; and so proportionably for all other medicines.

Pestle. Puh! What if they do? Our old customers won't leave us.

True. What if they do? Why then the poorer sort of people will buy of them, because they are sure of good
and

and cheap medicines. The better sort will think it prudence to save five shillings in six shillings and eightpence, if they can, to help pay taxes, and not have a bill after a great sickness brought in, enough to renew their sickness again. Even the richest of all will be apt to be influenced by their physicians, when they tell them, that they are the only medicines prepared which they can rely on. In short, every body will be willing in their illness to go to such a place, where they can with great probability be assured of good and cheap medicines.

Pestle. Good Mr. Trueman, you may e'en prate about stifling the practice of physick till you are weary; I warrant ye, let them do what they can, we'll easily persuade people that we are all very honest men. — We always said you was a very prying, busy, inquisitive man, pretending to understand things I am sure you don't understand. You have a mighty opinion of yourself. Come, let's leave him.

All. Ay, come, come, let's leave him.

[Exeunt four Apothecaries whistling with clyster-pipes.]

True. 'Tis an old saying, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; if people will be cheated, e'en let them be so. I have done what lies in my power to open their eyes; and by telling the truth, have gain'd other mens hatred: But,

*I ne'er to flatt'ry was, or will be slave;
He that loves truth is generous and brave,
And scorns the wealthy and the thriving knave.*

[Exit.]

Directions

Directions to make the Fanaticks Diascordium.

TAKE of the herb of hypocrisy and ambition, of each one handful; of the spirit of pride, two grains; of the seed of dissention, discord, and sedition, of each one ounce; of the root of obstinacy, stubbornness, and covetousness, of each one quarter of a pound. Bruise the herbs, break the seed, slice the roots, and pound them all together in the mortar of vain glory, with the pestle of contradiction; put in a pint of the water of strife, to be infus'd over the fire of feign'd zeal, adding thereto four ounces of syrup of self-conceit.

The Use of the Cordial is,

When 'tis lukewarm, let the Dissenting brother take one spoonful of it morning and evening, before exercise; and when his mouth is full, let him wink with his eyes, make wry mouths, and shed some few dissembeling tears, and then let him speak as the spirit of giddiness gives him utterance.

The Effect of the Cordial is,

It will make the Schismatick maintain the Alcoran, assist the Pope to foment rebellion, and call it by the name of *Subjects Liberty*.

This *Diascordium* is to be had at every conventicle in *England*.

The End of the Third Volume.



